

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

GE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



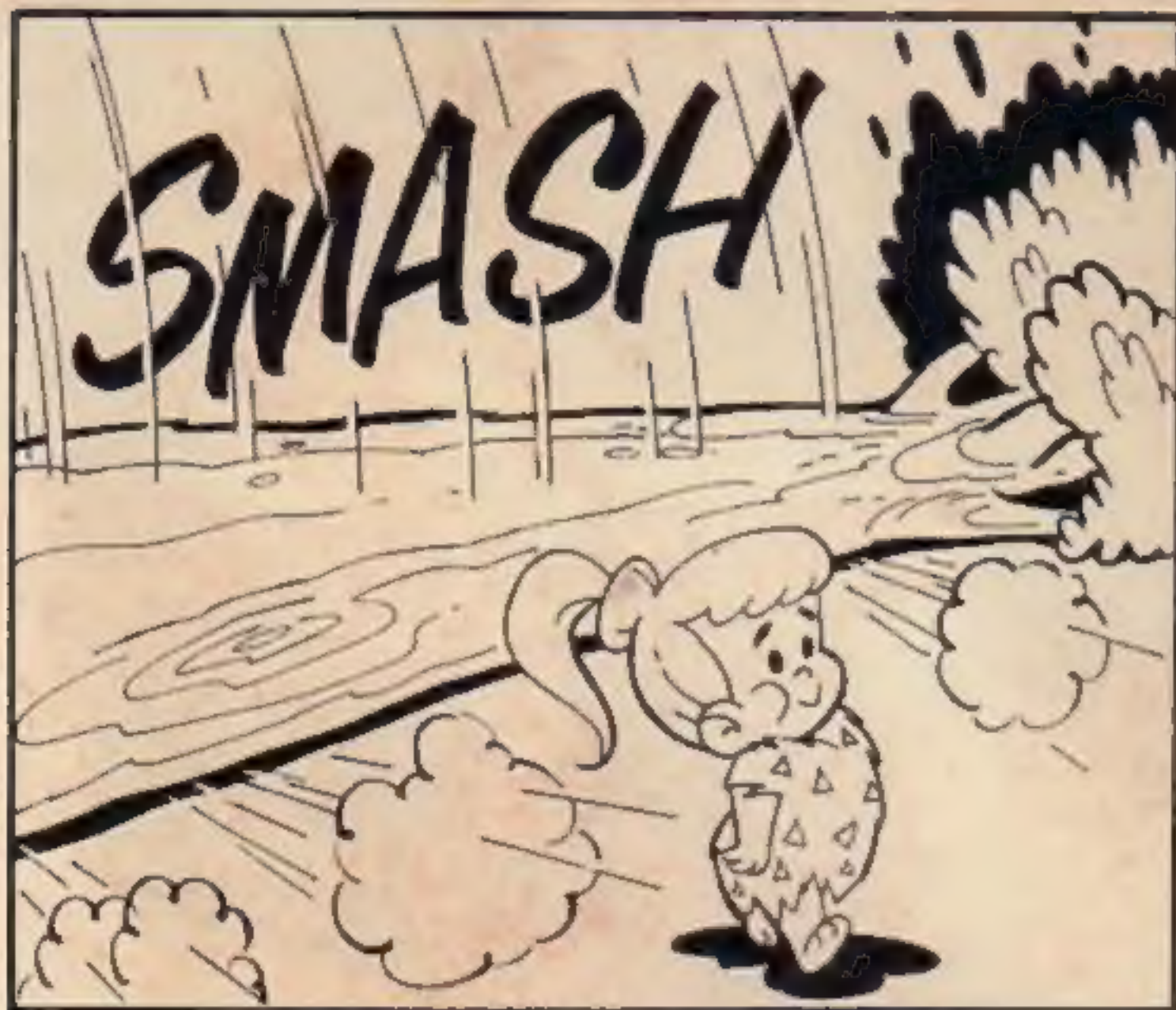
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

RUMBLE



SMASH



ROAR



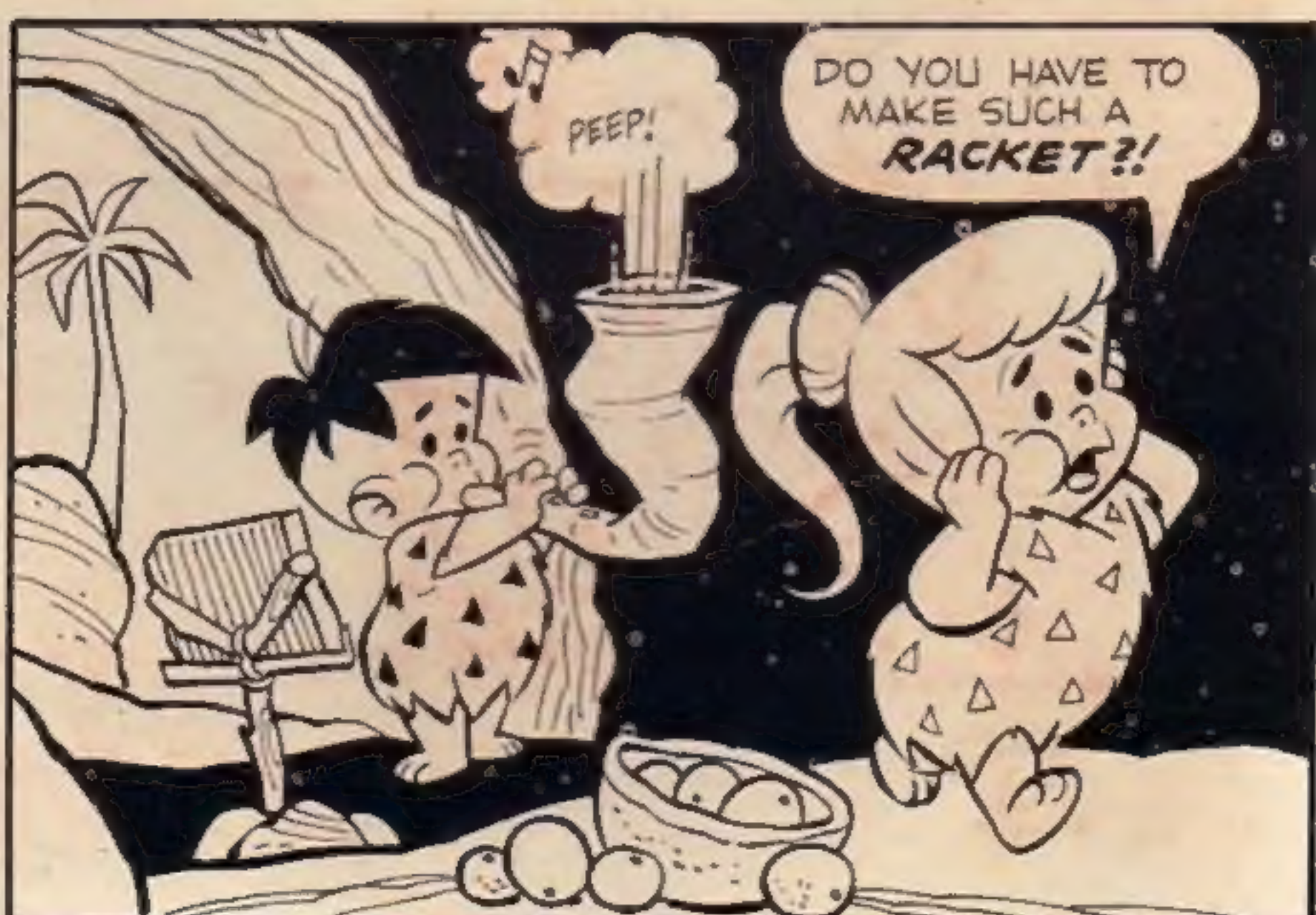
GOOD
GRIEF,
SANDY...

CAVE
KIDS

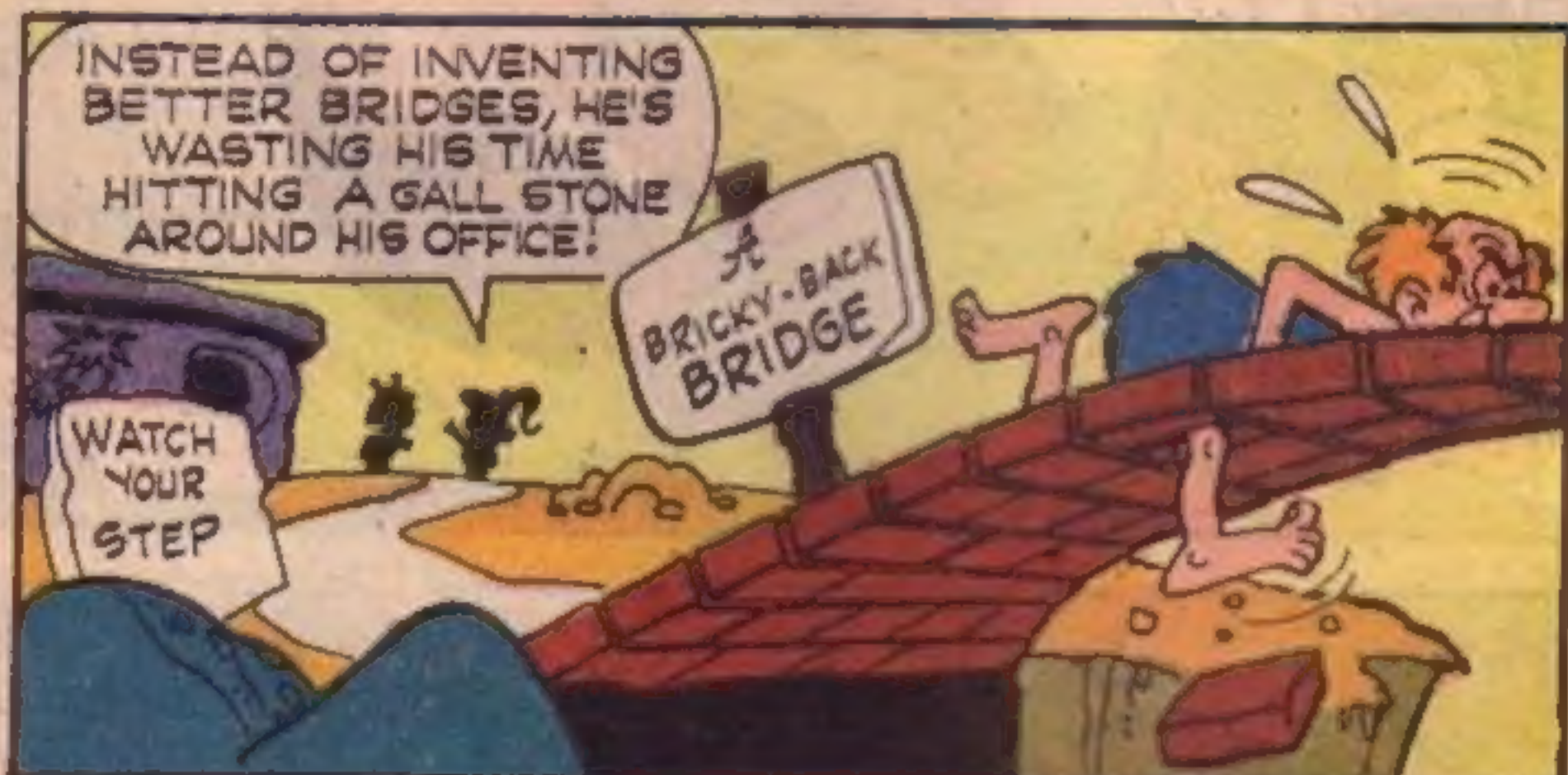


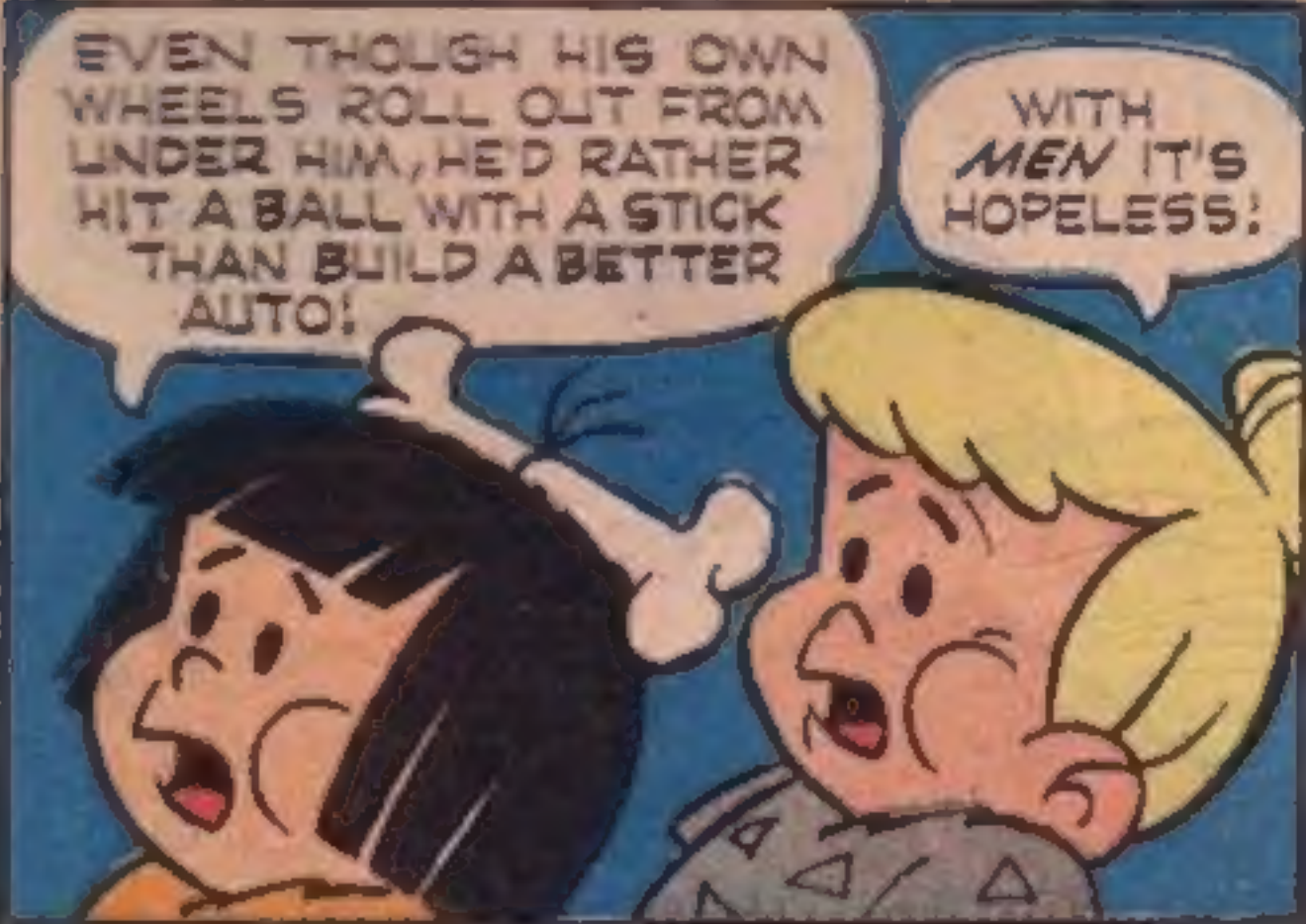
PEEP!

DO YOU HAVE TO
MAKE SUCH A
RACKET?!



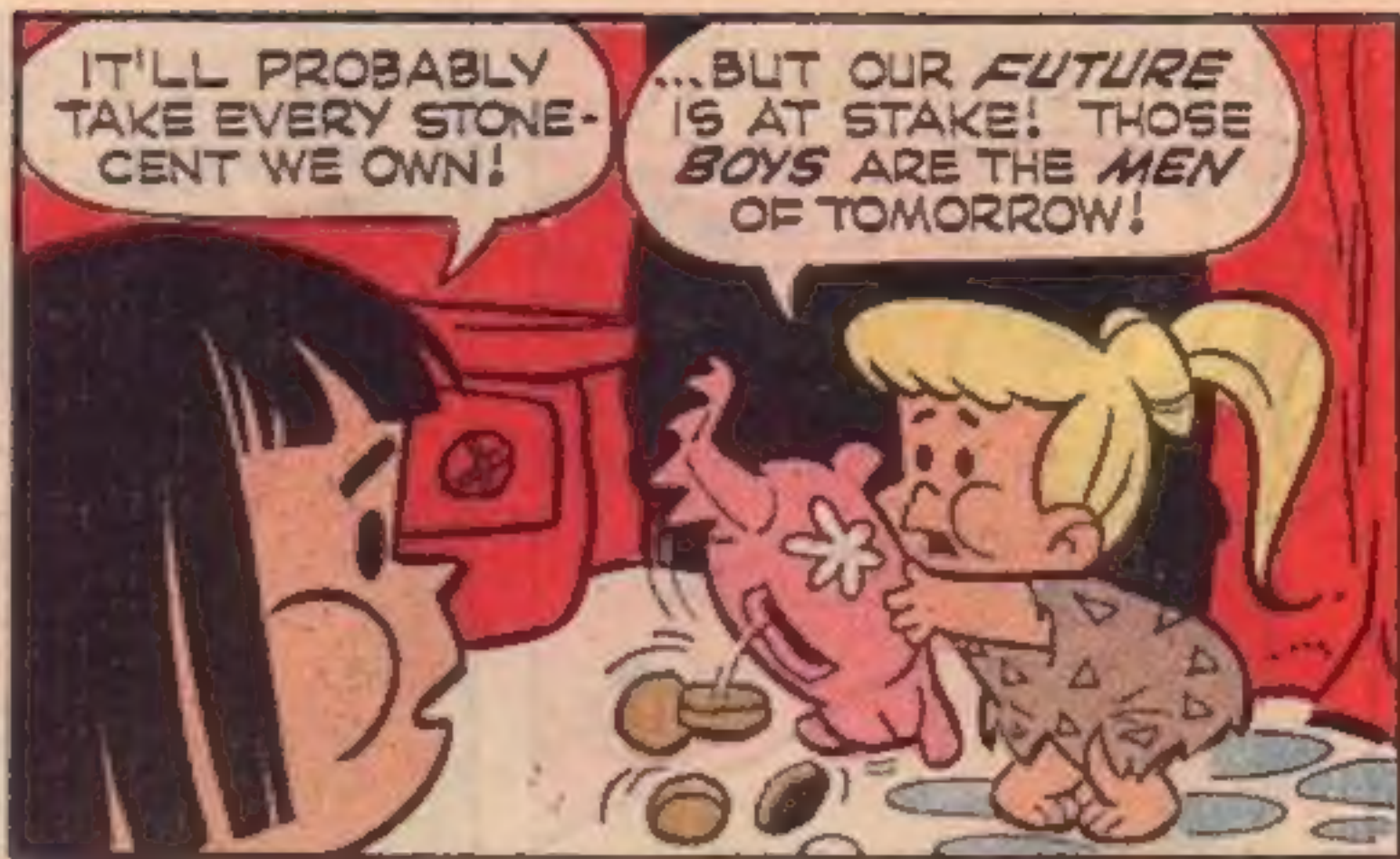








C'MON, SUZY... THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR BALL GAME...

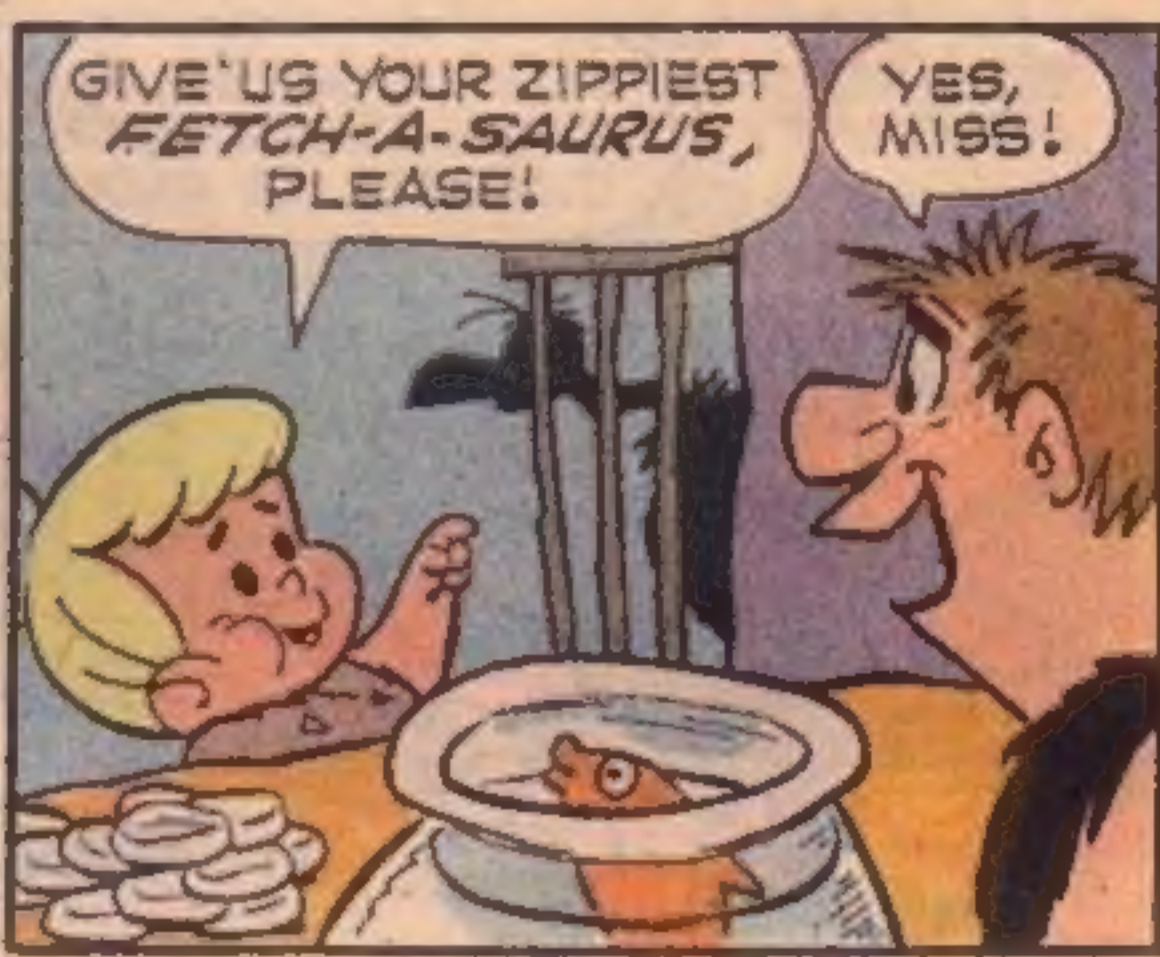


IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE EVERY STONE-CENT WE OWN!

...BUT OUR *FUTURE* IS AT STAKE! THOSE *BOYS* ARE THE *MEN* OF TOMORROW!

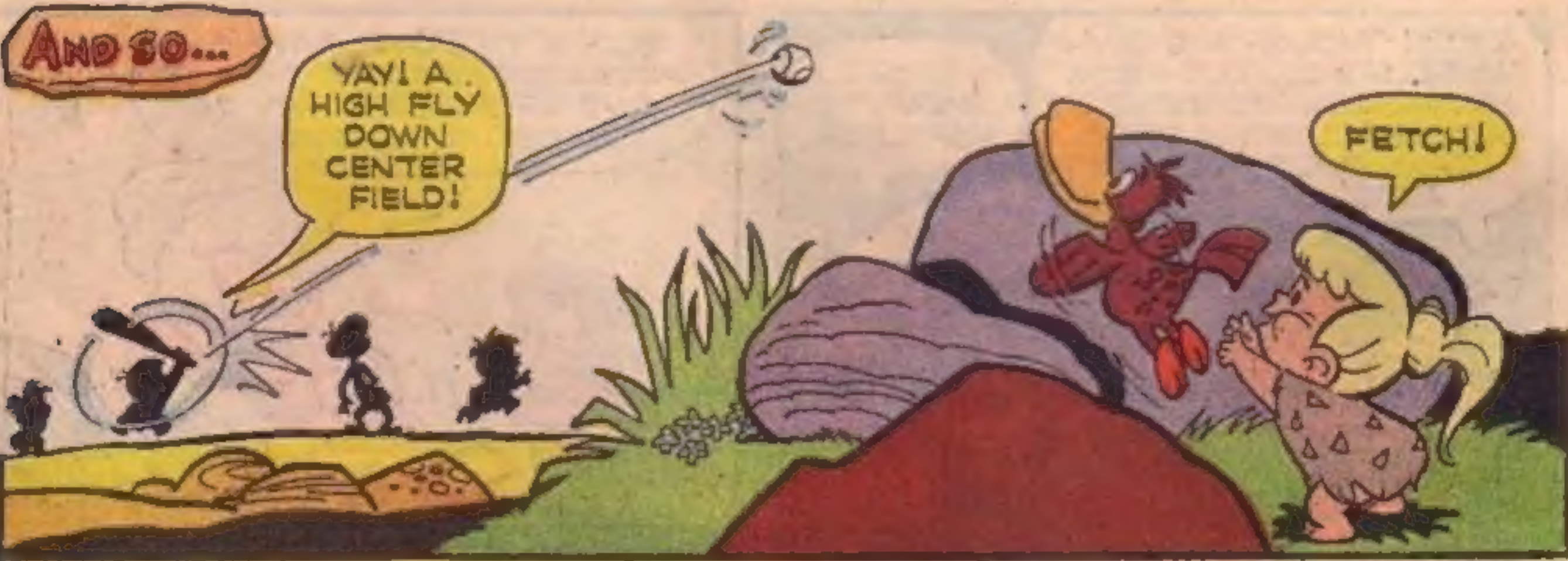


... AND IF WE WANT TO SEE ANY REAL PROGRESS...THEY'LL HAVE TO BE MEN WHO DON'T KILL TIME HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS!



GIVE'US YOUR ZIPPIEST *FETCH-A-SAURUS*, PLEASE!

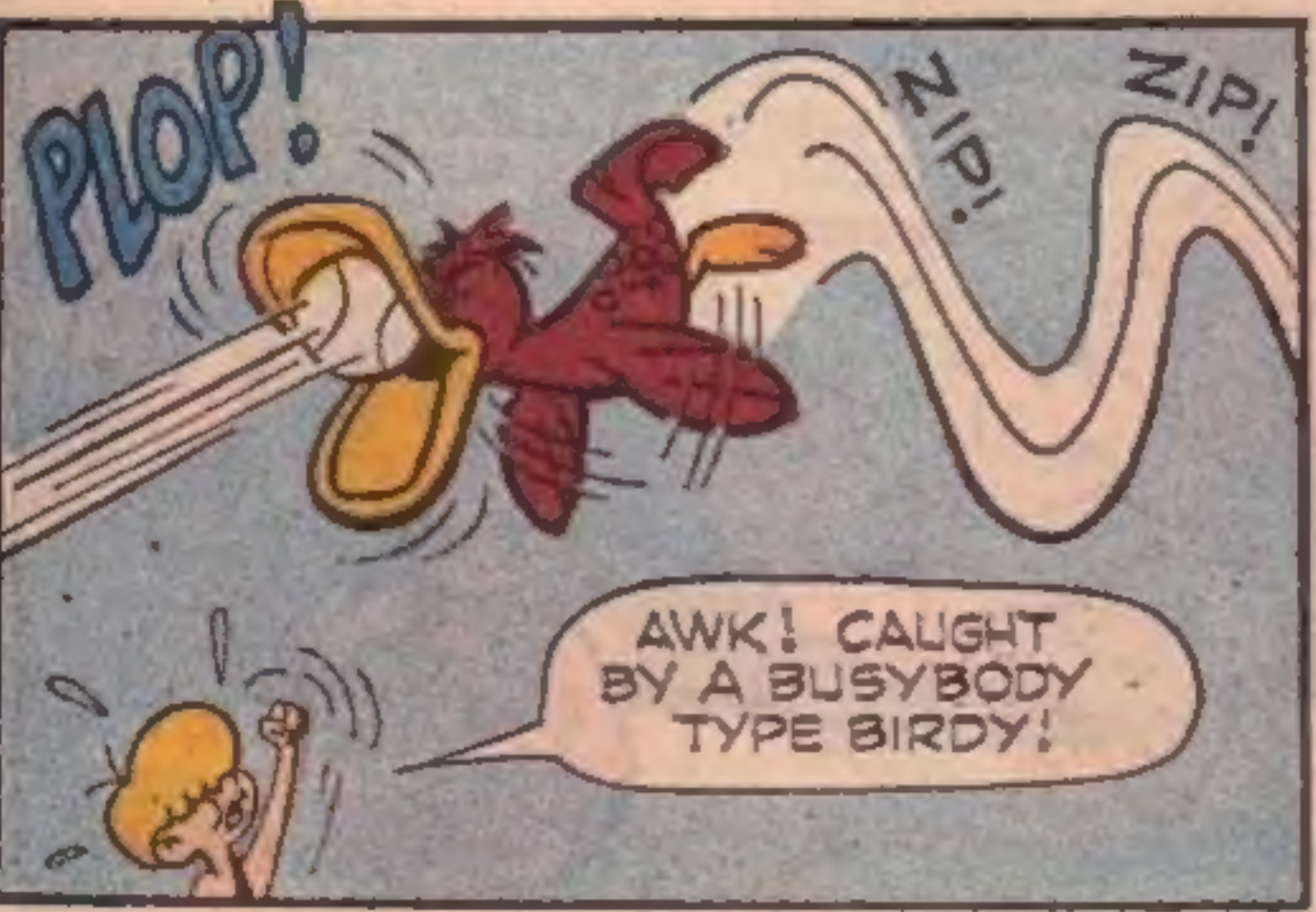
YES, MISS!



AND SO...

YAY! A HIGH FLY DOWN CENTER FIELD!

FETCH!



PLOP!

NIP! ZIP!

AWK! CAUGHT BY A BUSYBODY TYPE BIRDY!



COME BACK WITH OUR BALL, YOU SKYWAY ROBBER!

THEN OVER ON THE
TENNIS COURT...

SWAT!

HEY! MIND YOUR OWN
FEATHER-FLAPPIN'
BUSINESS!



TEE-HEE! AFTER A WHILE
THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING ELSE WHEN
ALL THE BALLS ARE GONE!

AND BY AND BY...

C'MON...THE BOYS
HAVE BEEN QUIET
FOR A SPELL NOW!

THERE
THEY ARE
IN A BUSY
HUDDLE!

OH, GOODY! YOU'VE SETTLED
DOWN TO DOING CREATIVE WORK
WITH YOUR HANDS!

YEAH...

...WE'RE MAKING
BALLS!

SOME SINISTER
BIRD HAS TAKEN
ALL OF THEM!

BUT NEXT TIME
THIS FOR
THAT BIRD!

(SIGH!) IT'S NO USE! THEIR HEARTS BELONG TO BALL PLAYING!

HMM...

C'MON... I KNOW JUST THE GAL TO GIVE THE GUYS A CHANGE OF MIND!

Go...

LEAVE IT TO ME! AFTER I HYPNOTIZE THEM THEY'LL HAVE A REVULSION AGAINST HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS!

MAKE IT AN EXTRA-REVOLTING REVULSION, PLEASE!

GYPSY
CRYSTAL
FORTUNE
TELLER

ER... THEY PROBABLY WON'T COOPERATE!

I'LL CATCH THEM UNAWARES!

AND...

I'M THIRSTY!

OOPS!

LOOK DEEEEEEP INTO MY EYES...

BLOOSH!

AND SO IT GOES...

...YOU HATE HITTING A BALL WITH A STICK ...YOU HATE IT...

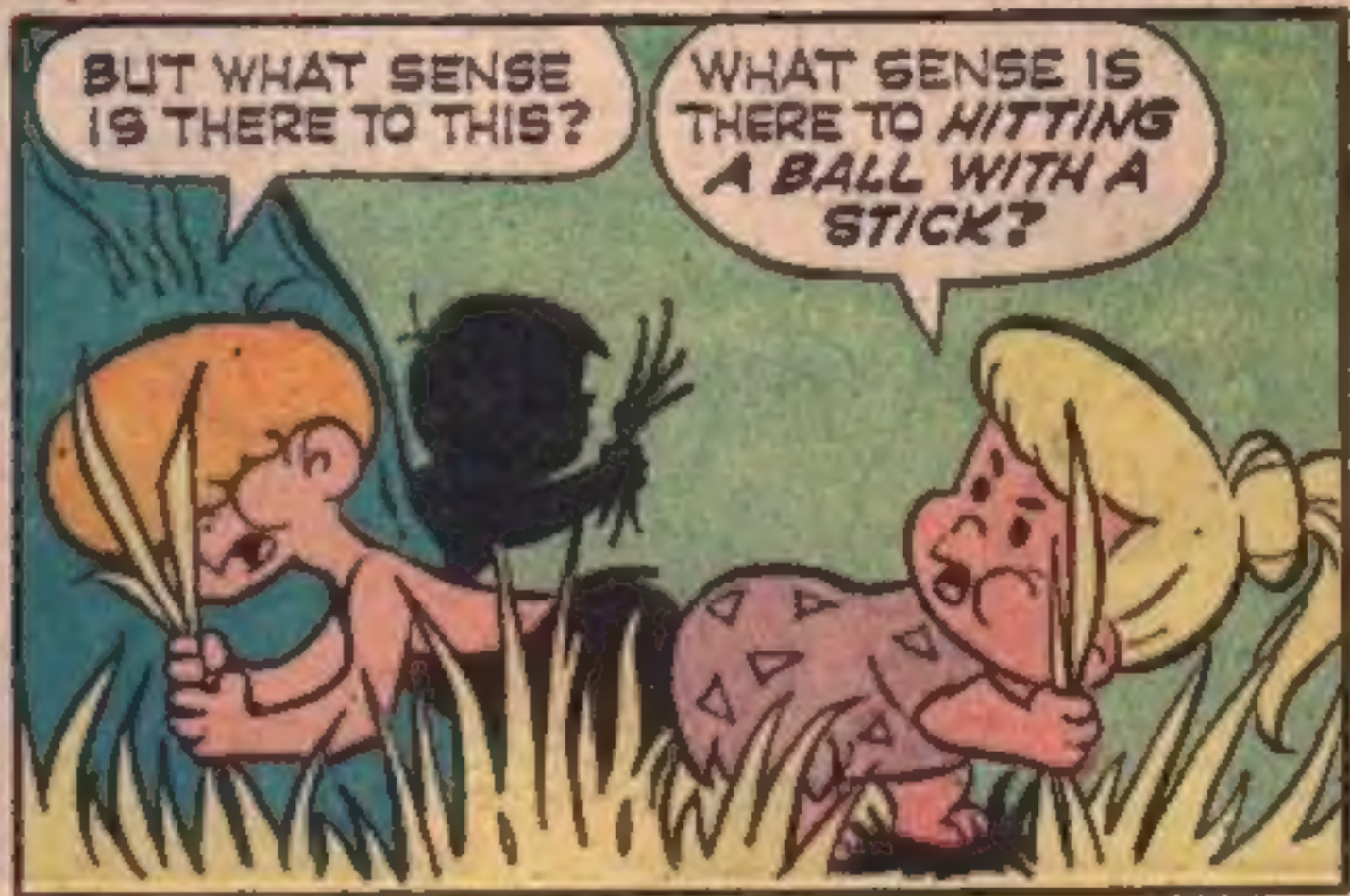
HUH?
ER... DUH-H-H...
I HATE IT!

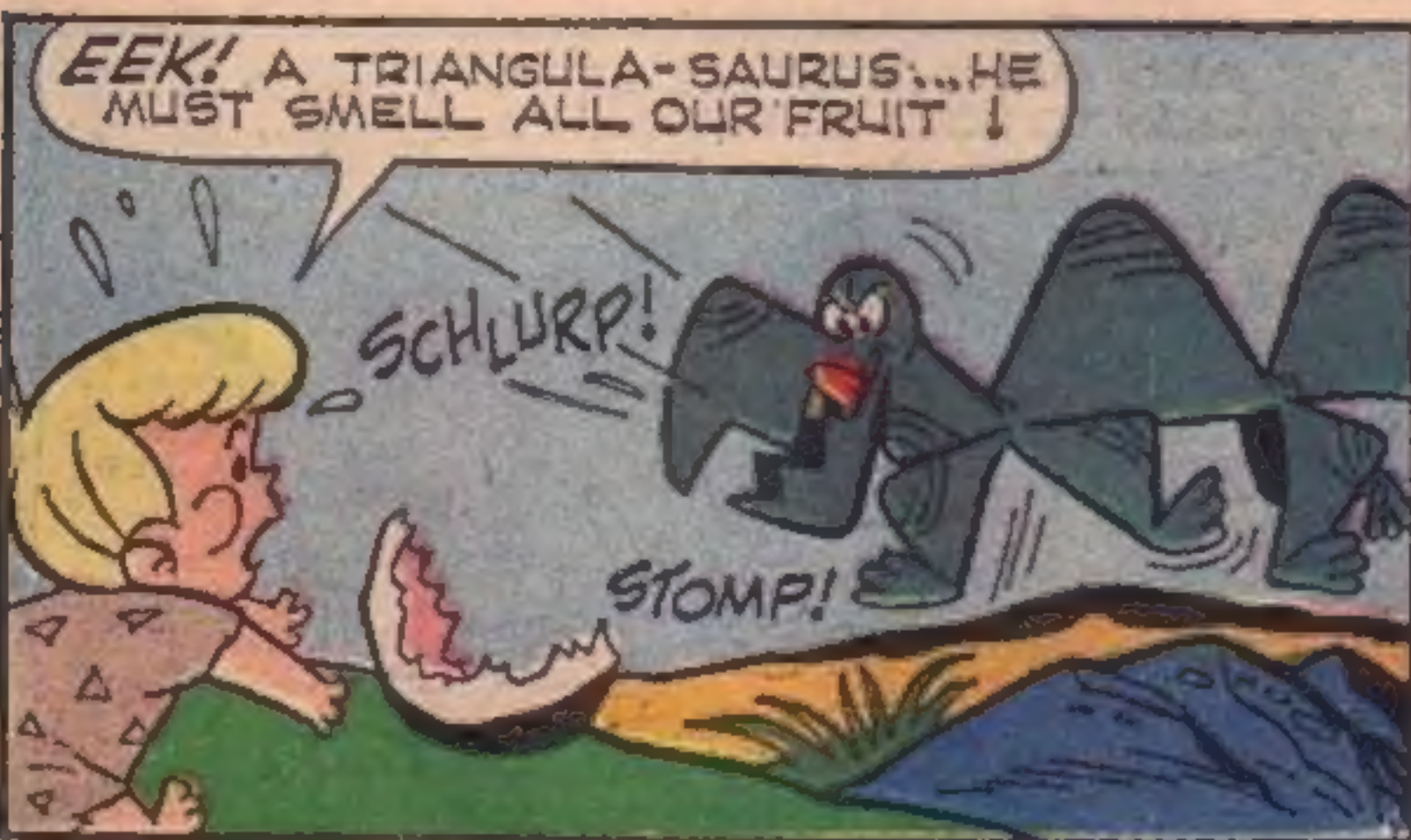
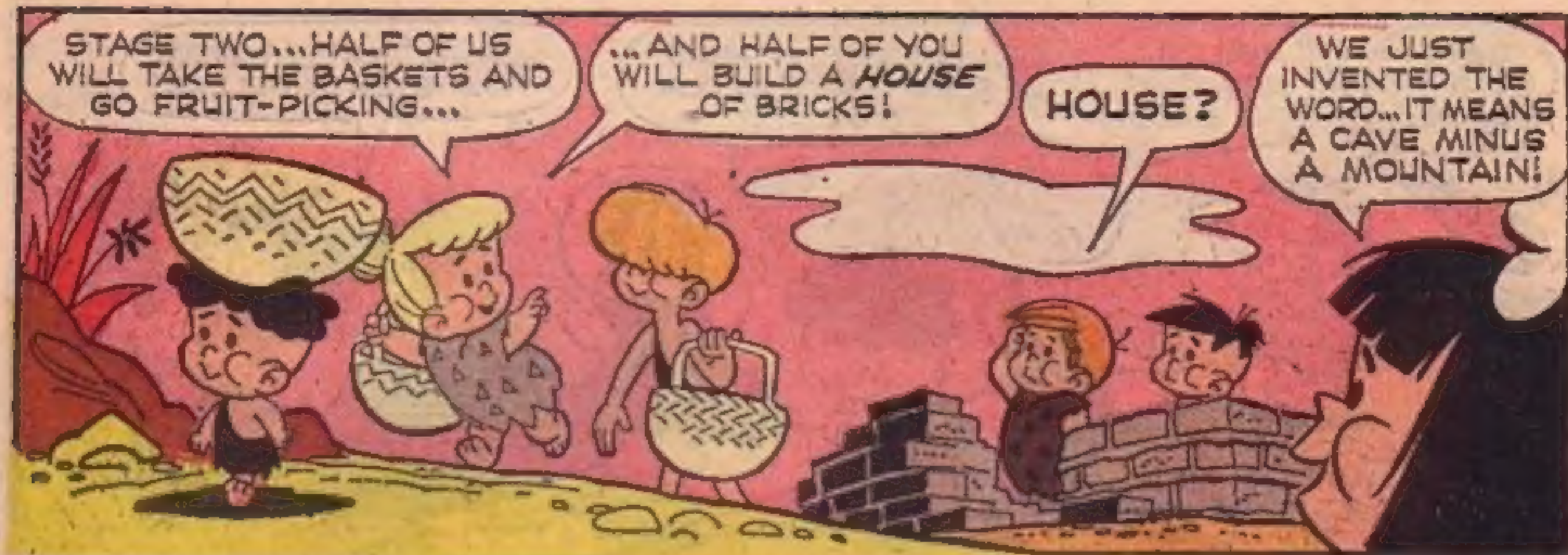
UNTIL FINALLY...

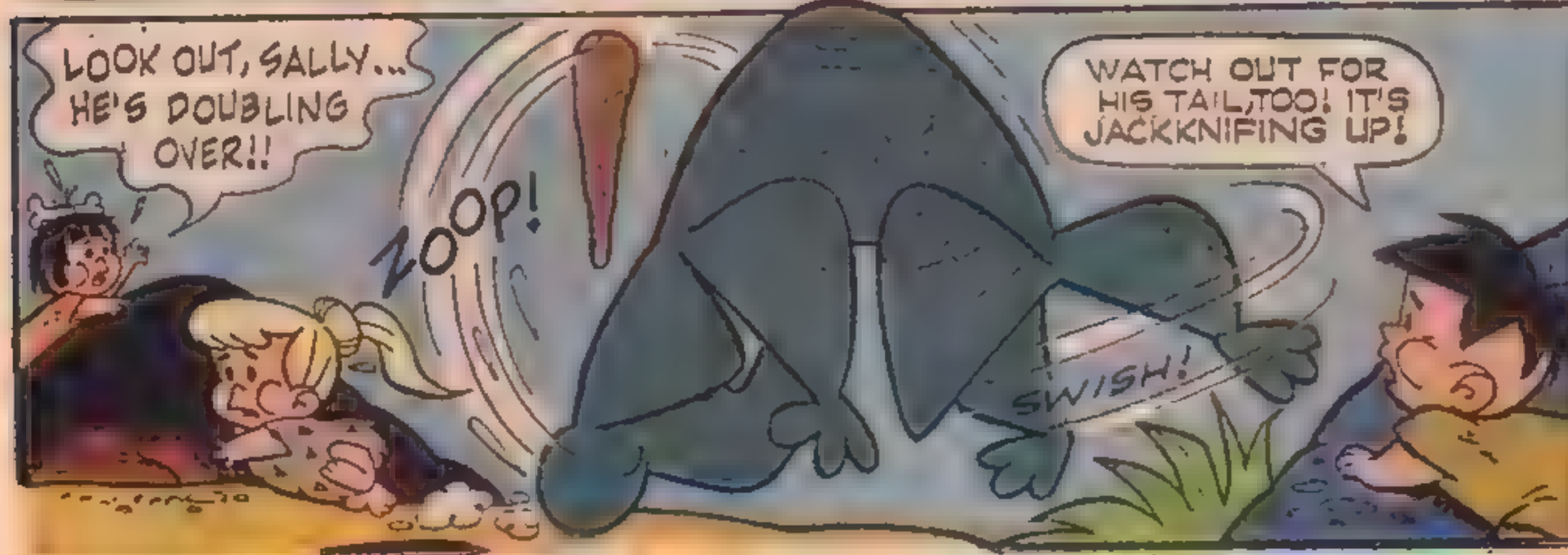
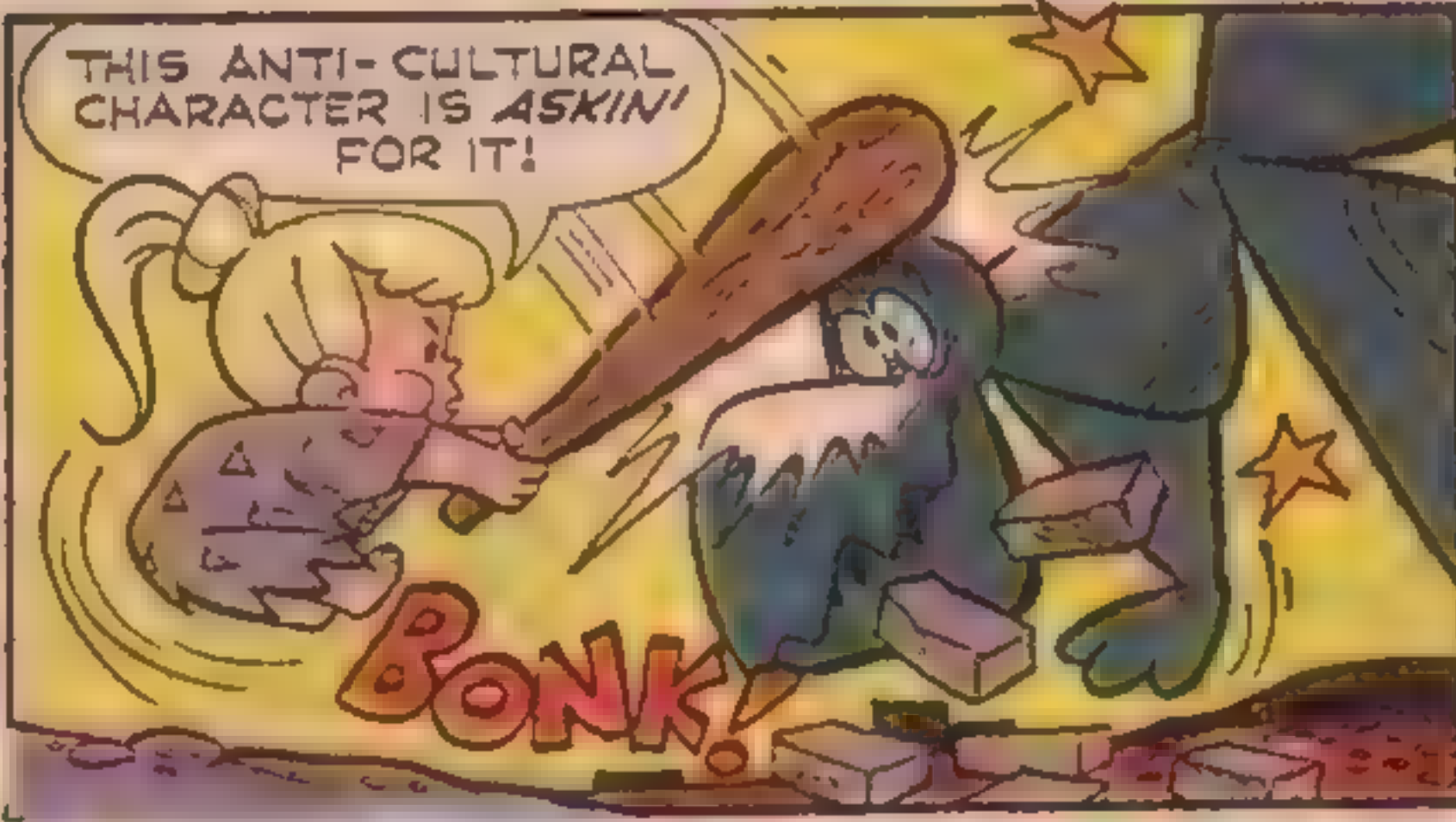
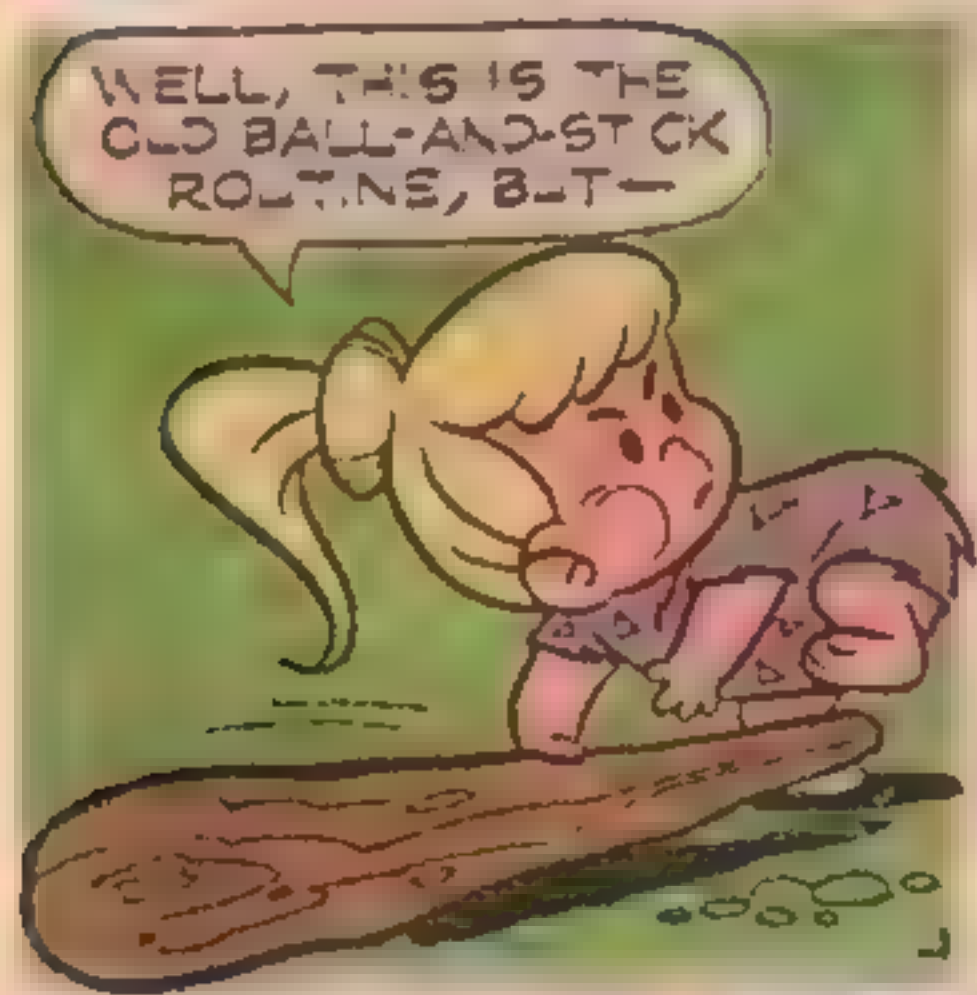
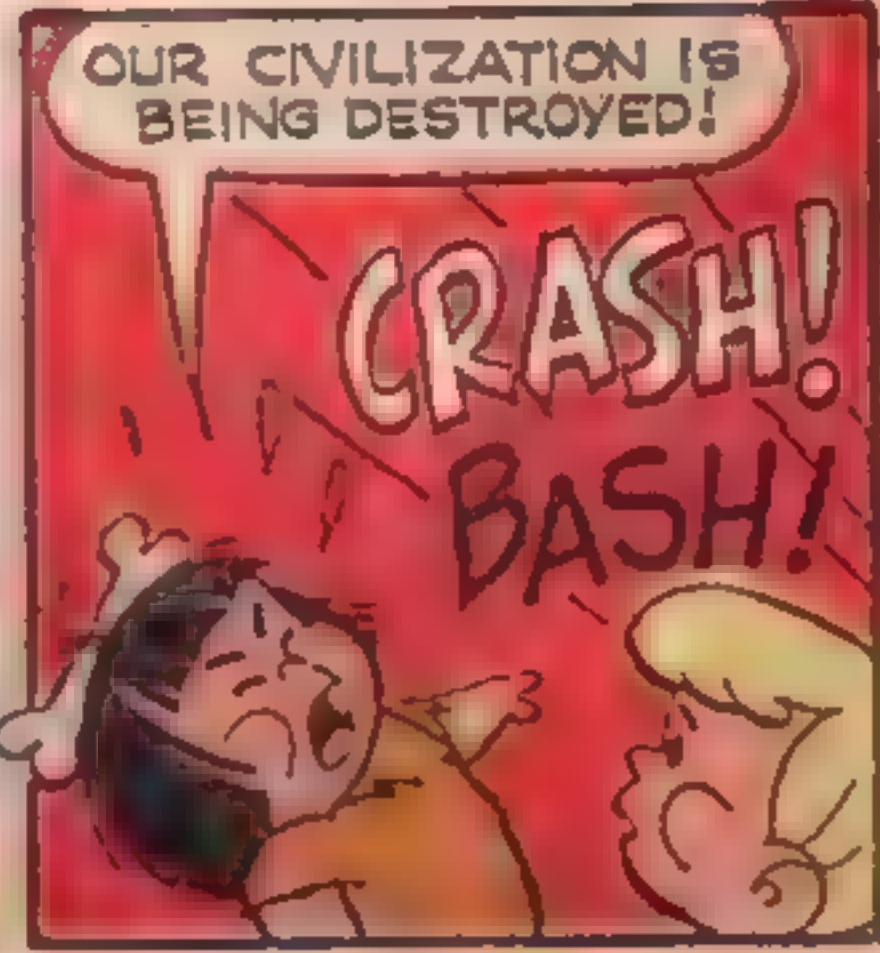
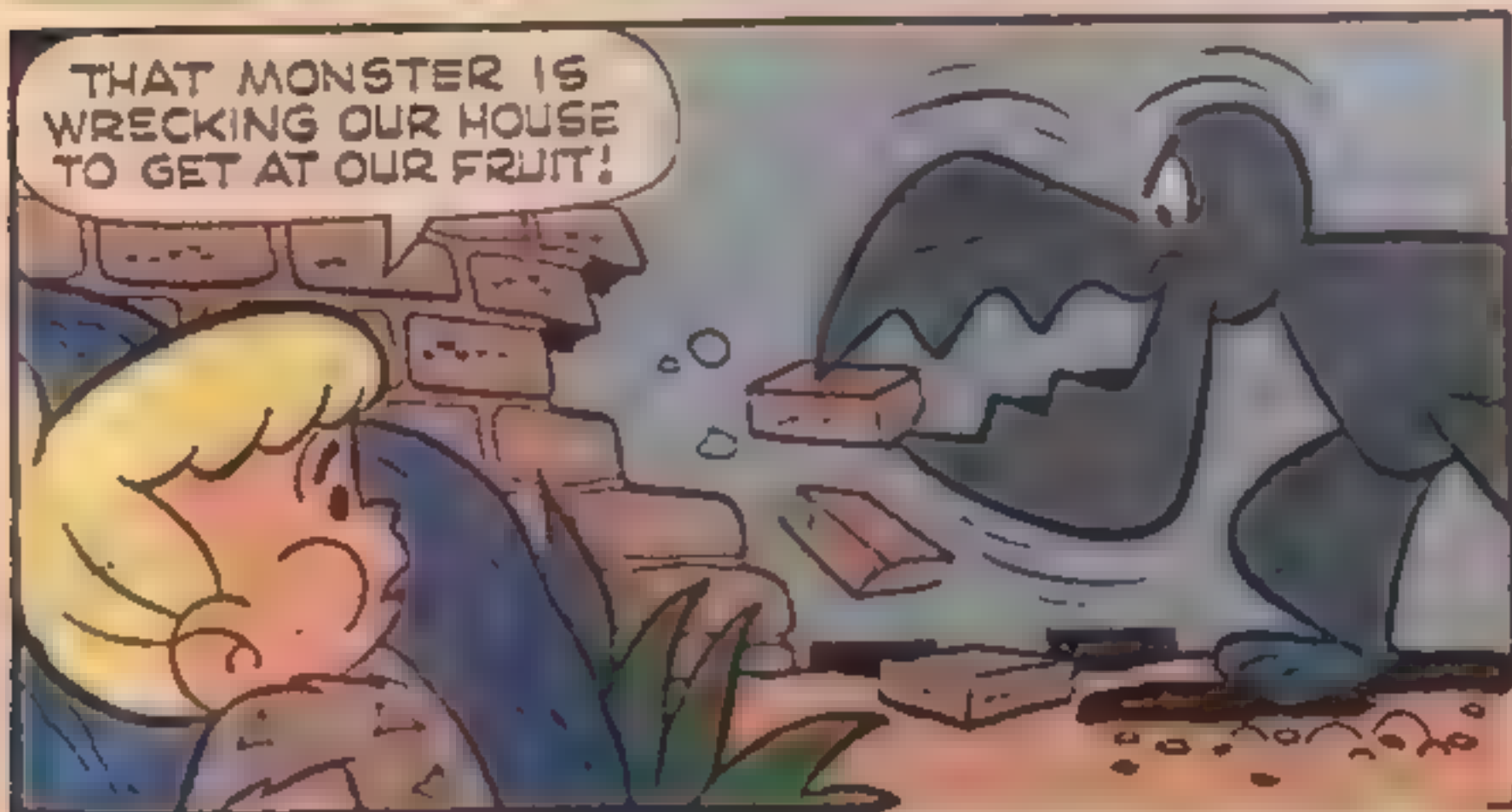
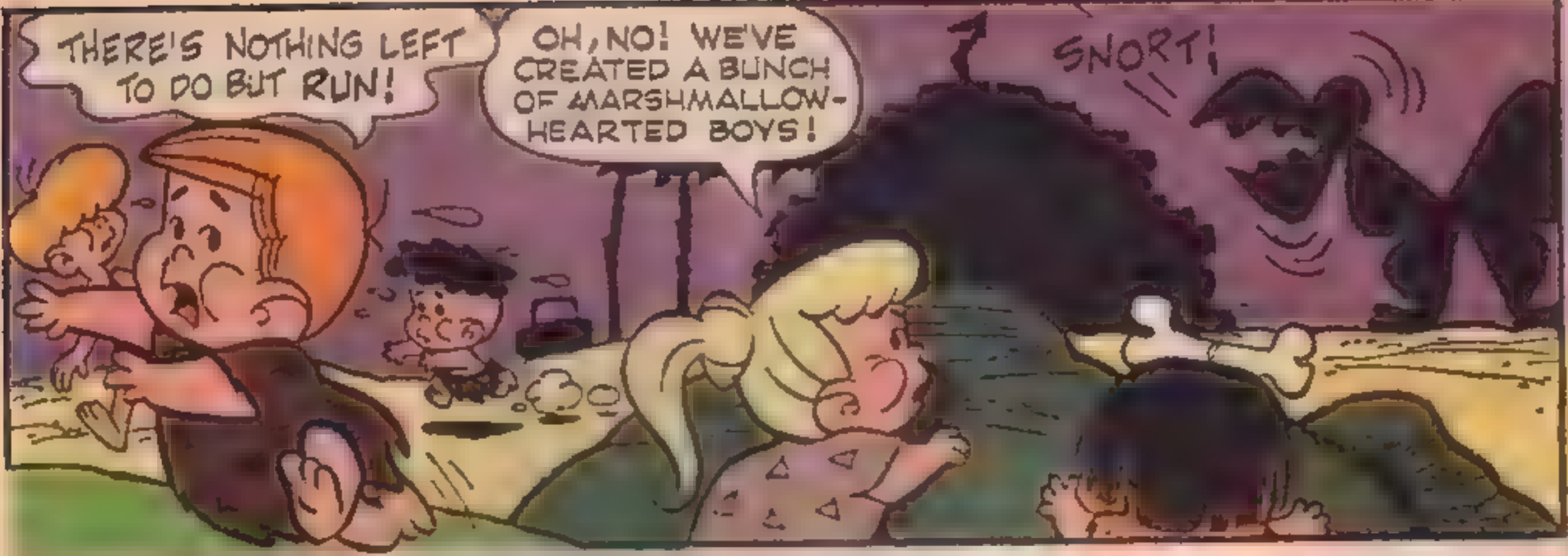
I HATE ALL FORMS OF BALL PLAYING...

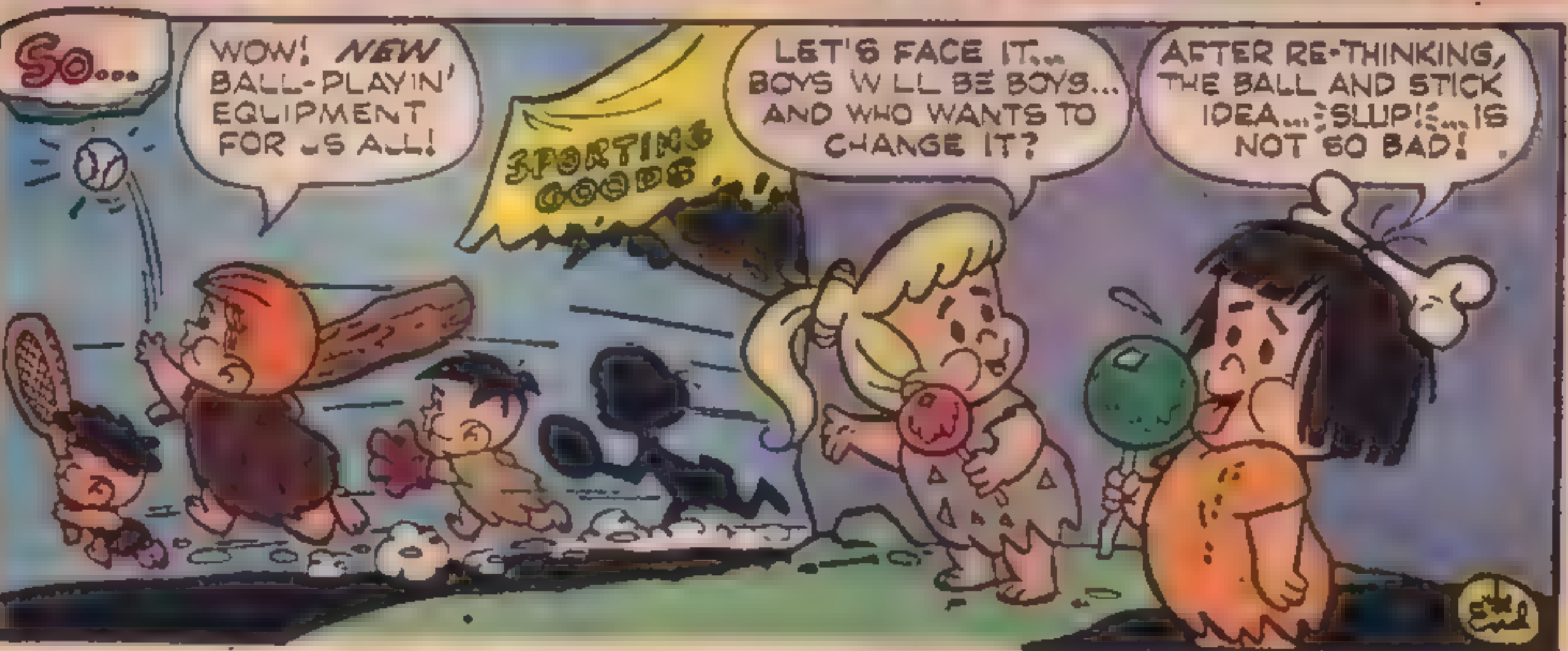
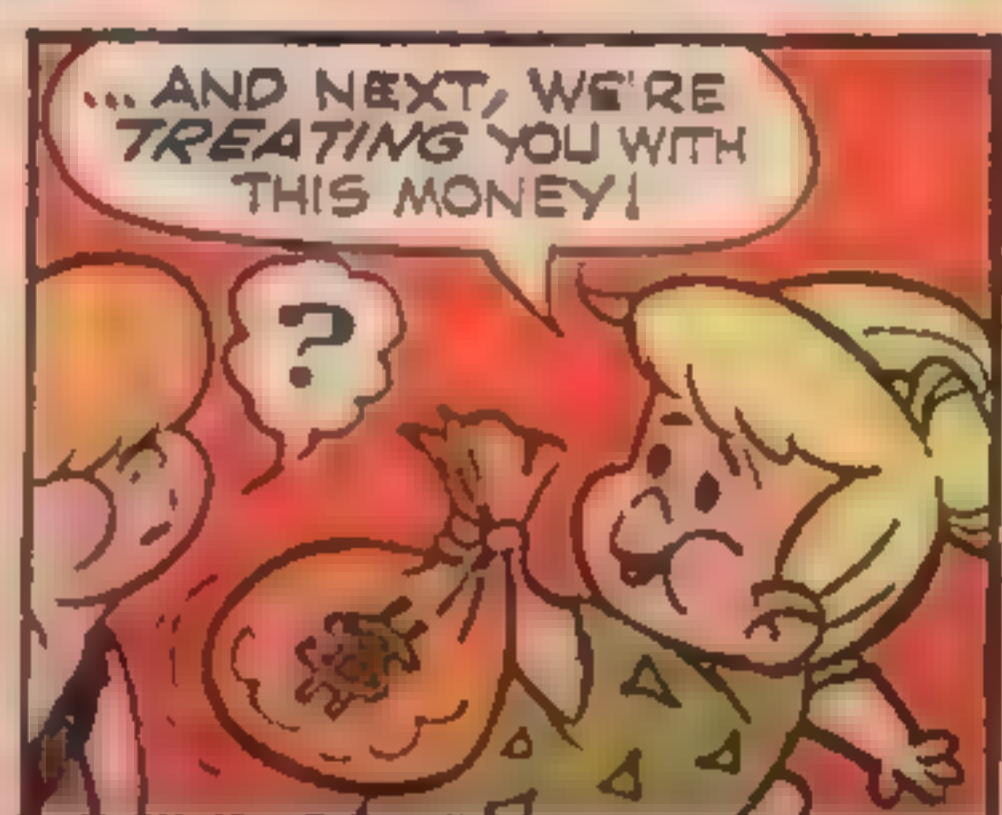
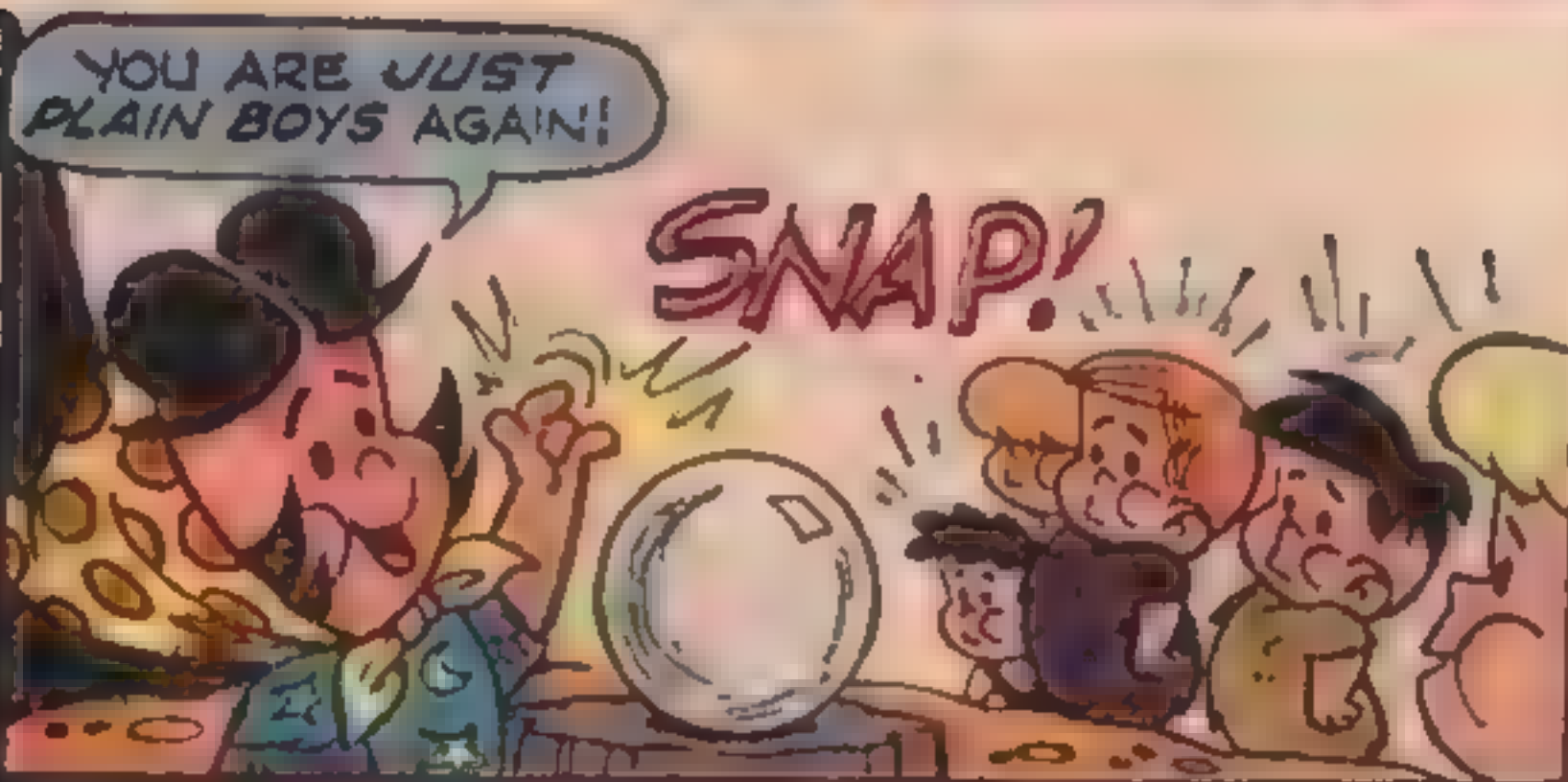
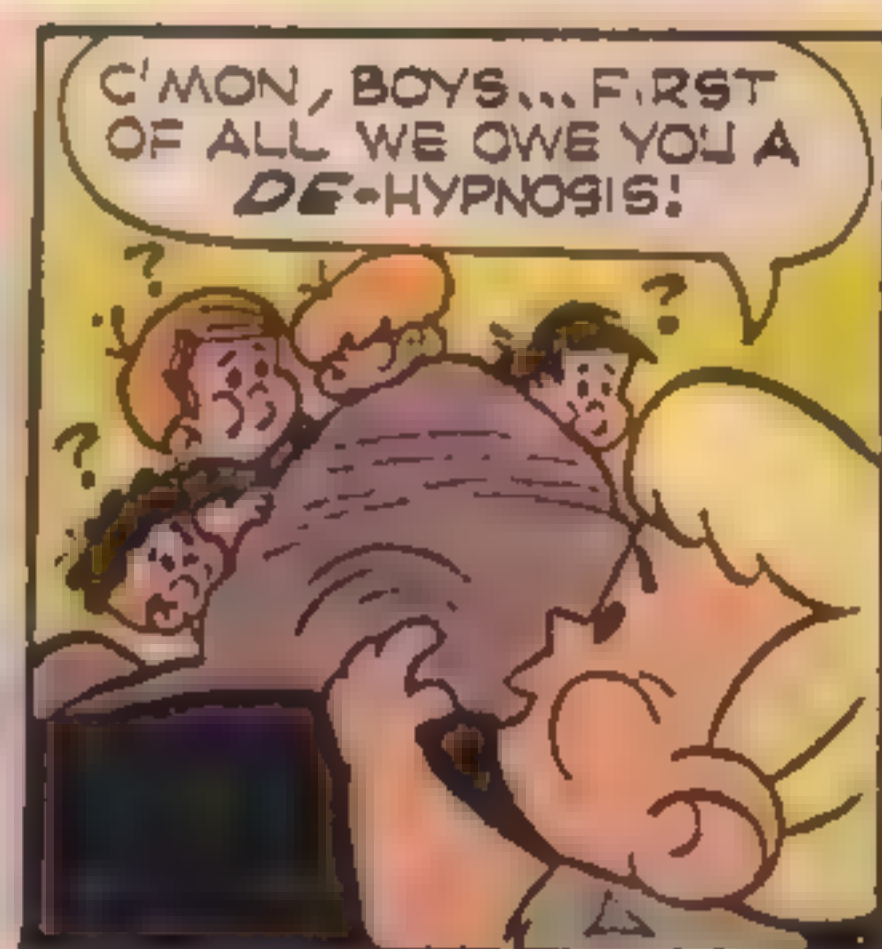
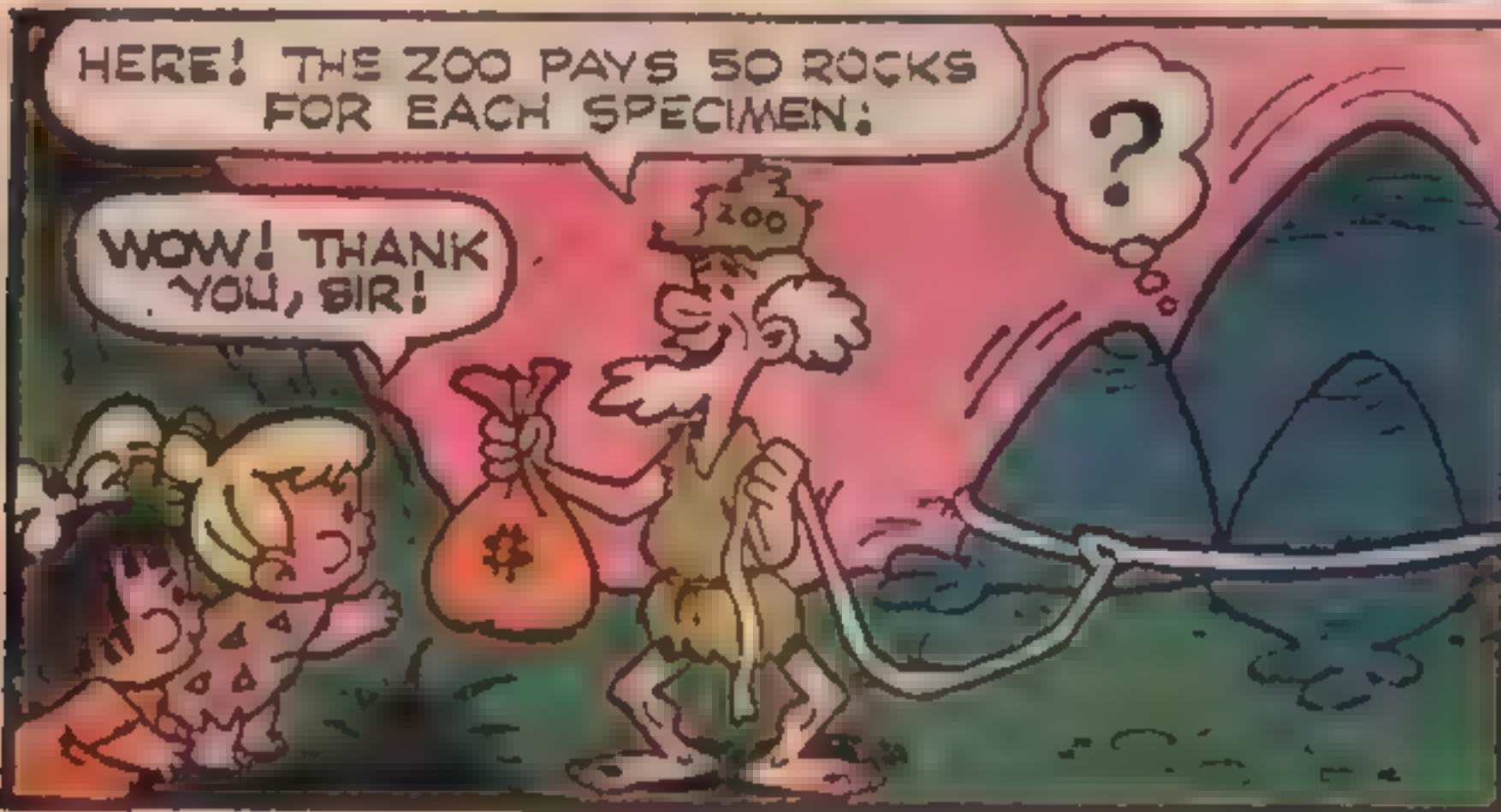
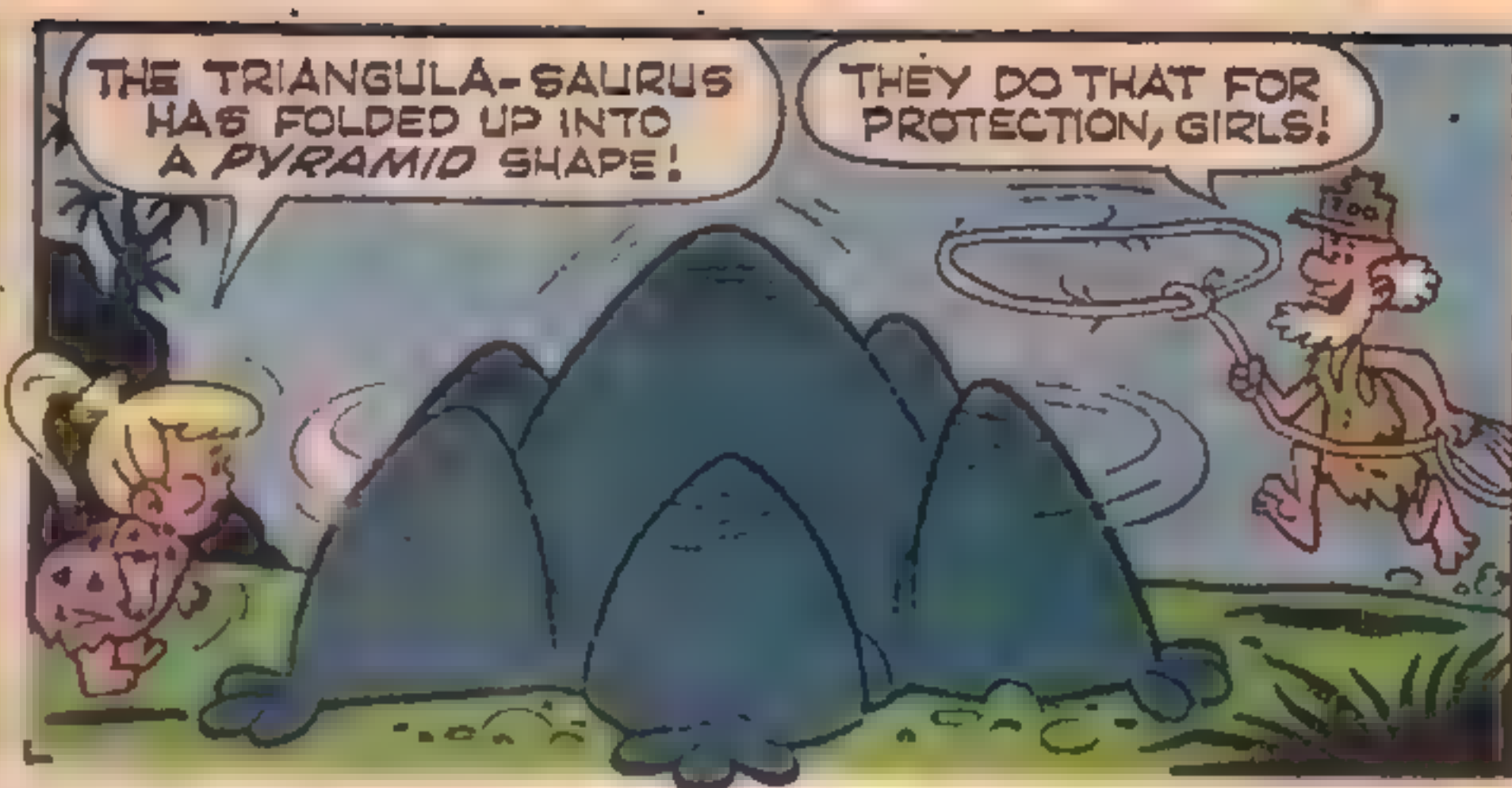
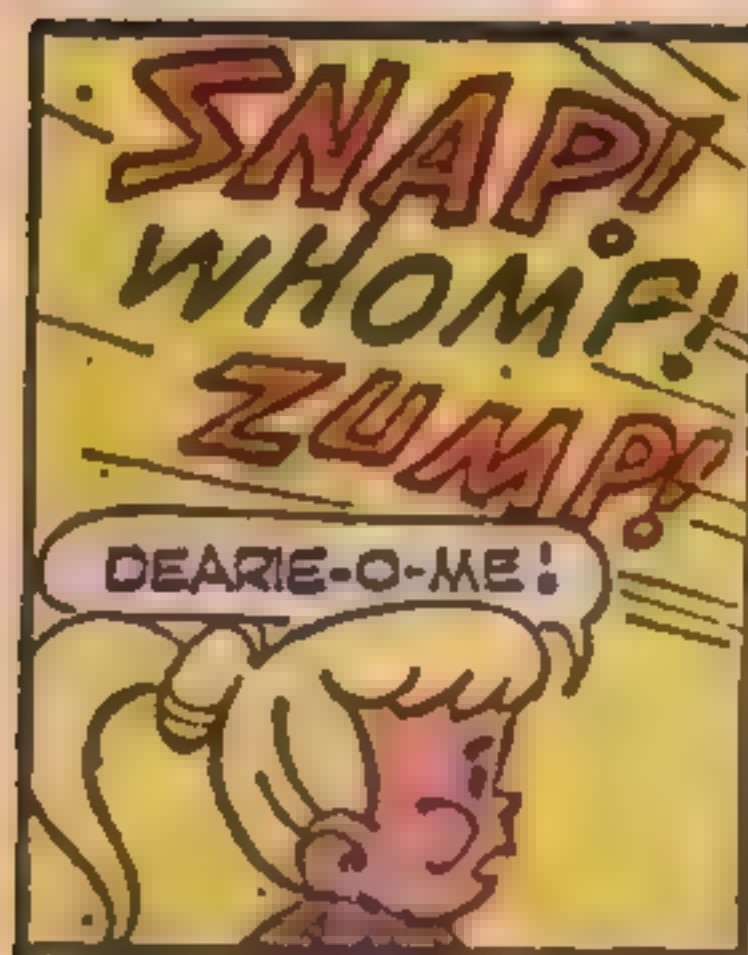
ME, TOO!

SAME HERE!



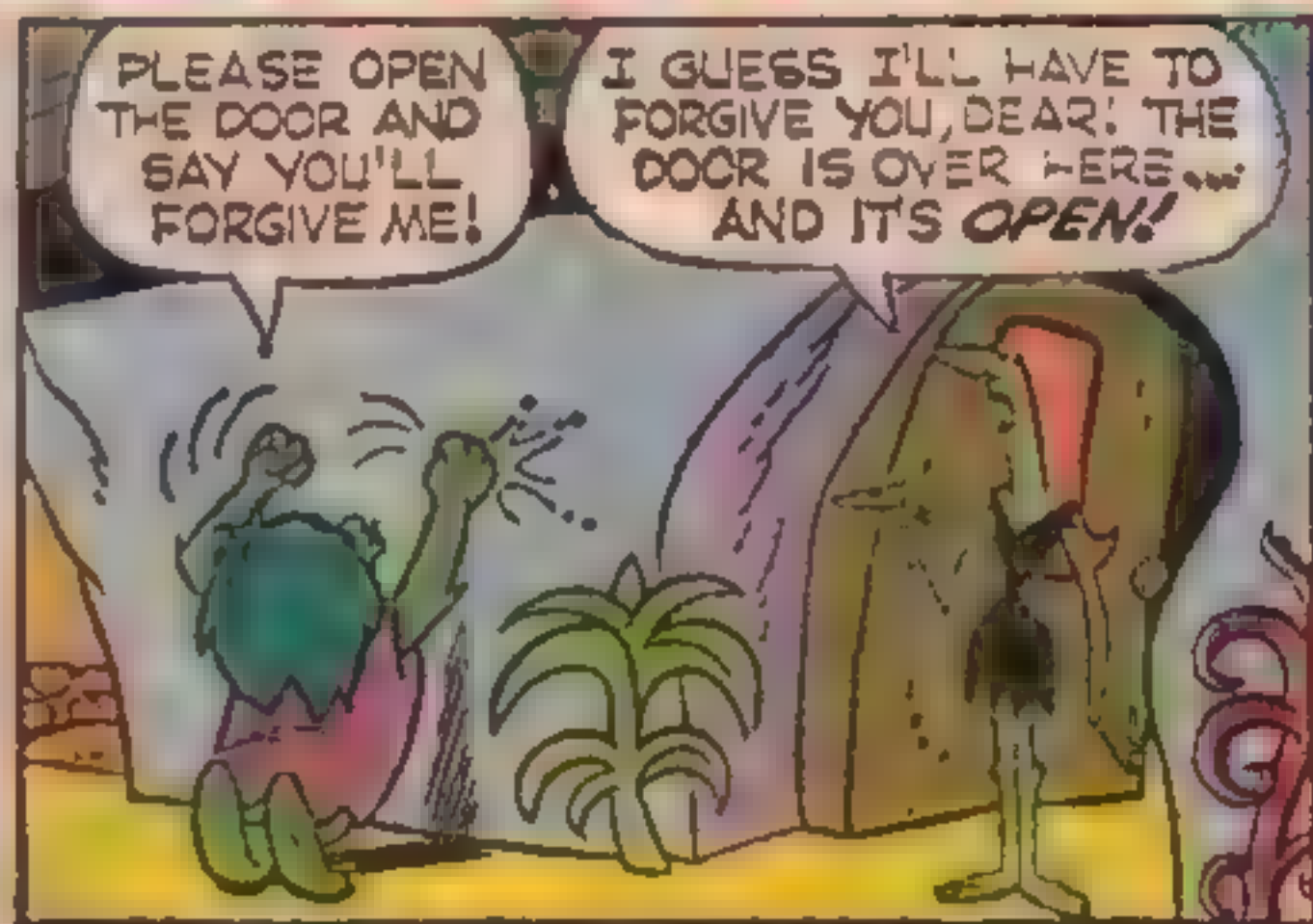
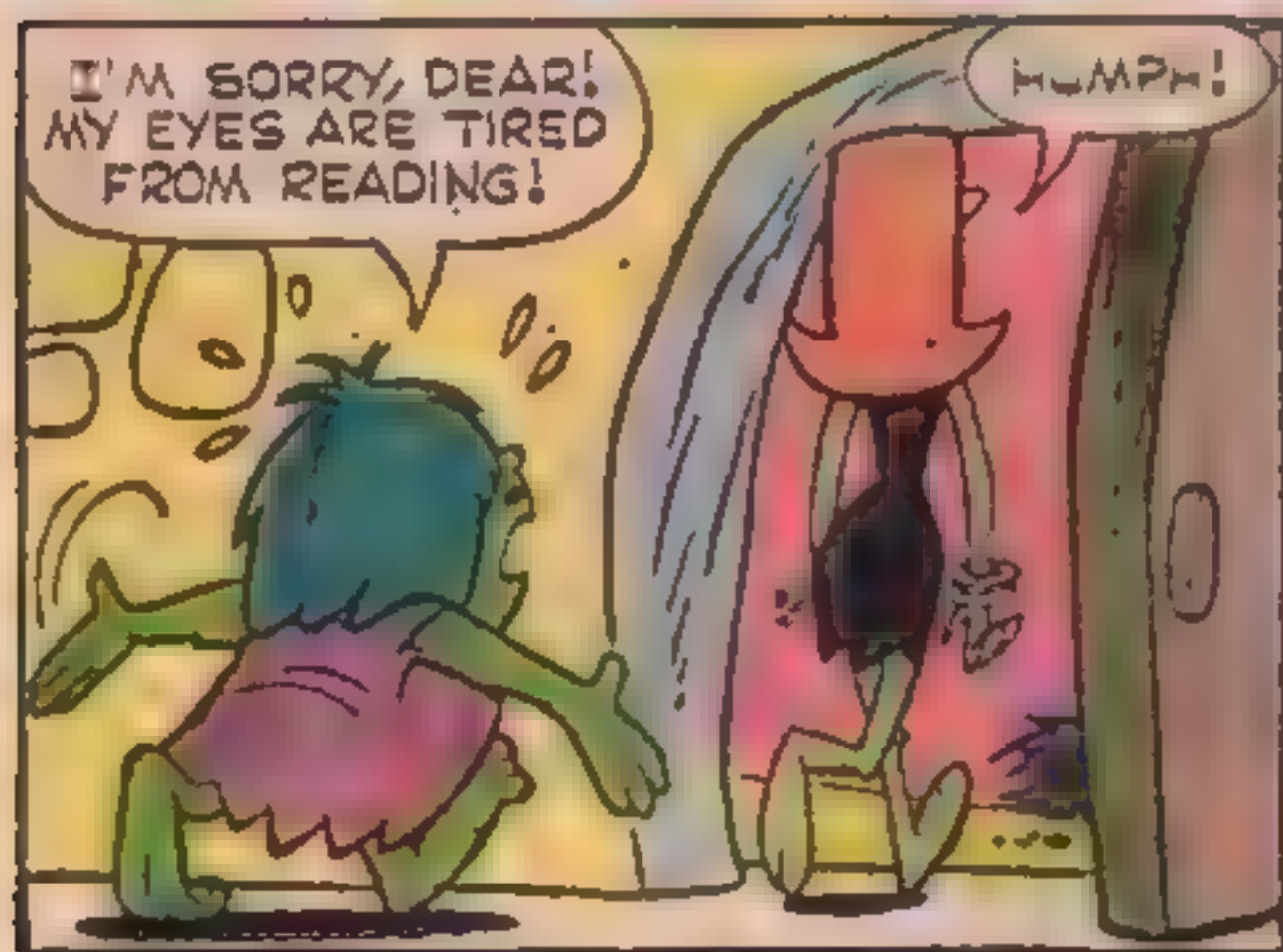
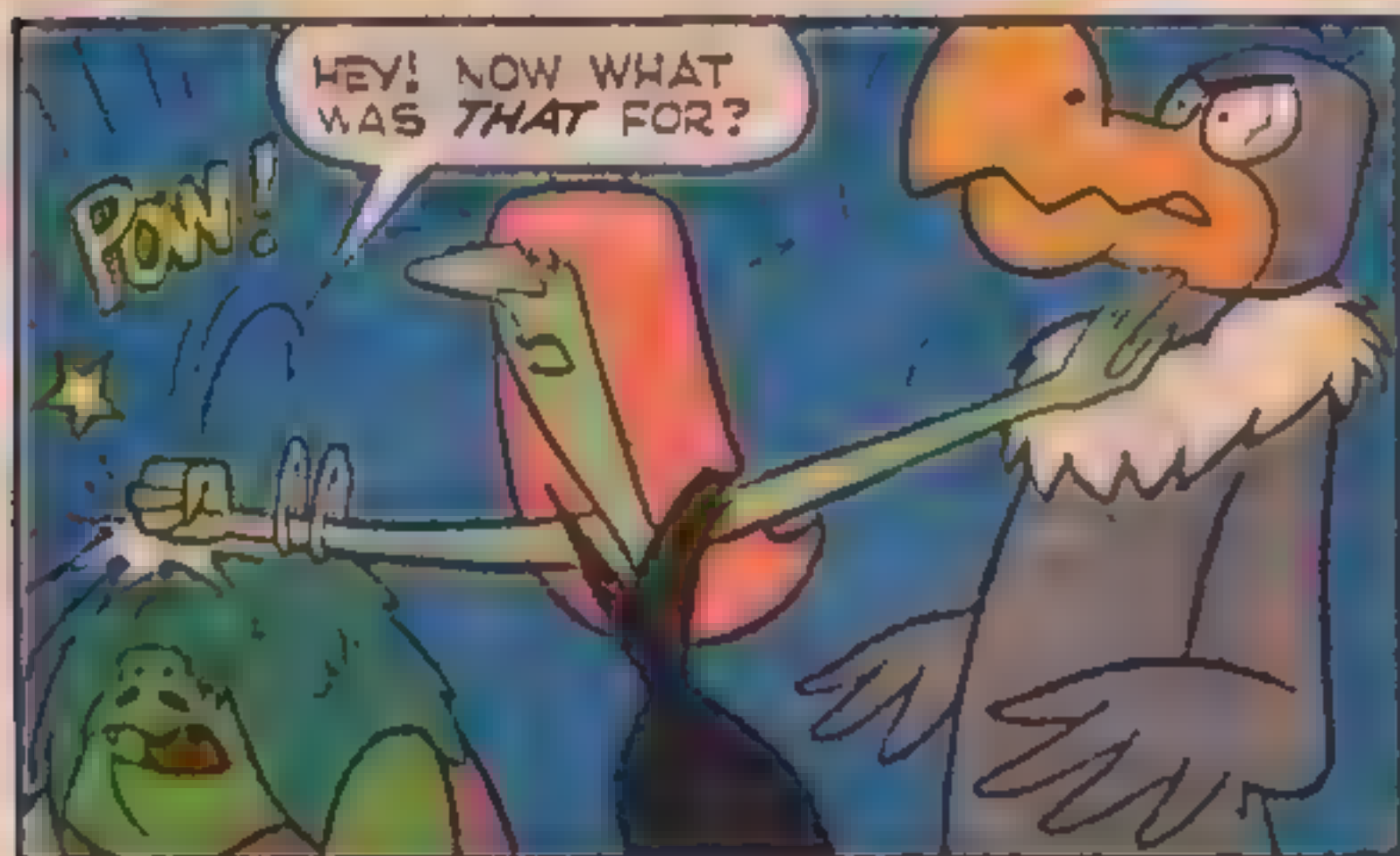
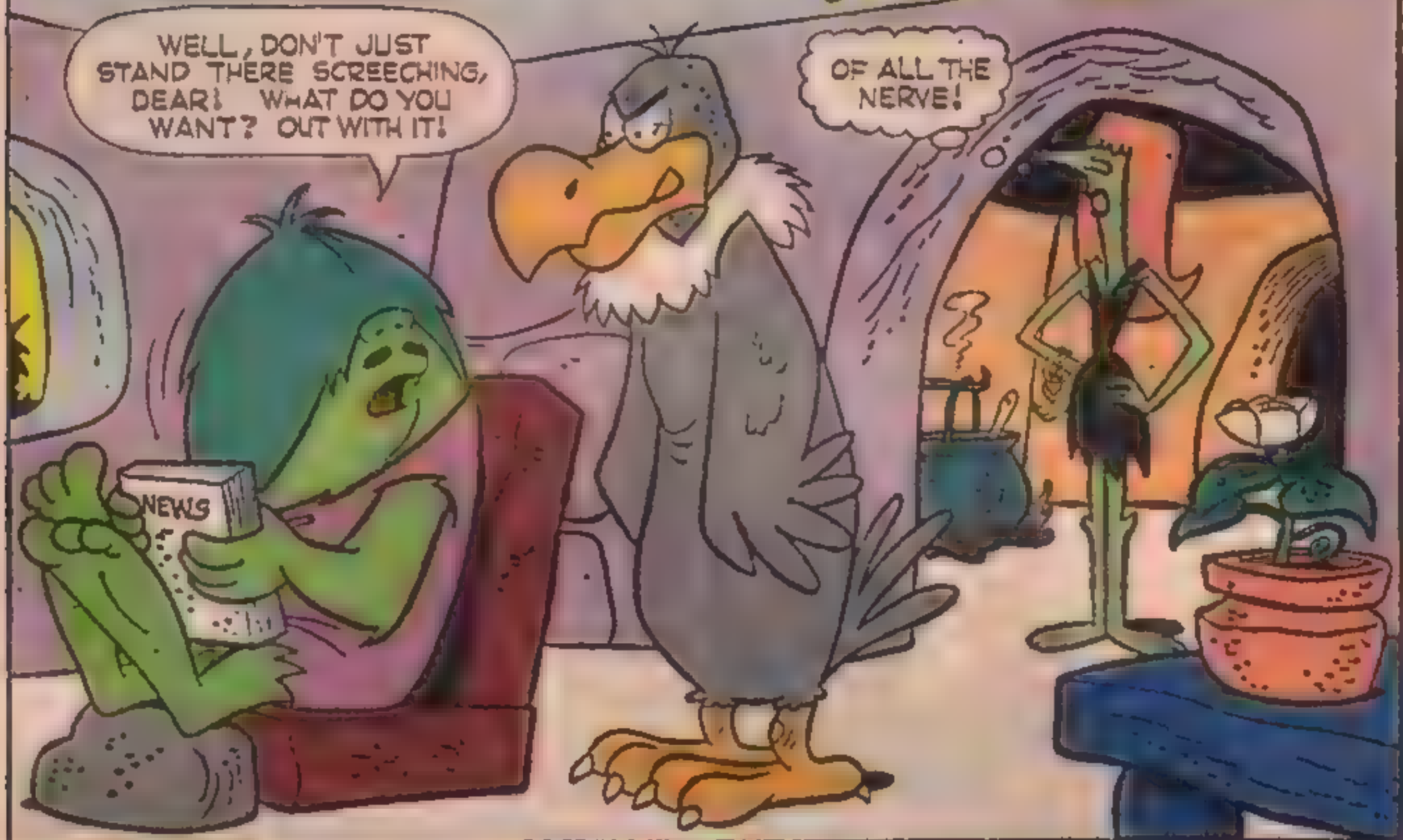


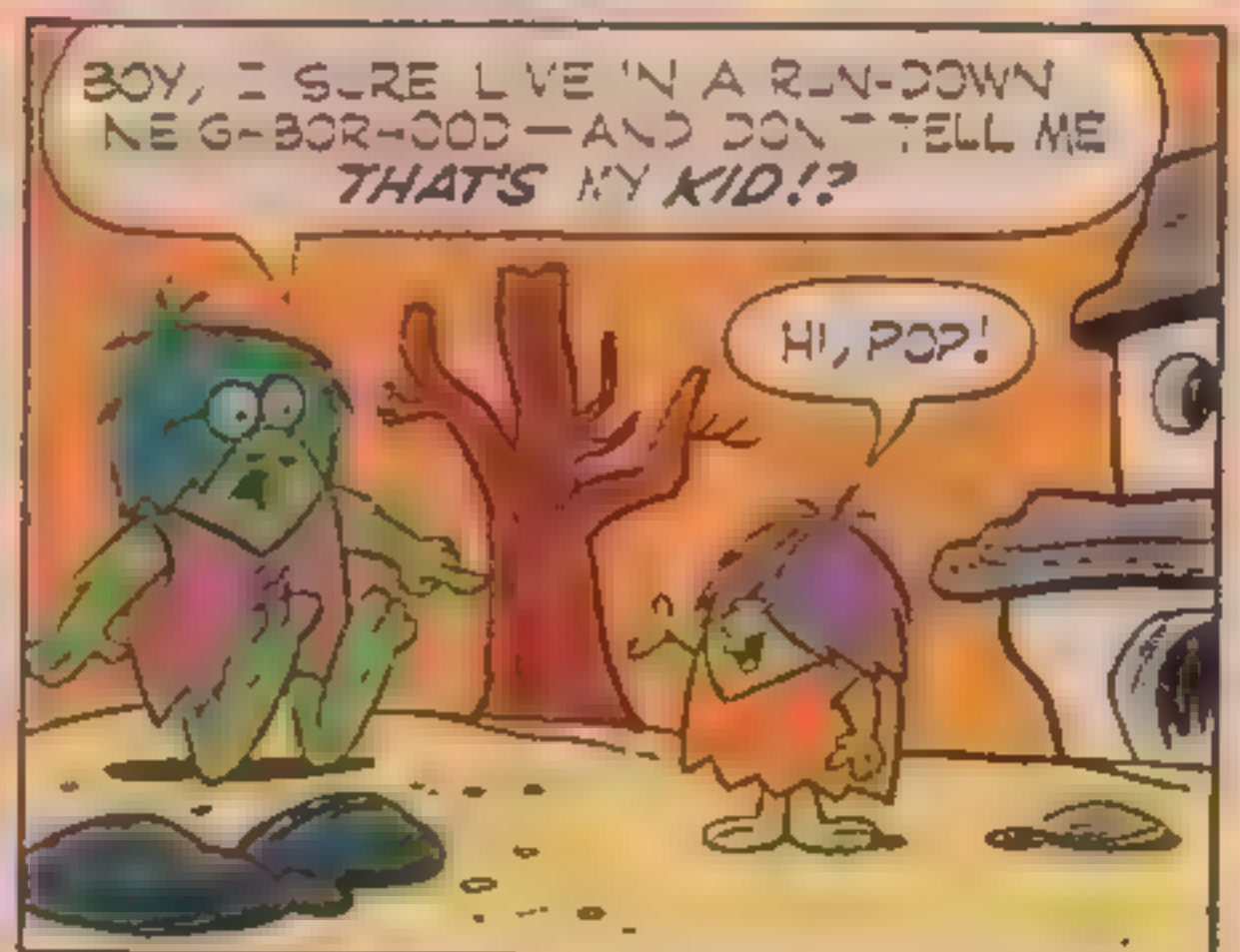
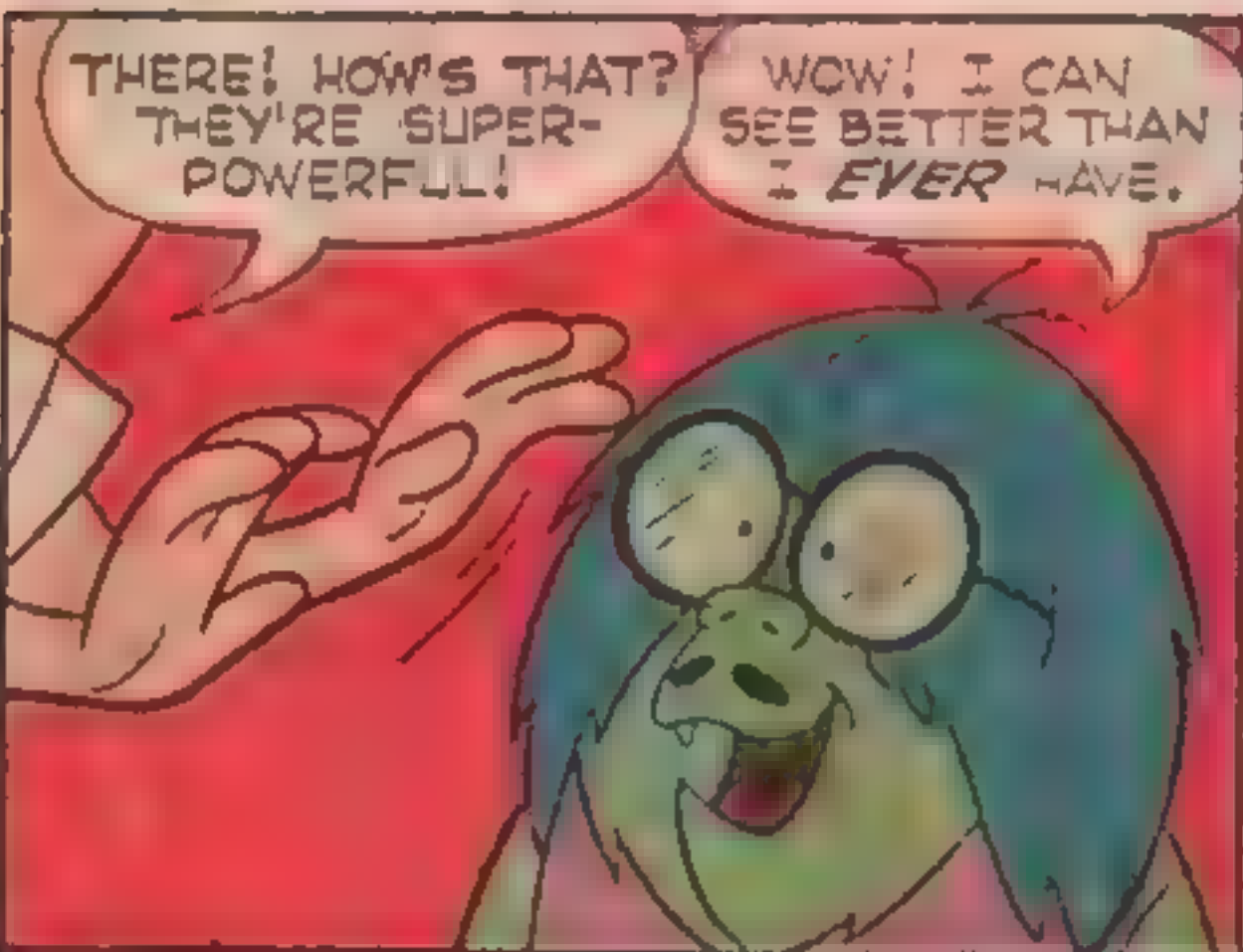
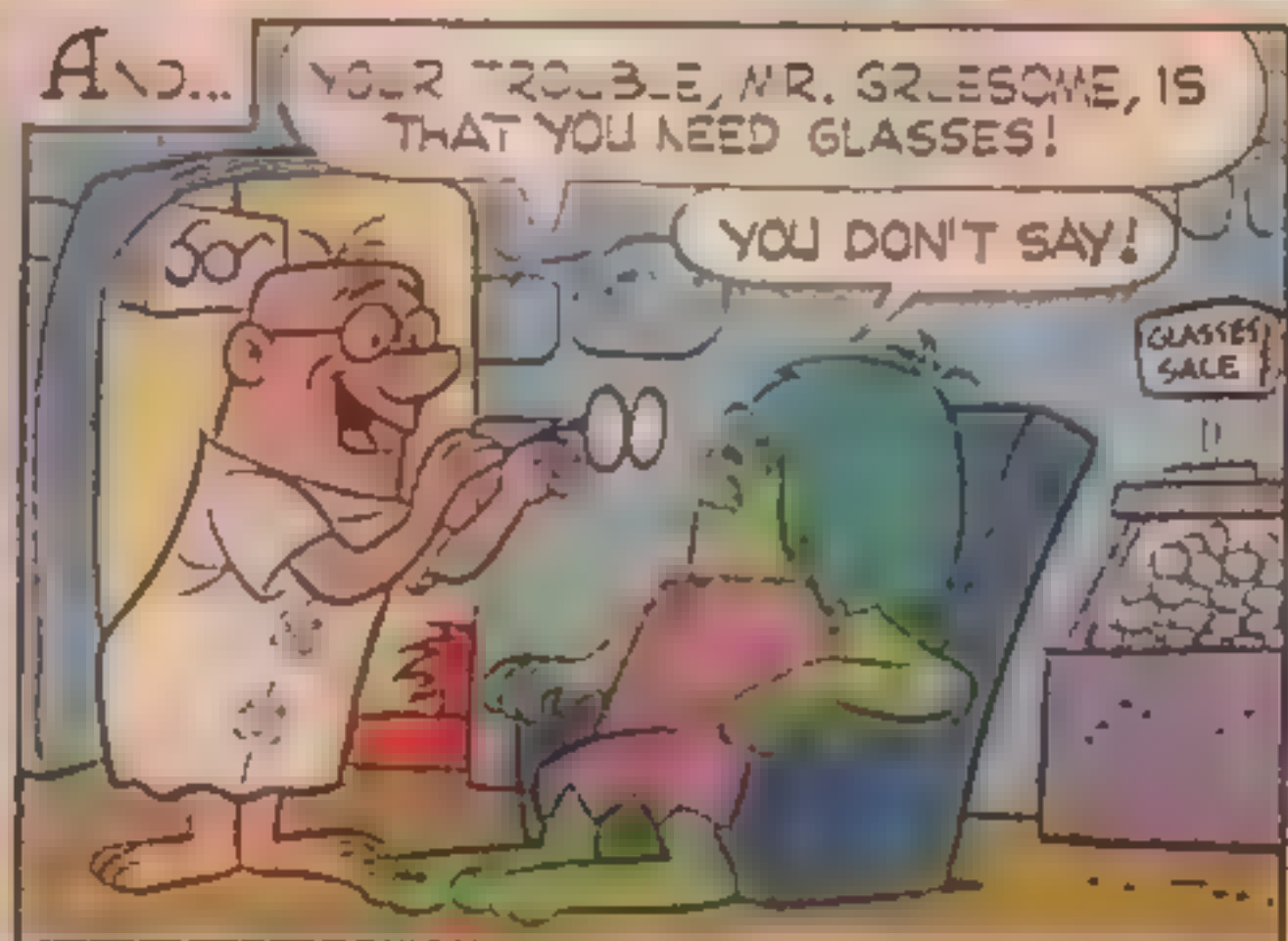
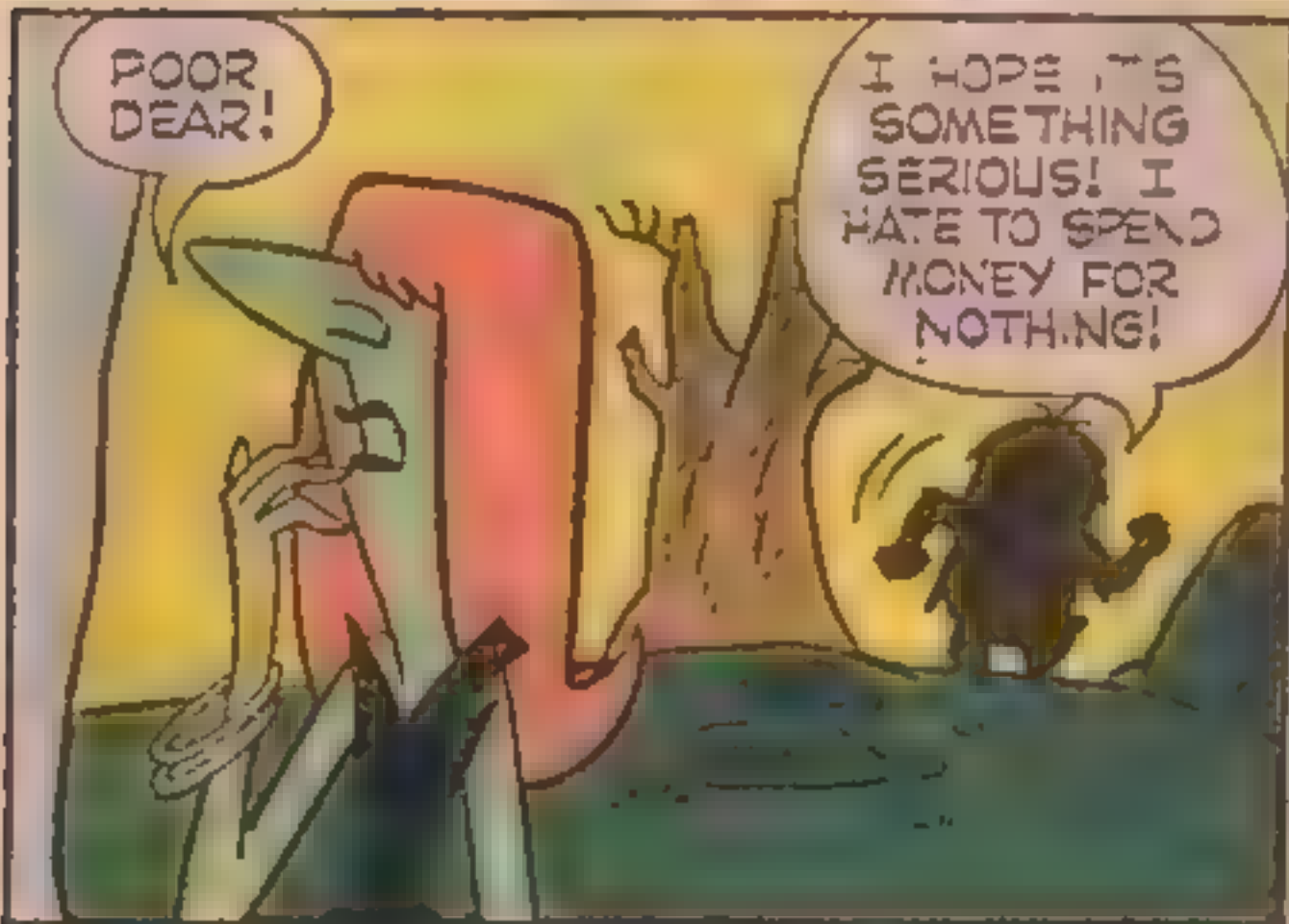
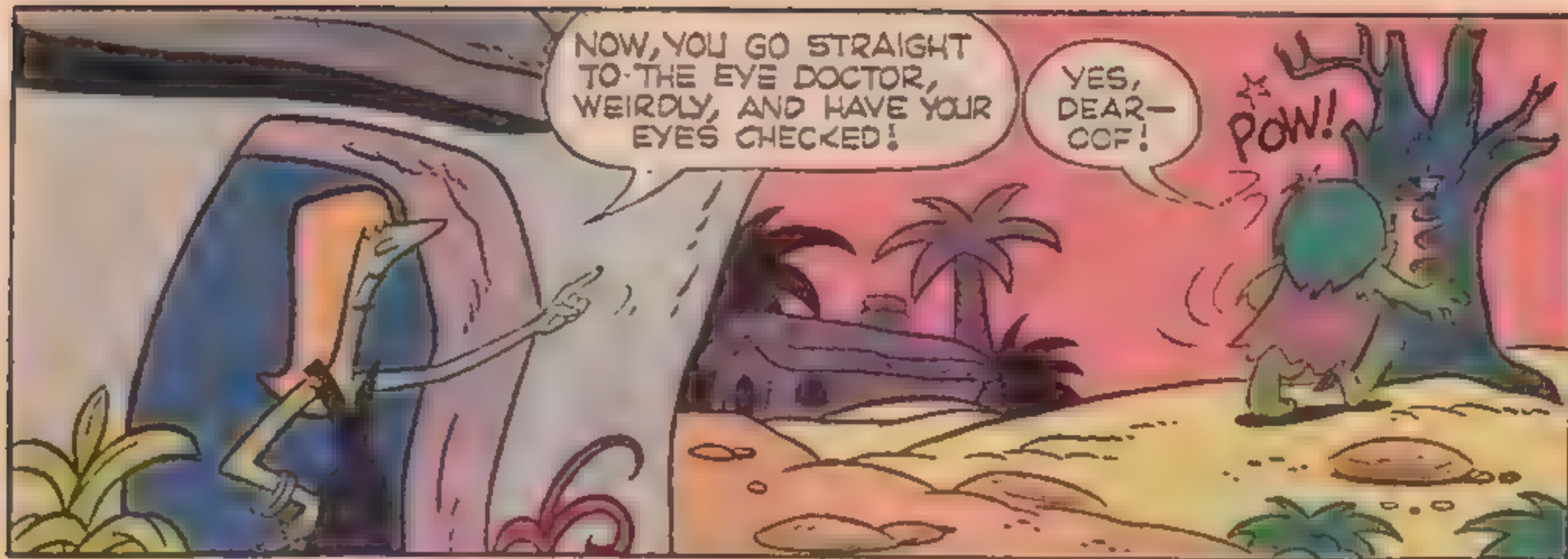


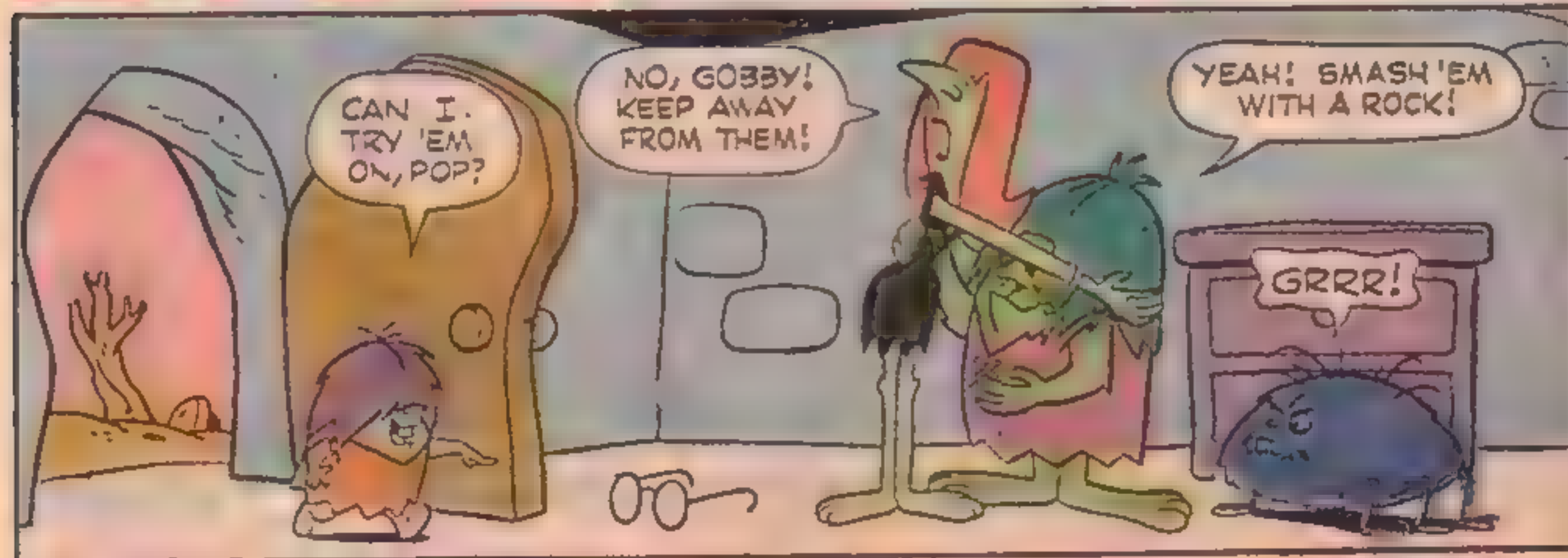
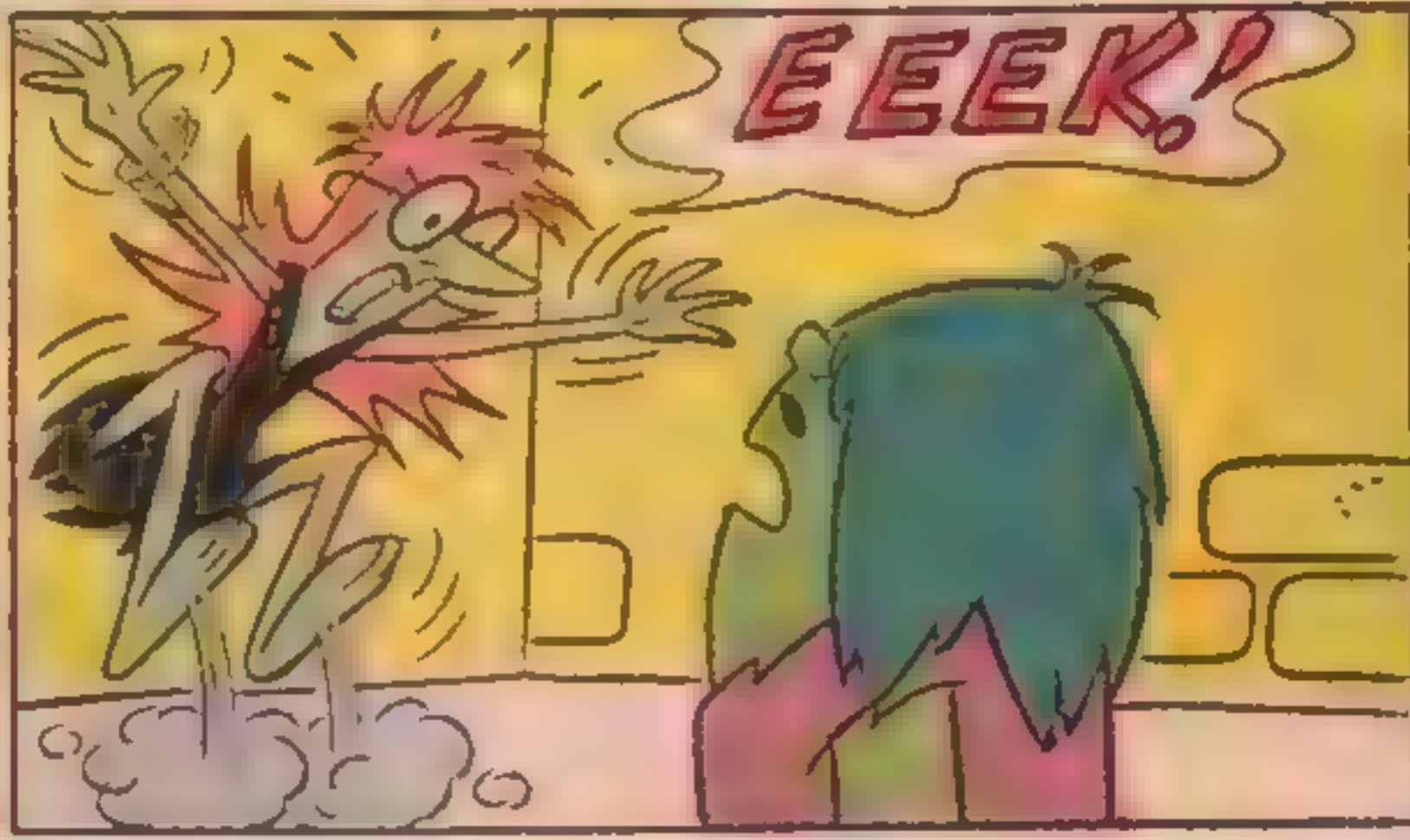
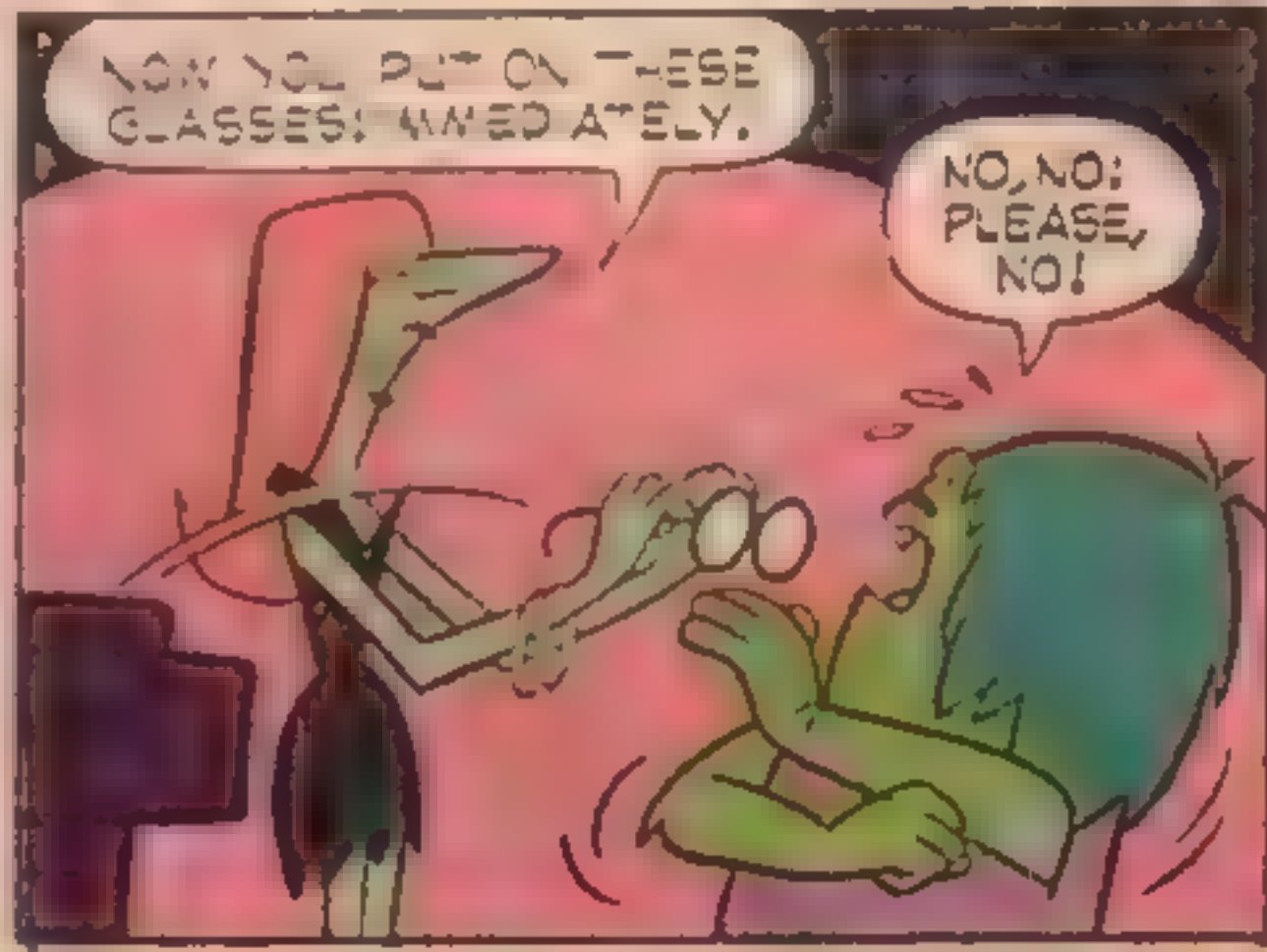
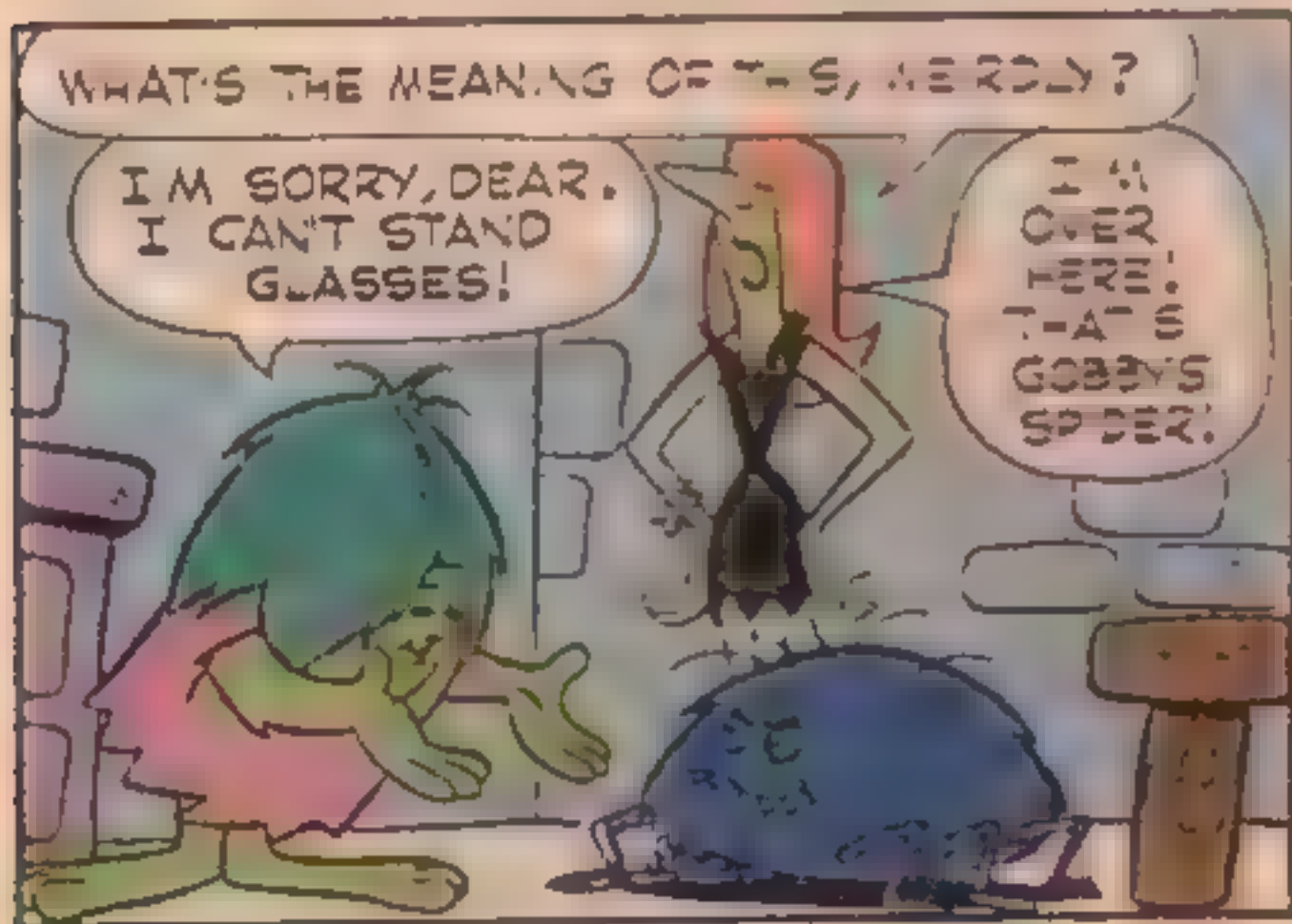
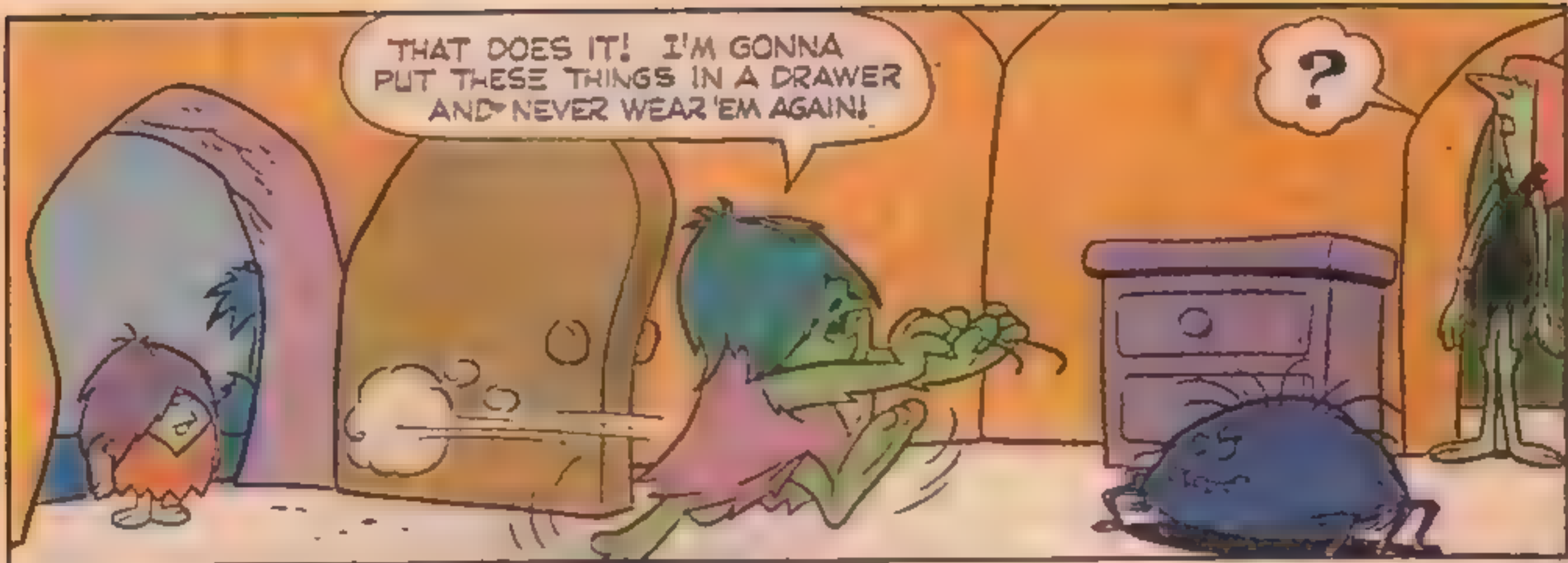


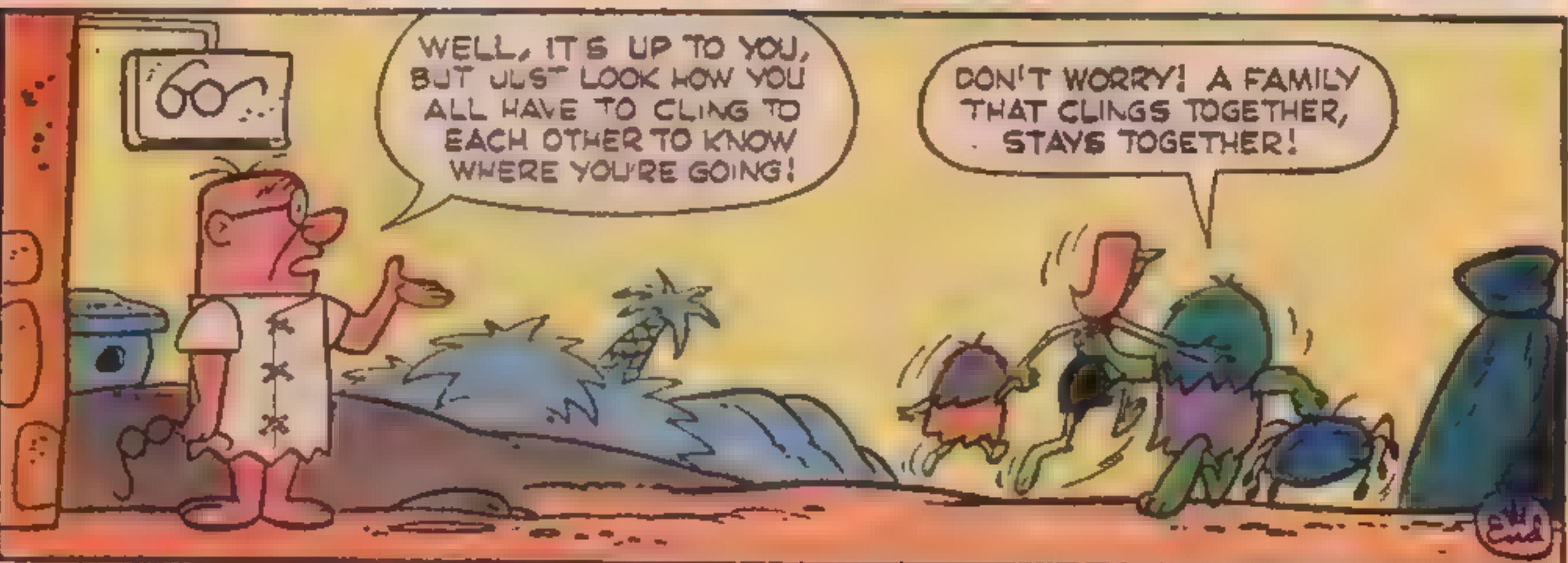
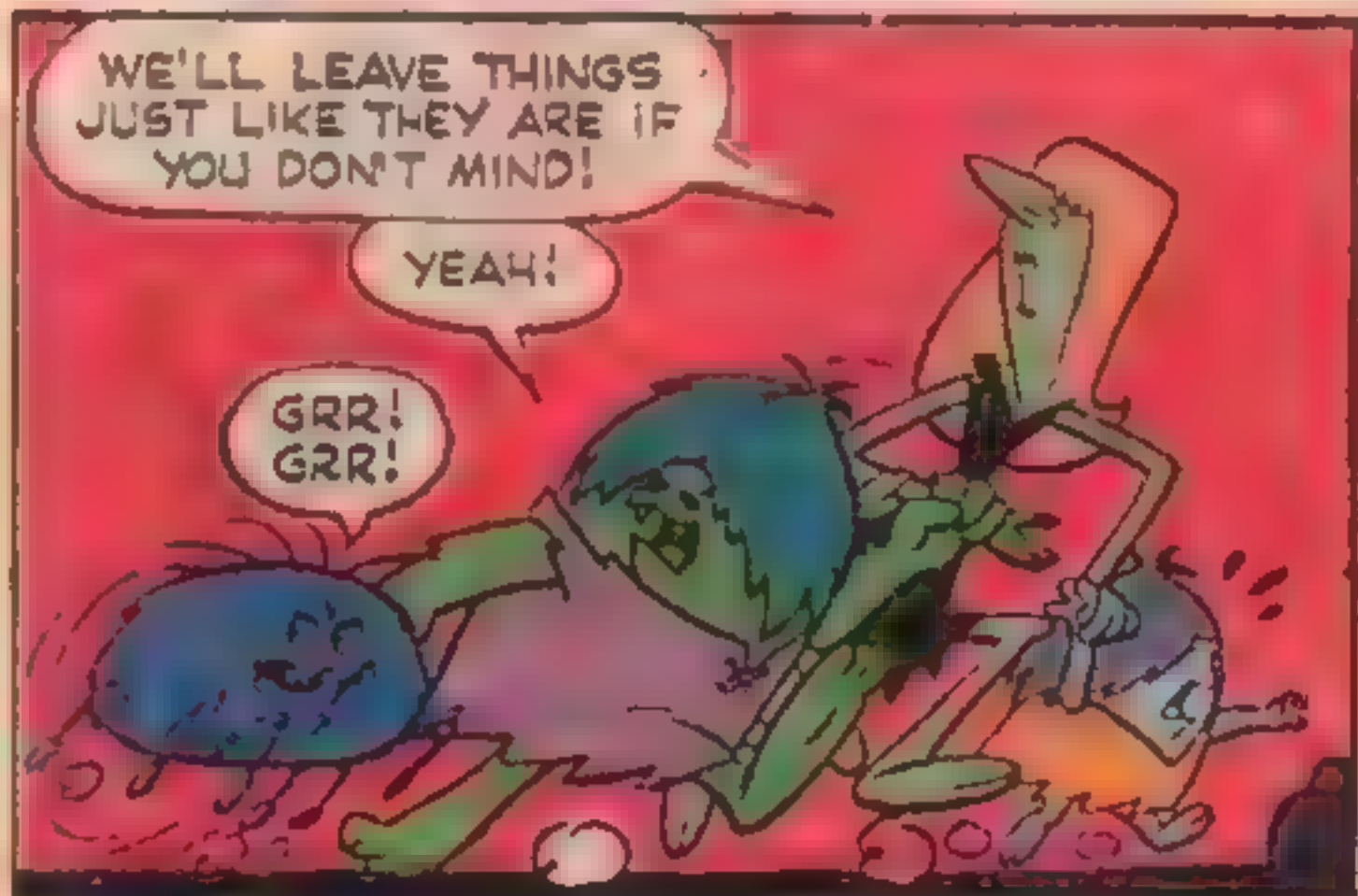
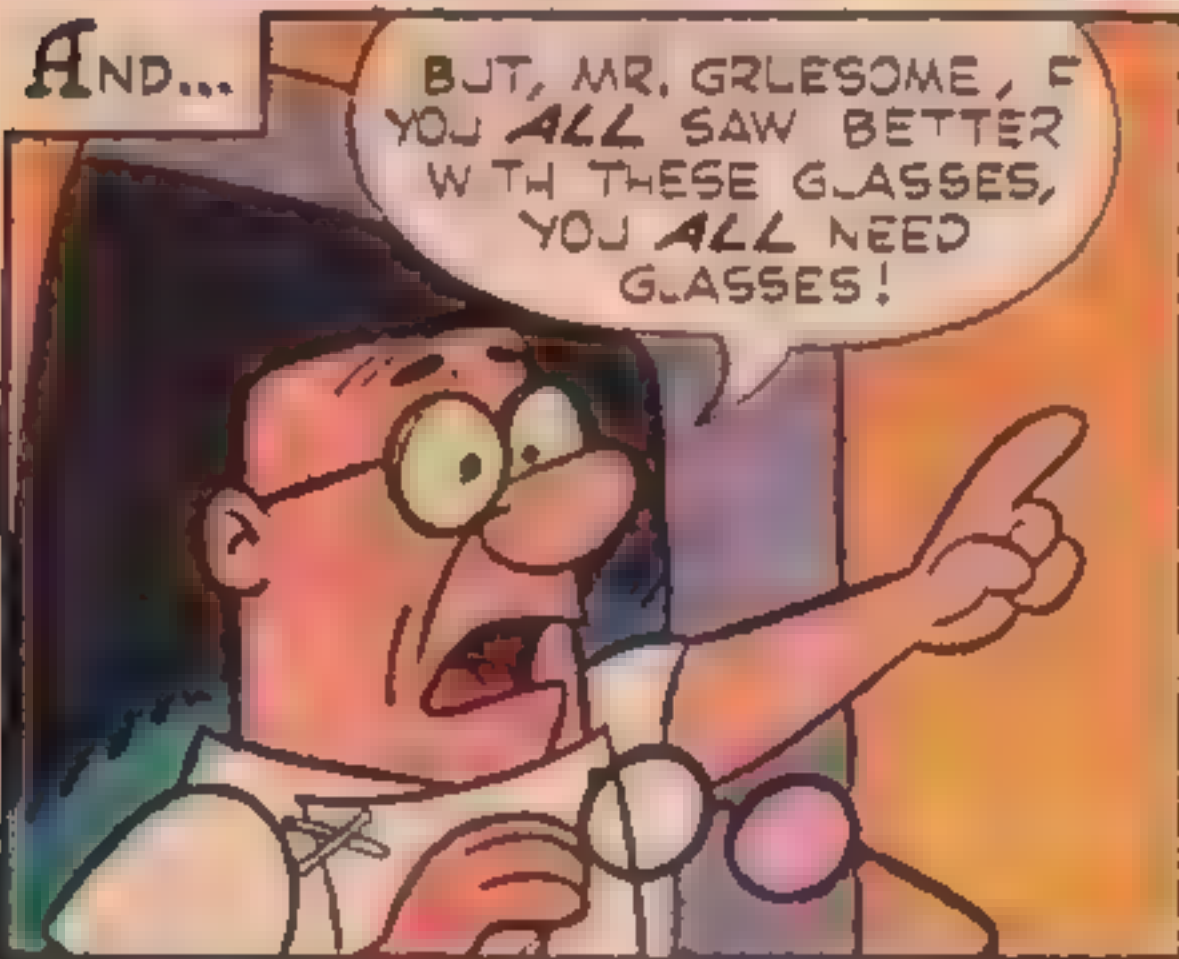
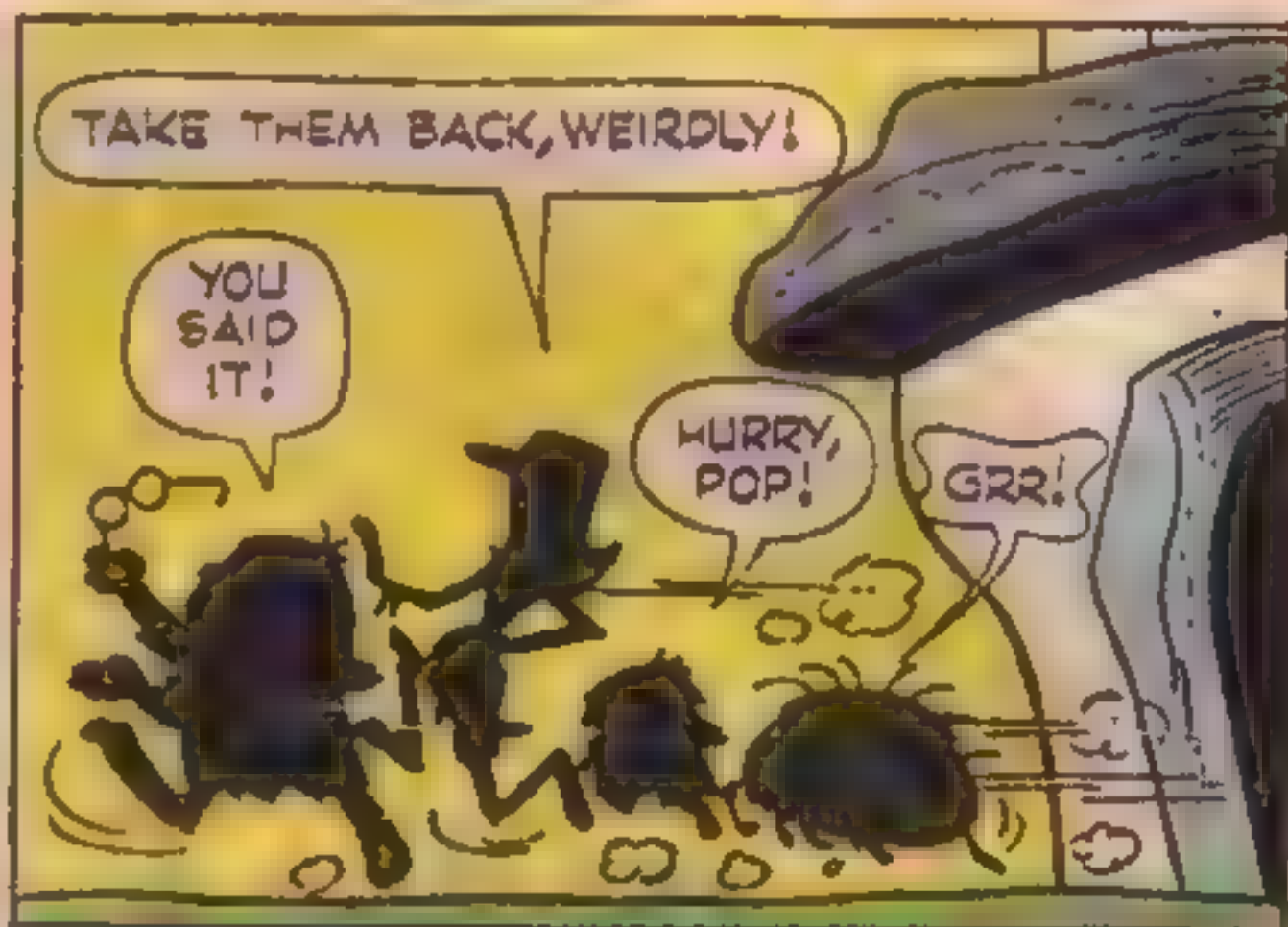
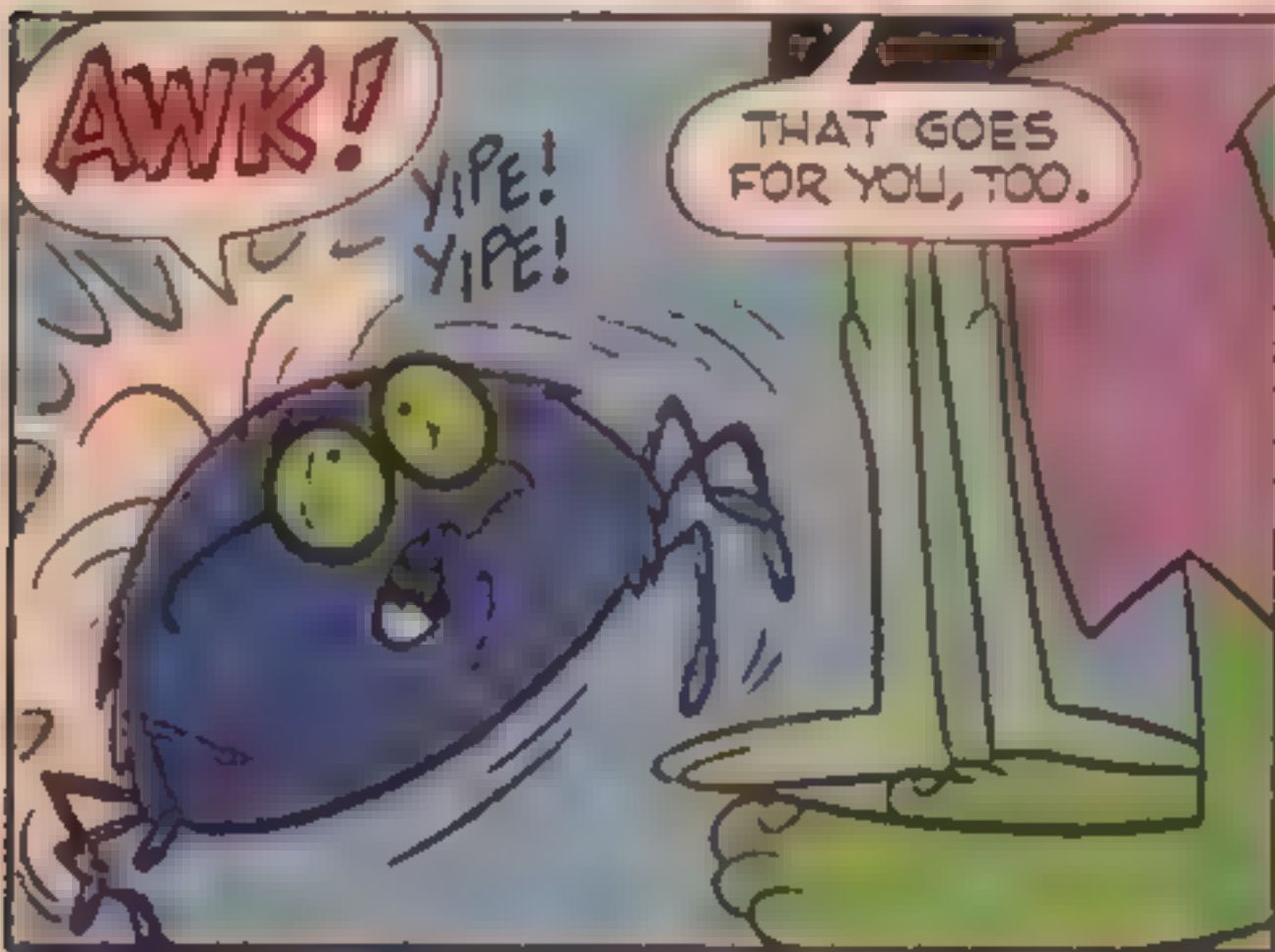
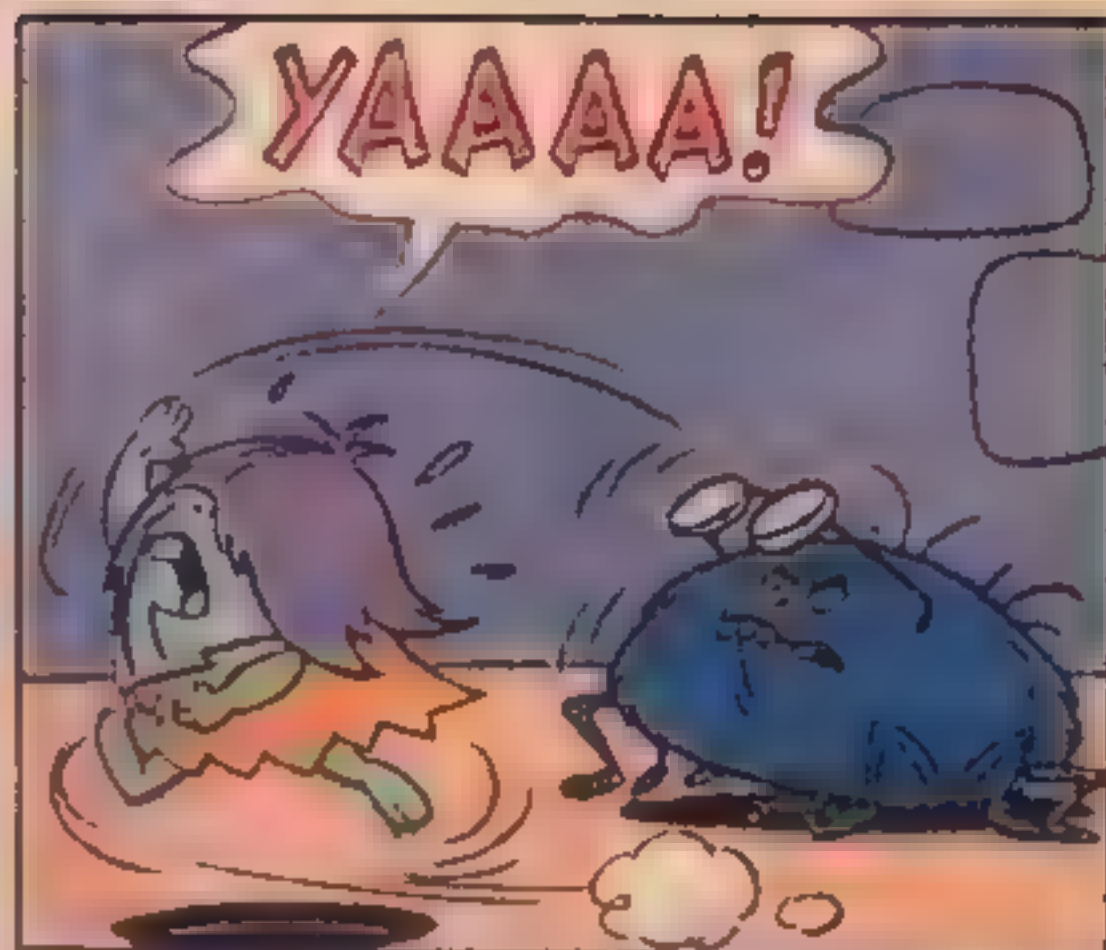
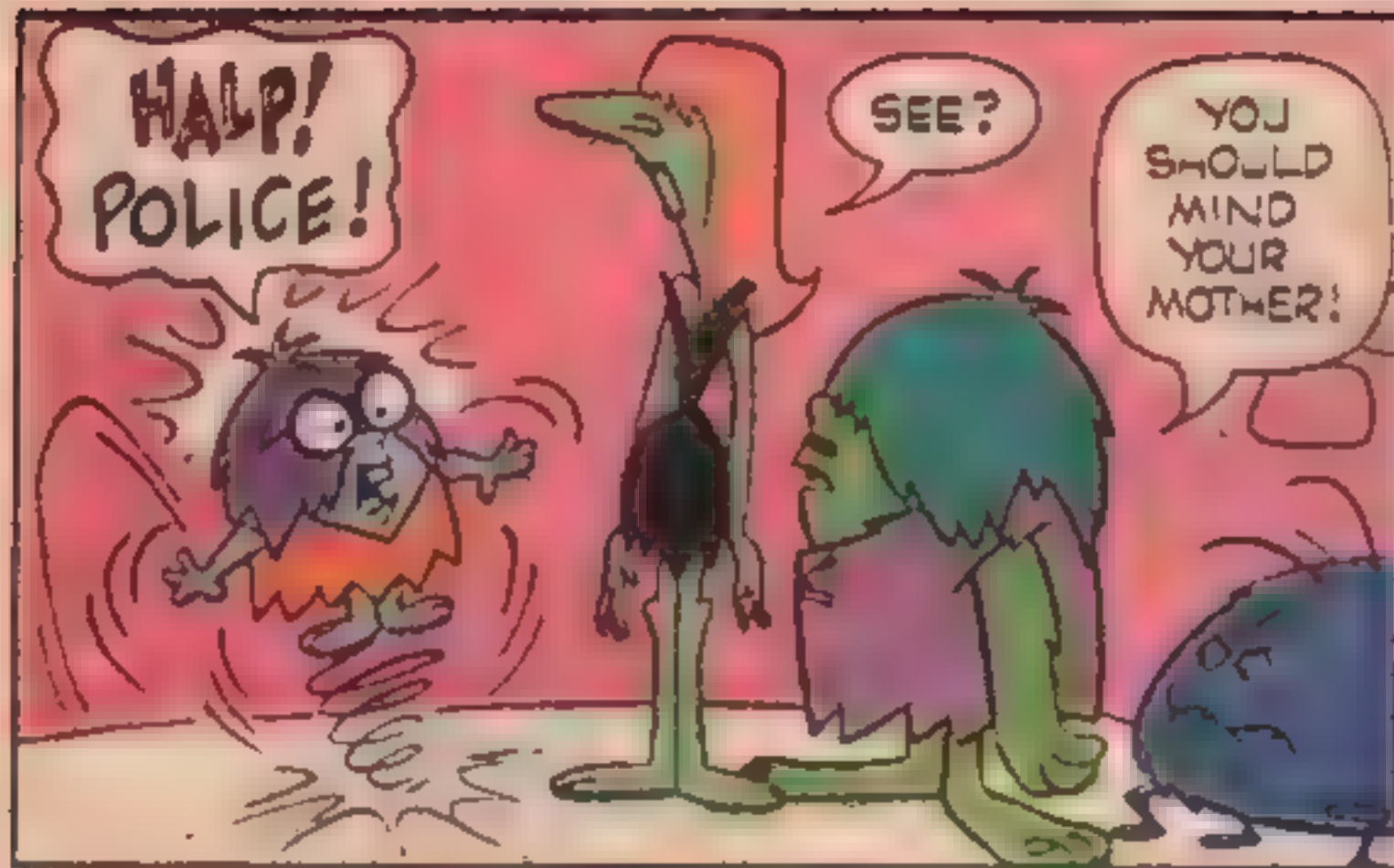
Hanna-Barbera
THE GRUESOMES

The NEW LOOK









TWO FOR SCHOOL



"Hi, Dear Understanding Dad," called Augie Doggie, as he ran into the house. "I have a big surprise to tell you."

"Tell away, Eager Son!" smiled Doggie Daddy, as he hung his work coat on a rack. "You seem to be bursting with great joy!"

"I am! I am!" he cried. "I am going to save you a lot of money, Generous Pop! You won't have to pay any more tuition for me to go to school! I quit today!"

With a flip of his wrist, Augie tossed his books into the waste basket; and with a turn of his head, Doggie Daddy shouted, "YOU WHAT?"

"Quit!" repeated Augie in a sure voice.

"That's what I thought you said, Son of Mine. But tell me why!"

Augie didn't blink an eye, he just replied, "Because I know everything that I need to know! I've been educated enough!"

Doggie Daddy did not reply, he just went about the business of preparing dinner and feeding his "educated" son. After the meal was over, and as Daddy tucked his so-smart son in bed, he thought of a solution to his pressing problem.

"How would you like to go with me on my job tomorrow?" he asked. "I think you could help me if you did."

"You bet, Daddy in Need," agreed Augie.

It was Doggie Daddy's plan to prove to his son that every growing boy needed to be in school. Daddy thought that an on-the-job session would convince Augie that Augie did not know everything.

The next day, they set out to saw a tree into firewood for Mr. Jones. As soon as Daddy began work, the chain saw broke. Try

as he might, Daddy could not repair it.

"Here, you try it, Smart Son," he said. "I am sure you know how to do it."

Augie tried, but he could not fix the saw, and at last he said, "Dear Trusting Dad, I must tell you, I don't know how to fix your saw."

Just at that moment, a truck stopped, and a man jumped out saying, "I see you're having trouble. Let me fix that for you."

With a few twists of a few bolts, the man had the saw working like it was new.

"How did you do that so fast, mister?" Augie asked in wonder.

"It's all in knowing how!" replied the man. "I went to school to learn mechanics. That will be five dollars, sir," he added.

As the man drove away, with his fee, Augie looked at his father and said, "Did I hear him say he went to school to learn how to do that?"

"You heard him right, Dear Son! Come, let's finish cutting this tree and get the wood loaded onto the truck."

Soon, the job was done, and they were heading toward home, when Augie cried out a warning. "Stop, Cautious Dad! You didn't see that sign! It says the bridge ahead has a load limit of ONE TON!"

"Don't fret!" grinned Daddy. "We have under four thousand pounds on our truck."

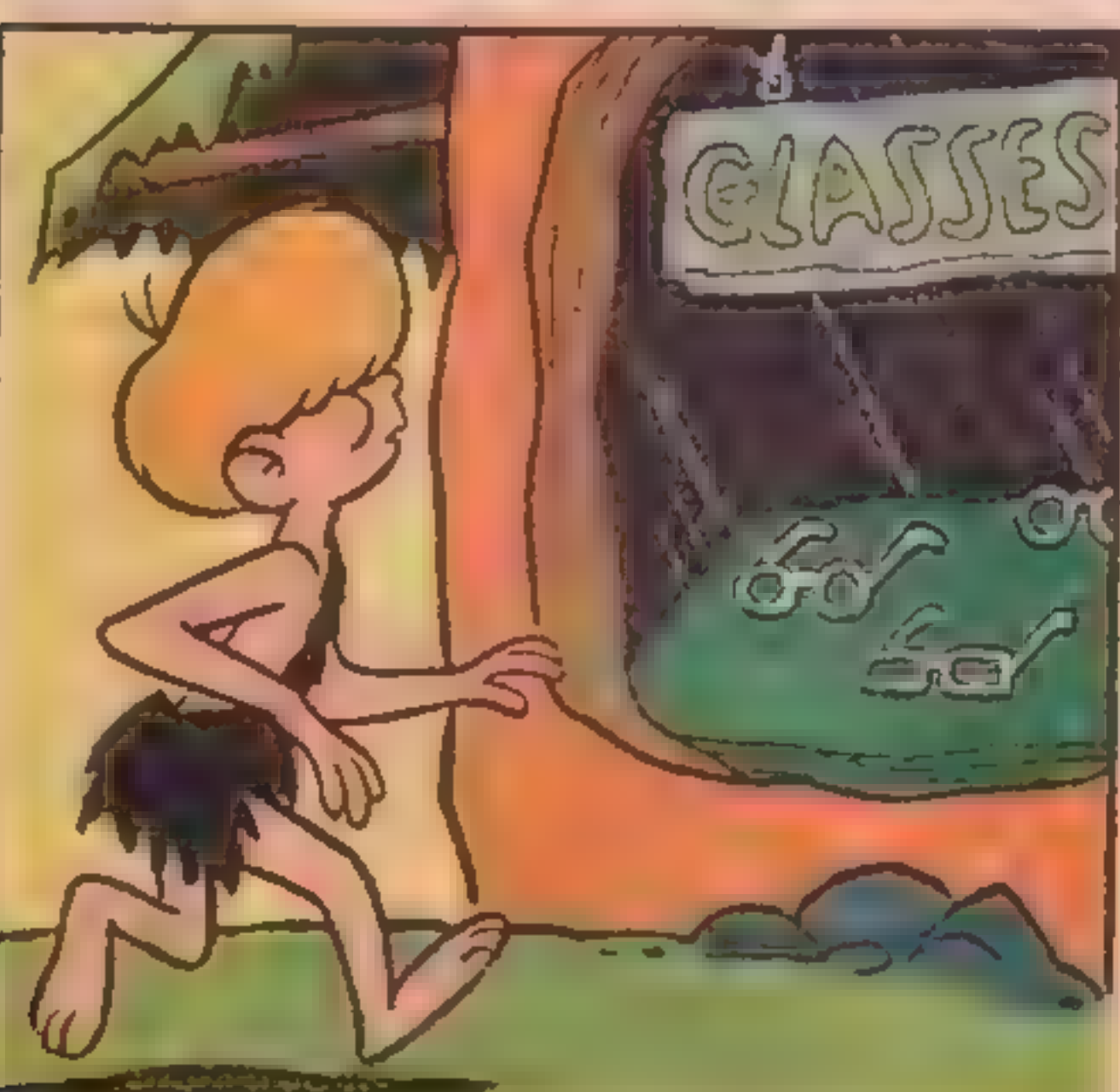
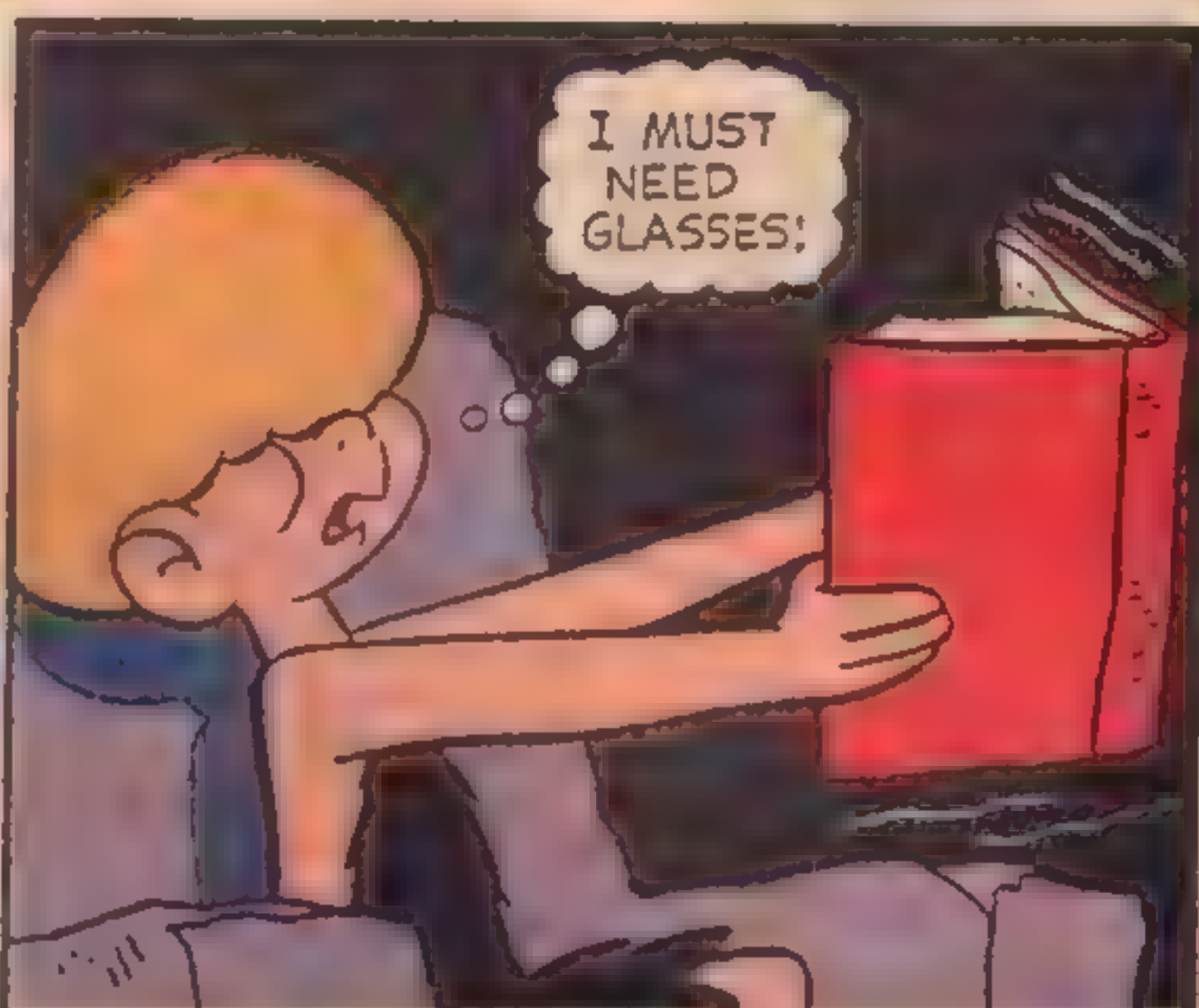
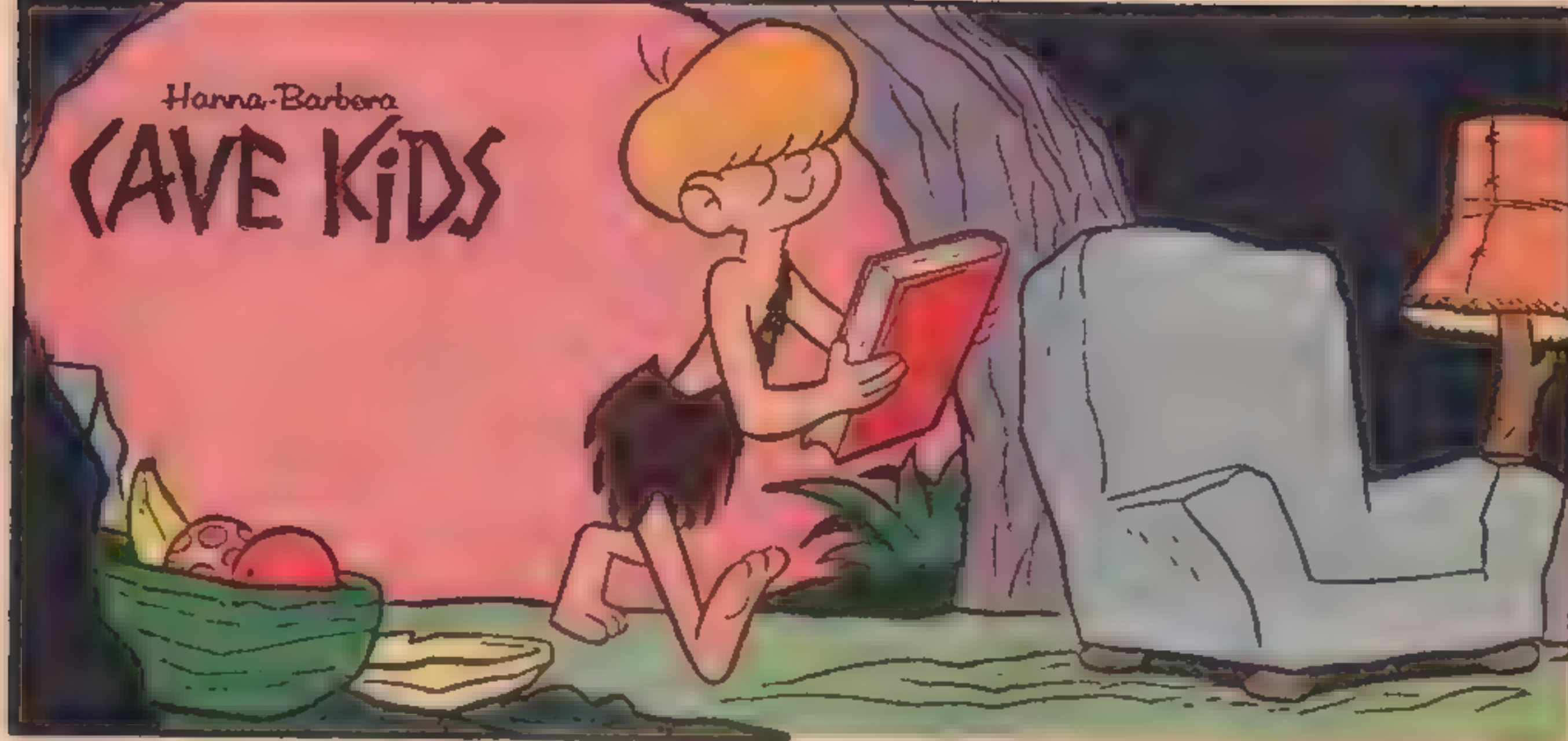
And with that, Daddy gunned the motor and the car sped onto the bridge.

"Oh, Forgetful Dad, one ton is only TWO THOUSAND pounds! I learned that in school," Augie cried, as they made it to safety on the other side of the bridge.

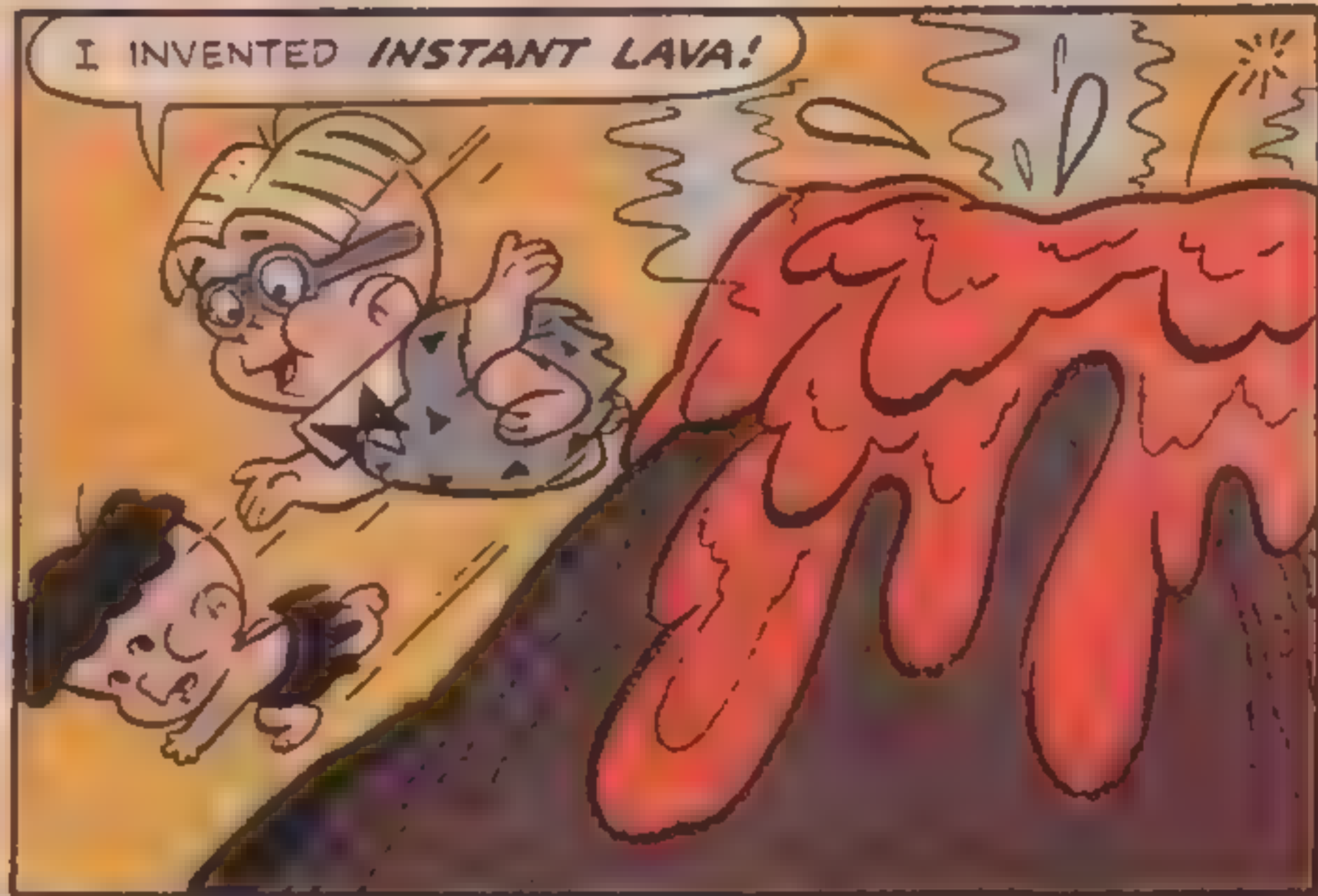
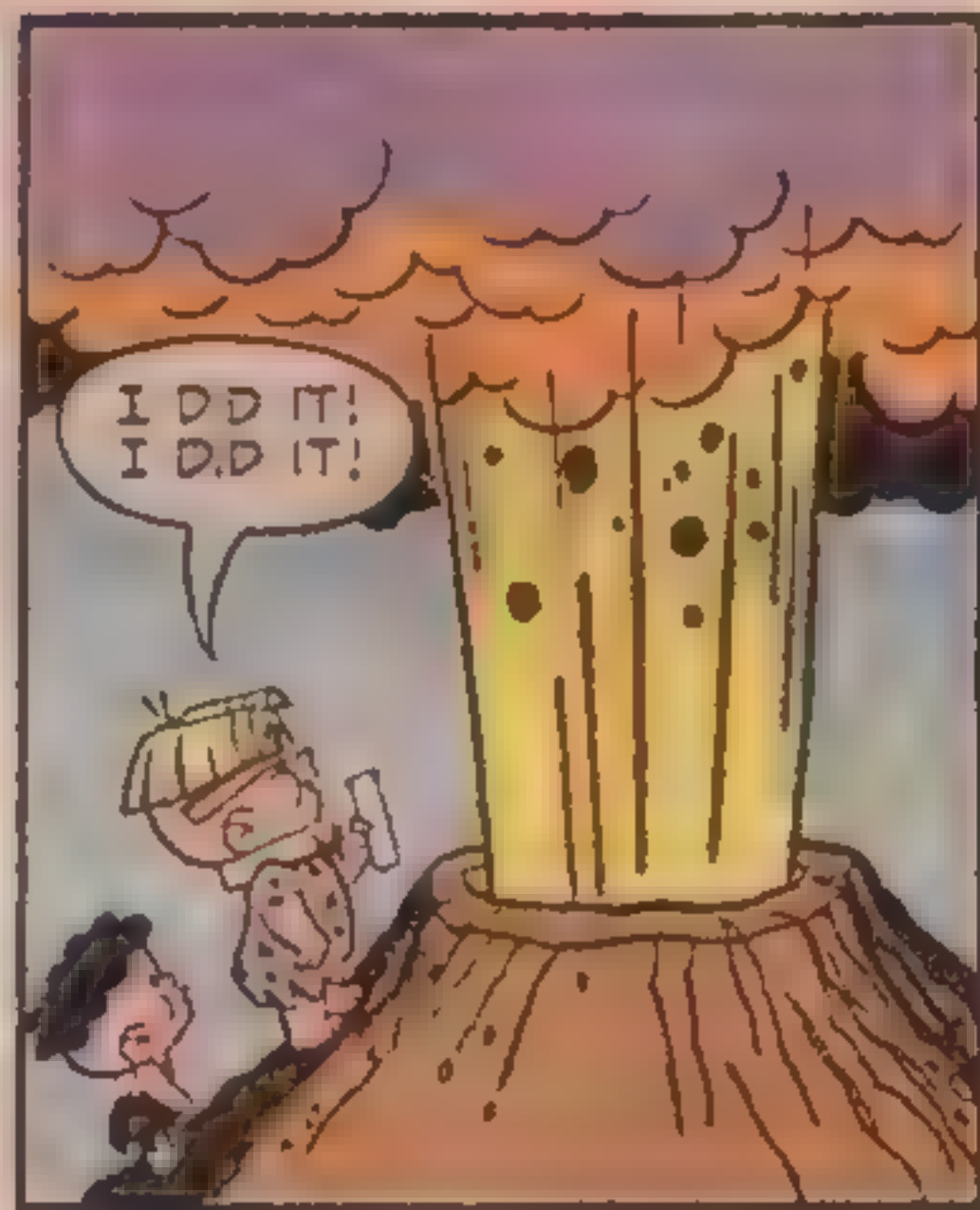
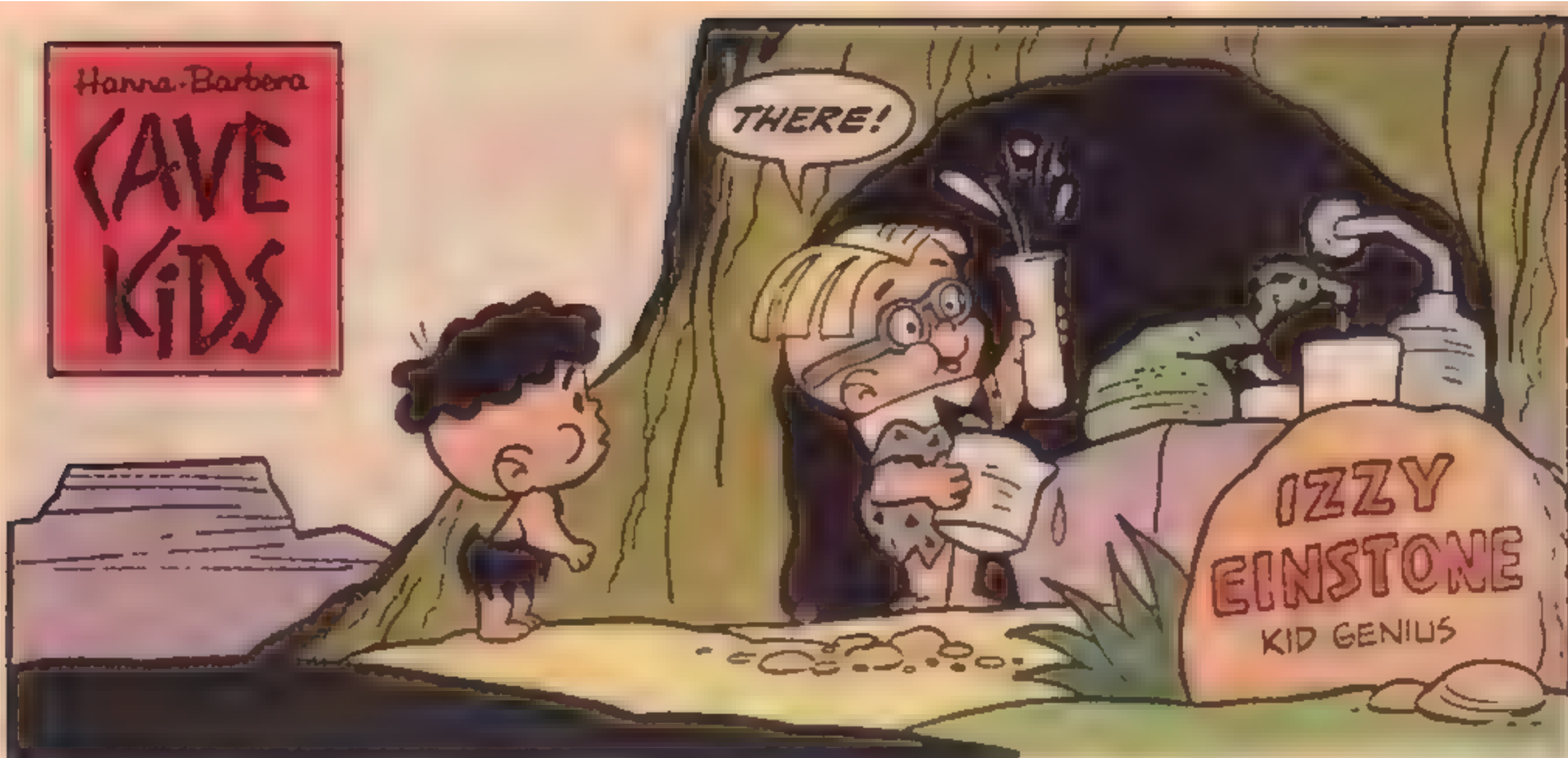
"Whew!" Daddy said, looking back at the swaying bridge. "A ton must be just two thousand pounds; like you learned at school. Hmm, maybe I'll go back to school myself, and take a refresher course."

"Great idea, Ambitious Pater," nodded Augie. "And I am going back to school, too. If I am to know enough to keep you out of danger, and to repair your equipment so I can save you money, I think I need more education!"

Doggie Daddy smiled as he thought, "Well, the plan was sort of risky, and it cost me five dollars, but it worked. Besides, a little more education isn't going to hurt me... so it will be TWO for school."



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS



Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

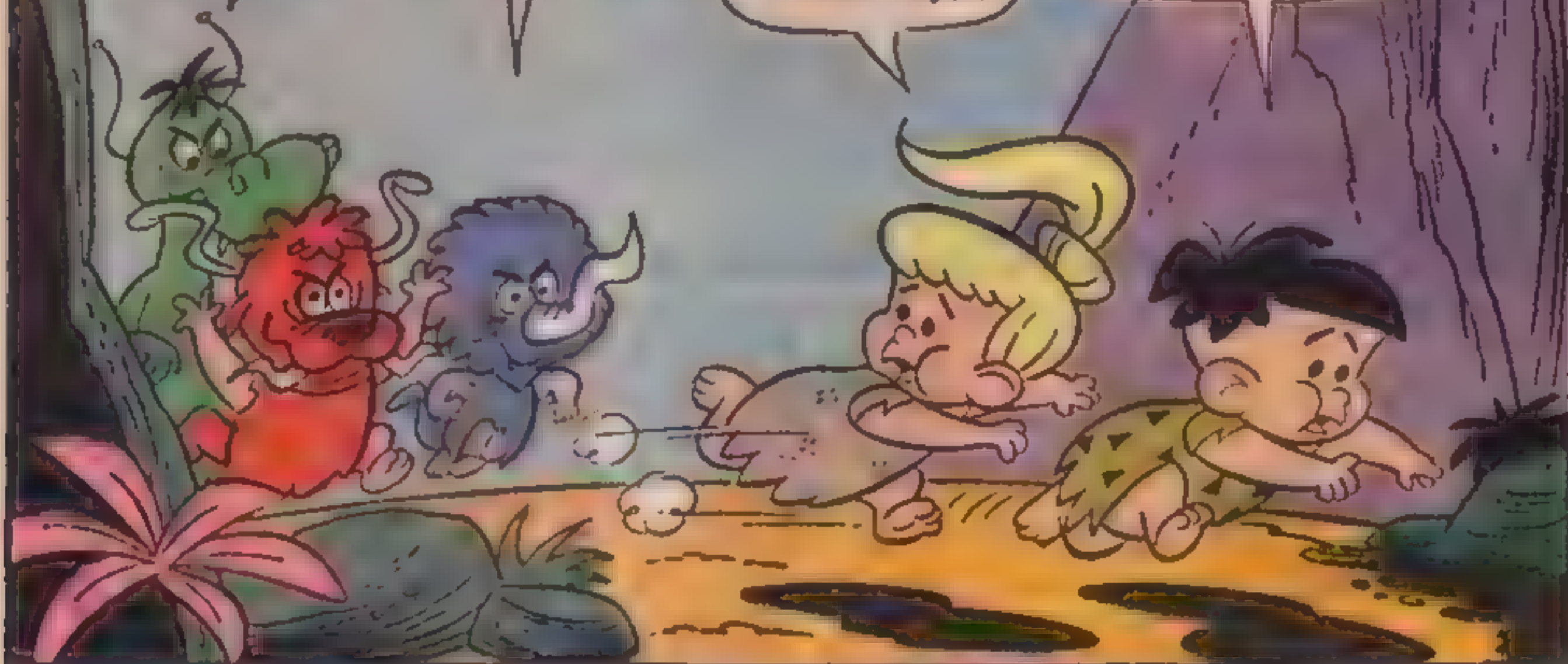
MASQUERADE PARTY

SANDY!

SALLY!

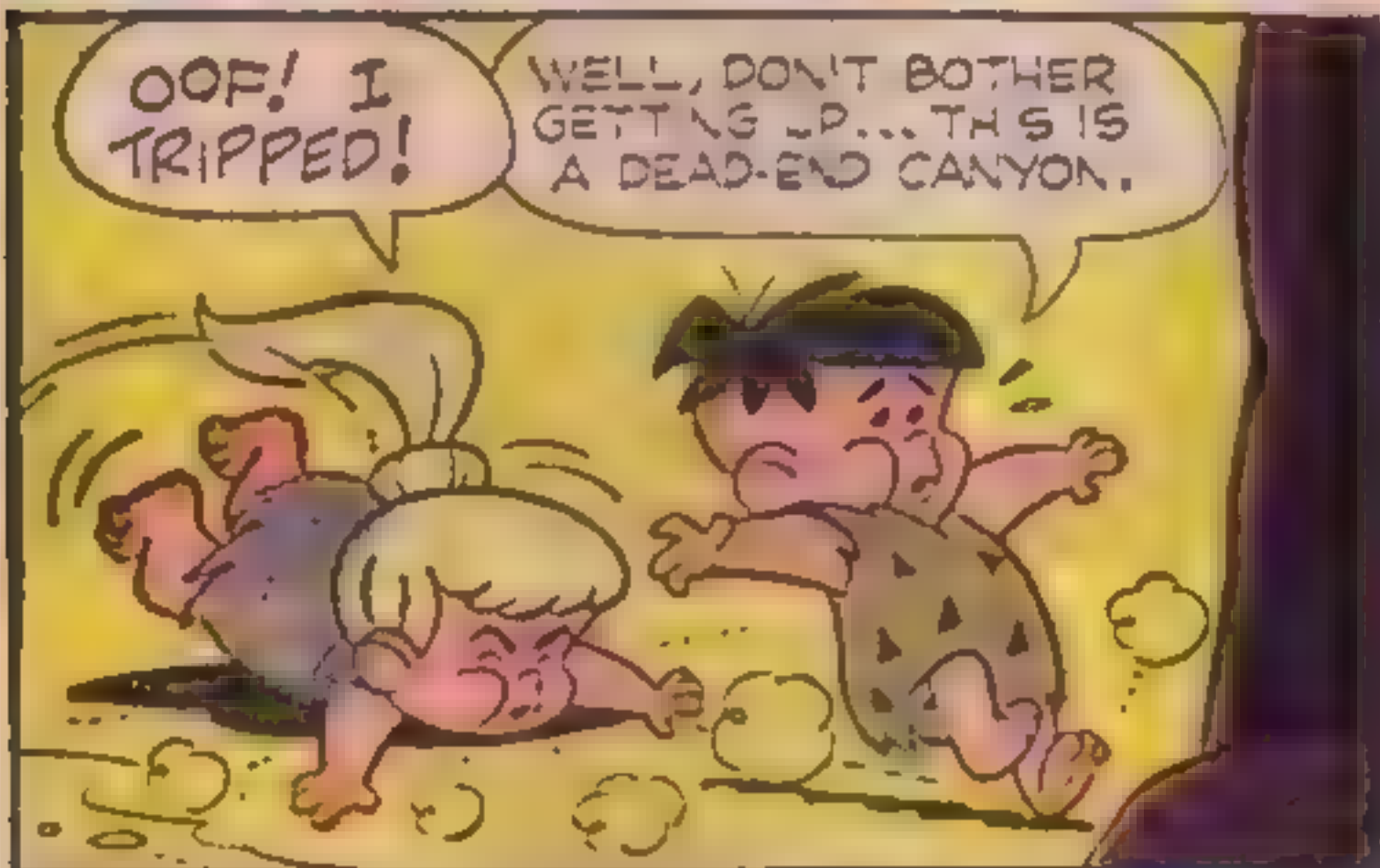
EEK!
WHAT CREEPY
CREATLRES!

(ULP!) THEY
EVEN CALL US
BY NAME!

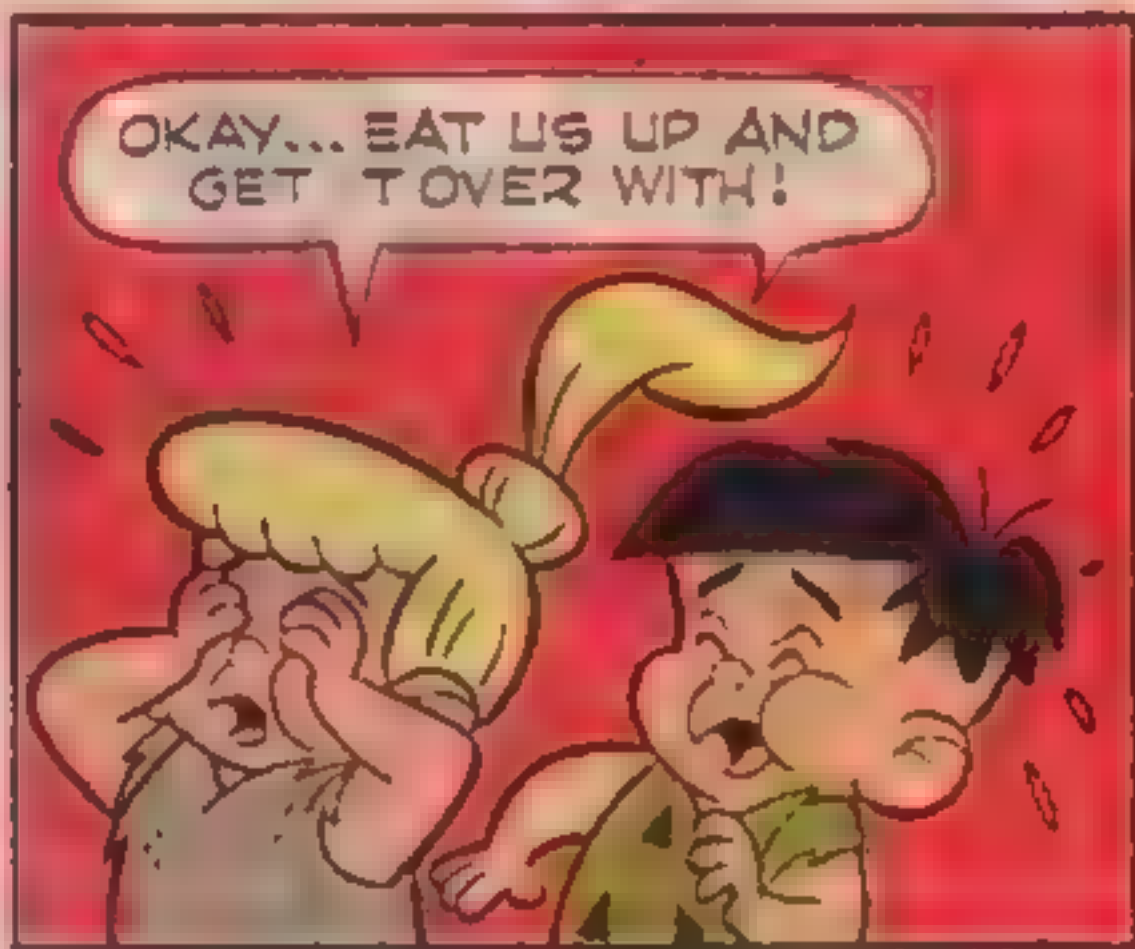


OOF! I
TRIPPED!

WELL, DON'T BOTHER
GETTING UP... THIS IS
A DEAD-END CANYON.



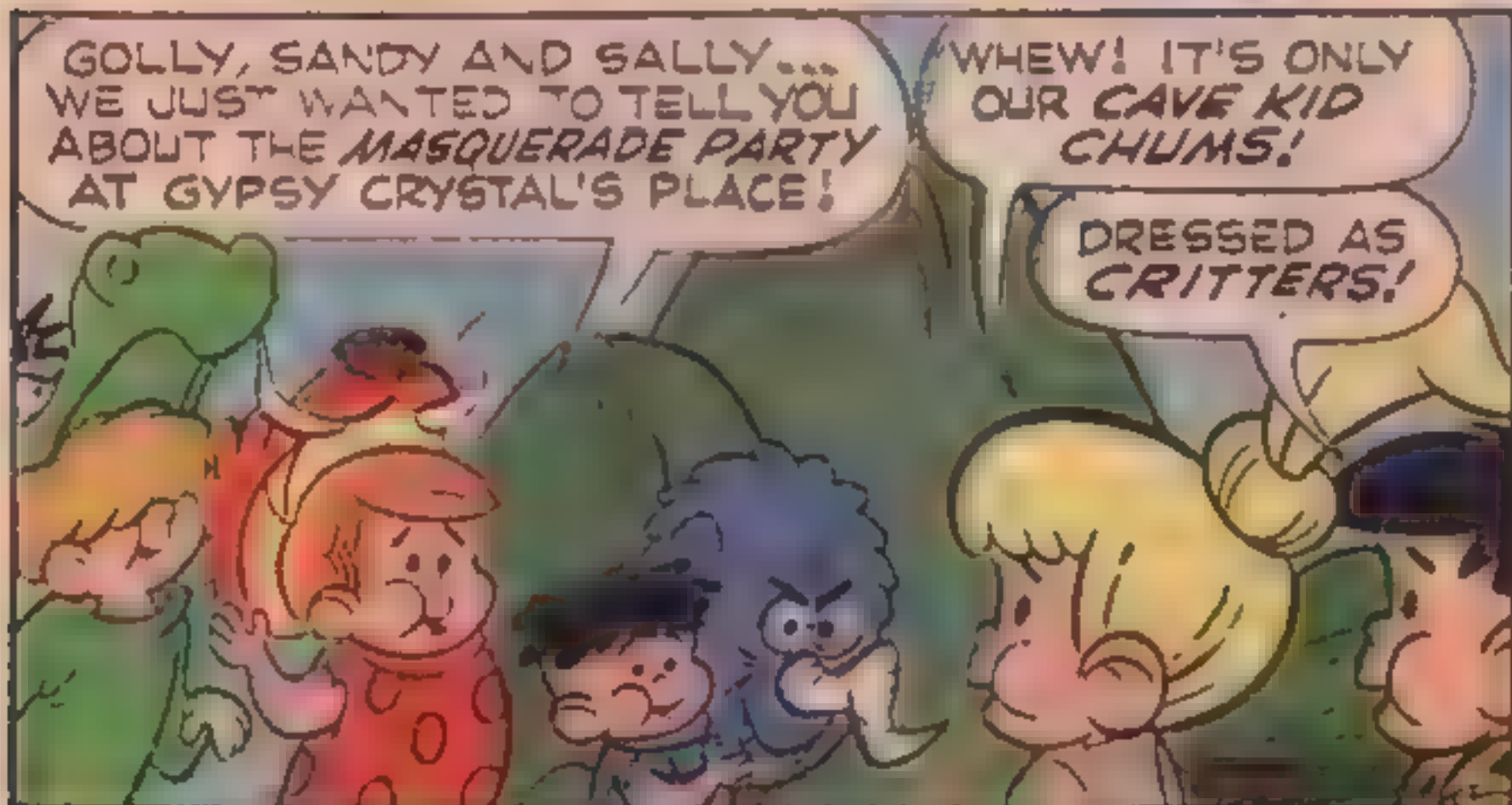
OKAY... EAT US UP AND
GET T OVER WITH!



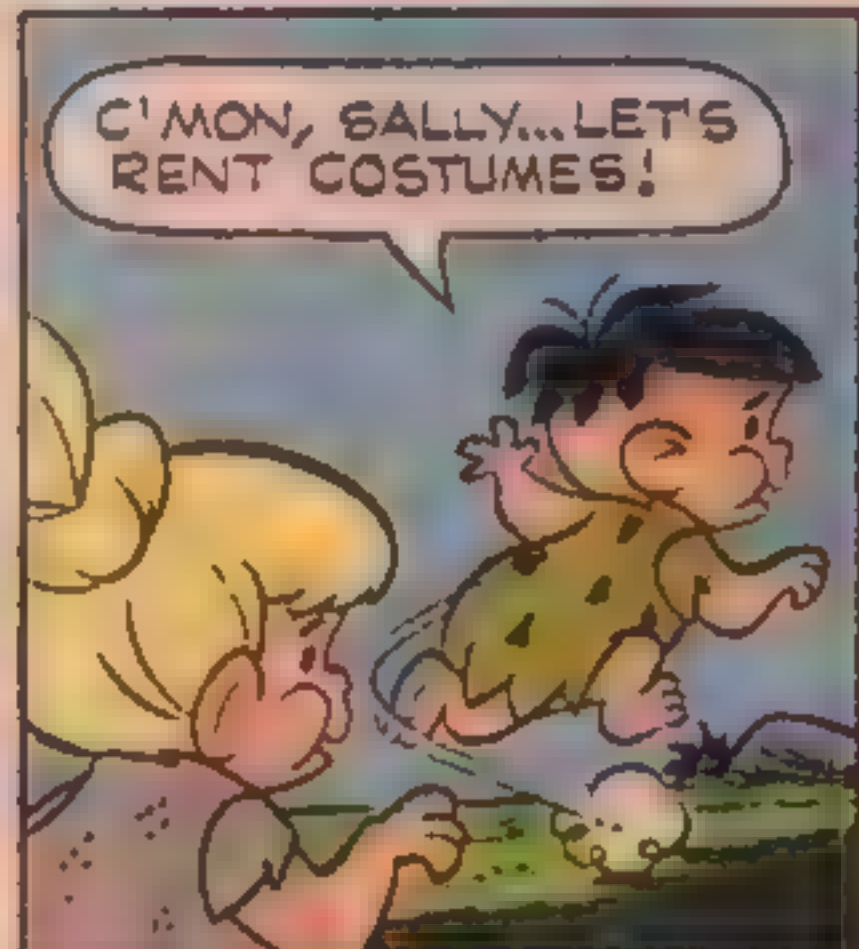
GOLLY, SANDY AND SALLY...
WE JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU
ABOUT THE MASQUERADE PARTY
AT GYPSY CRYSTAL'S PLACE!

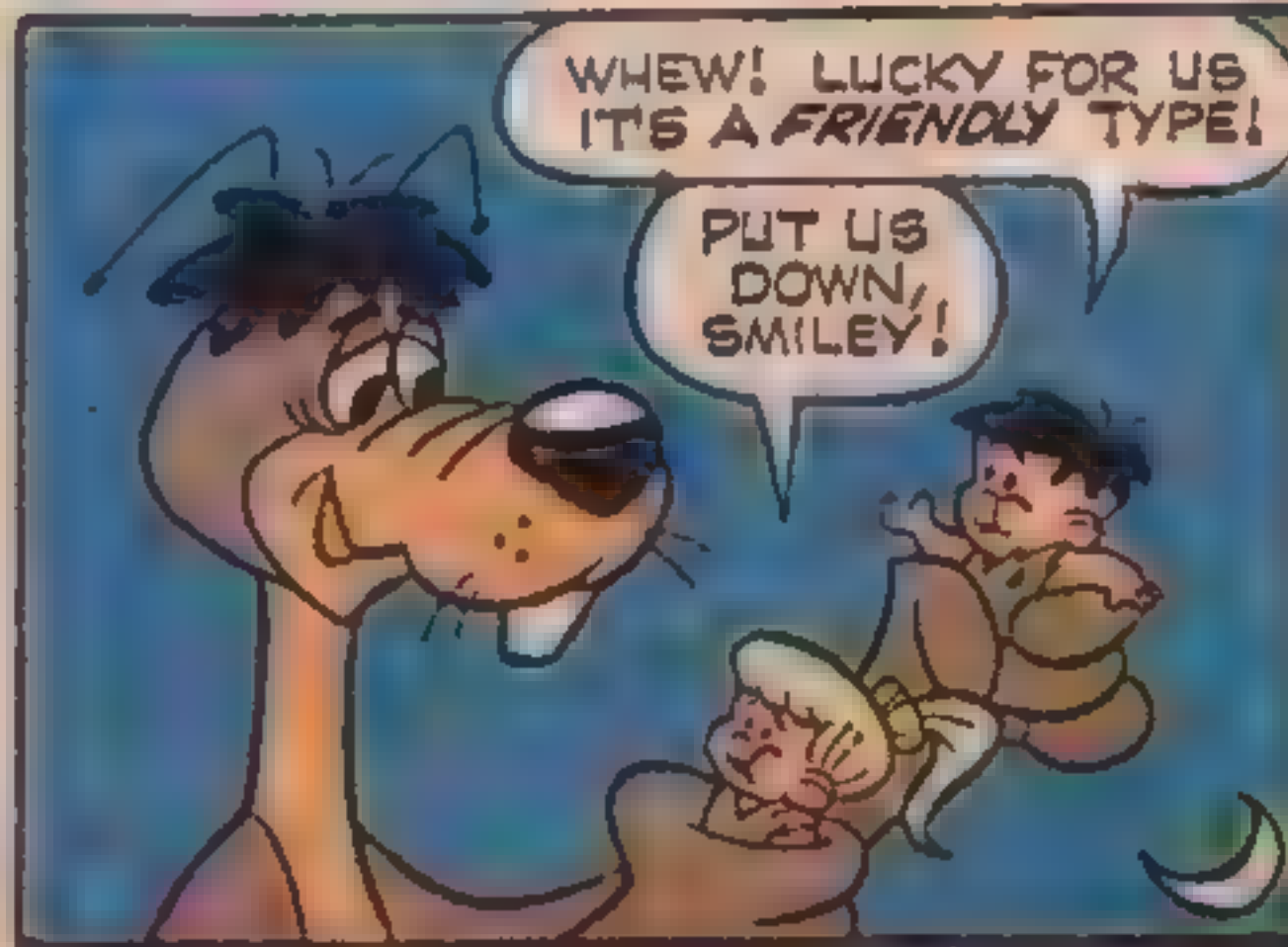
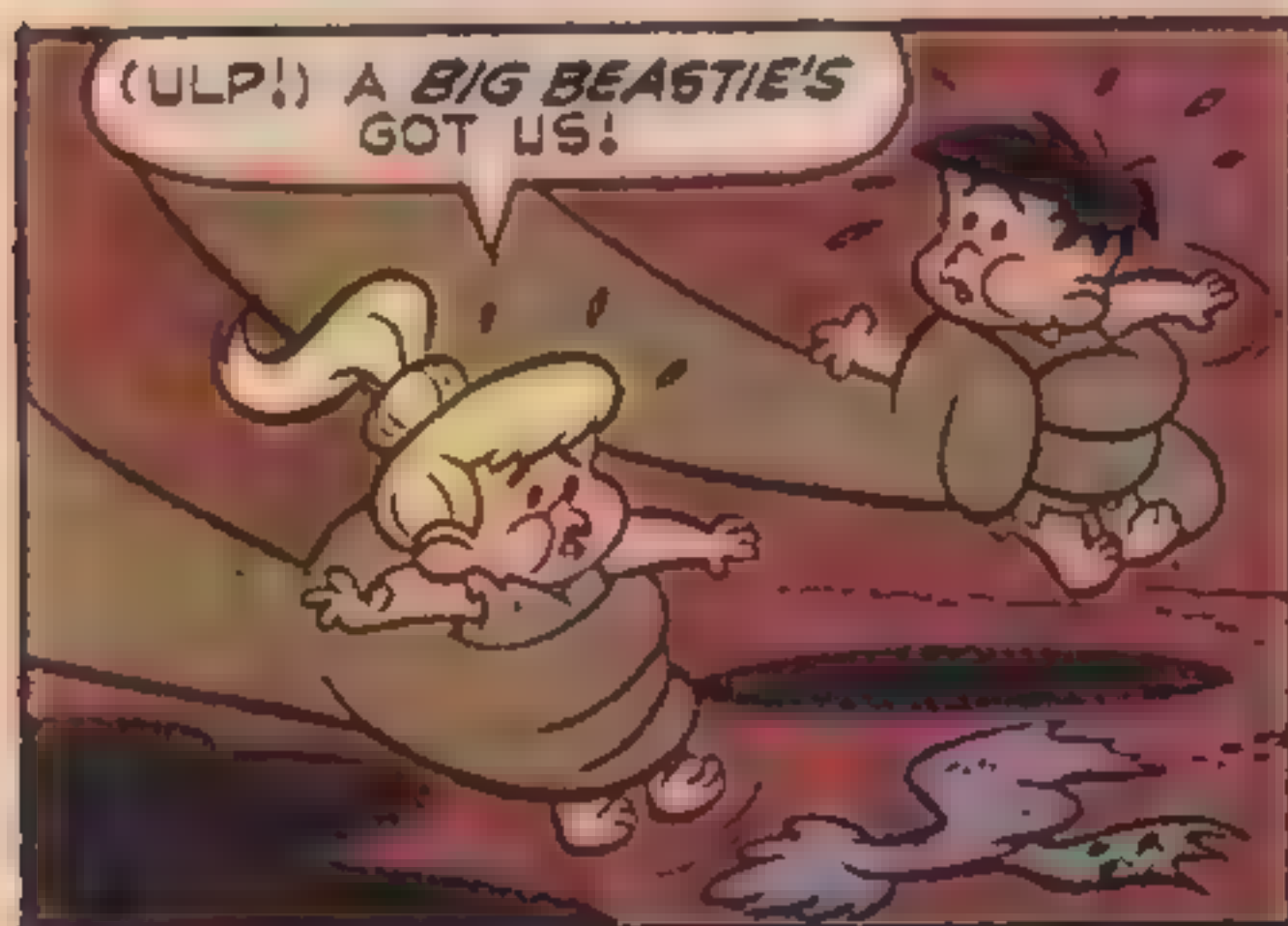
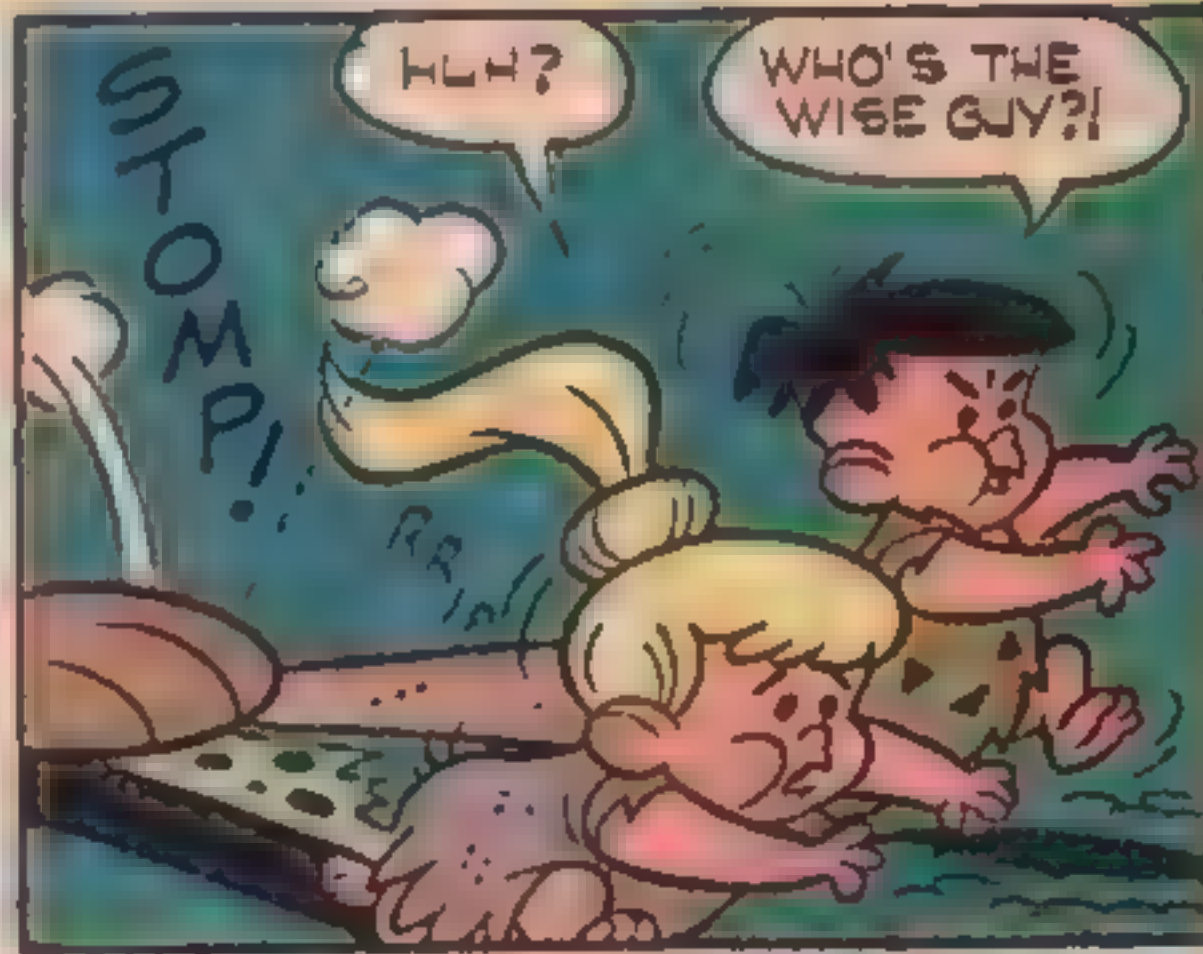
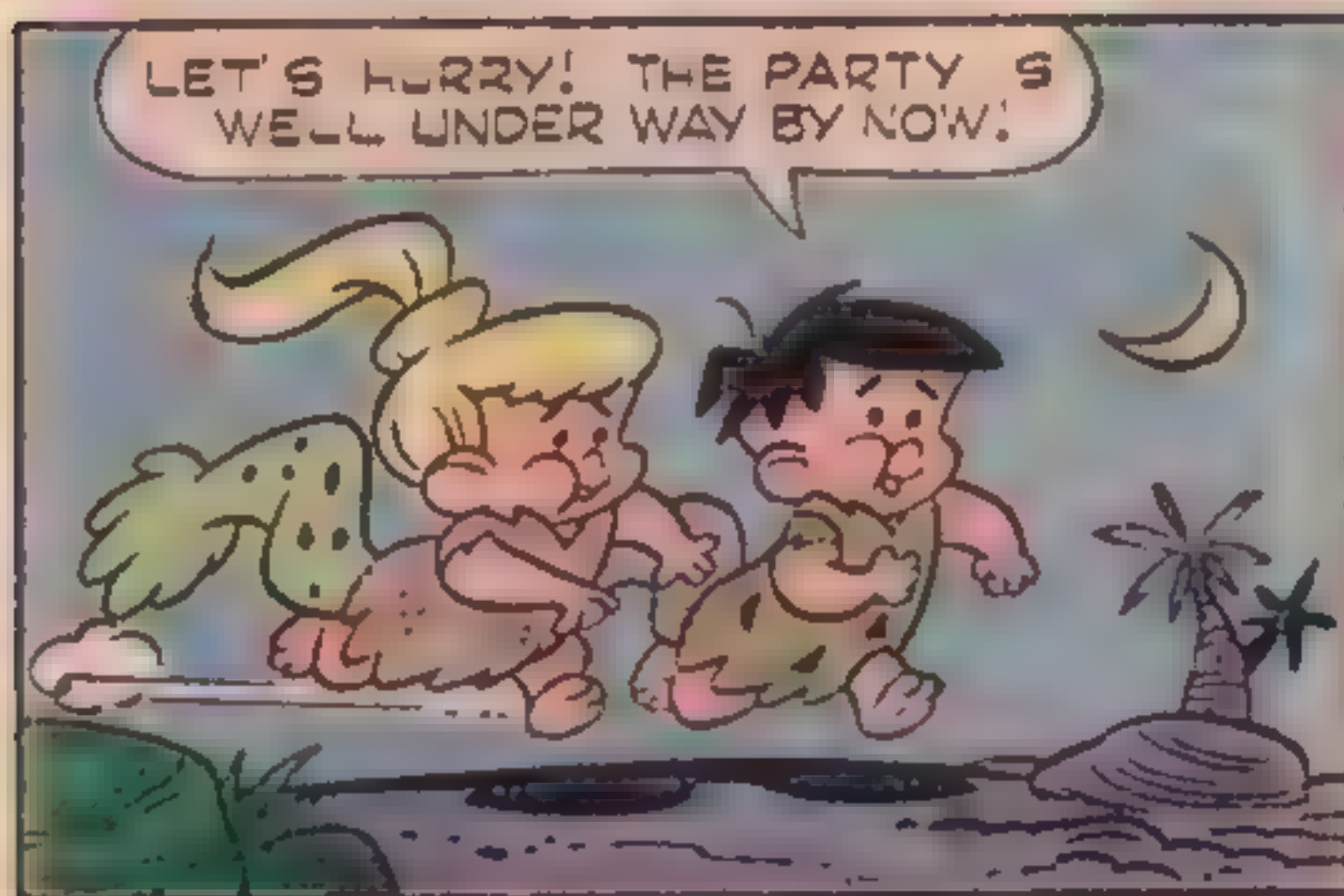
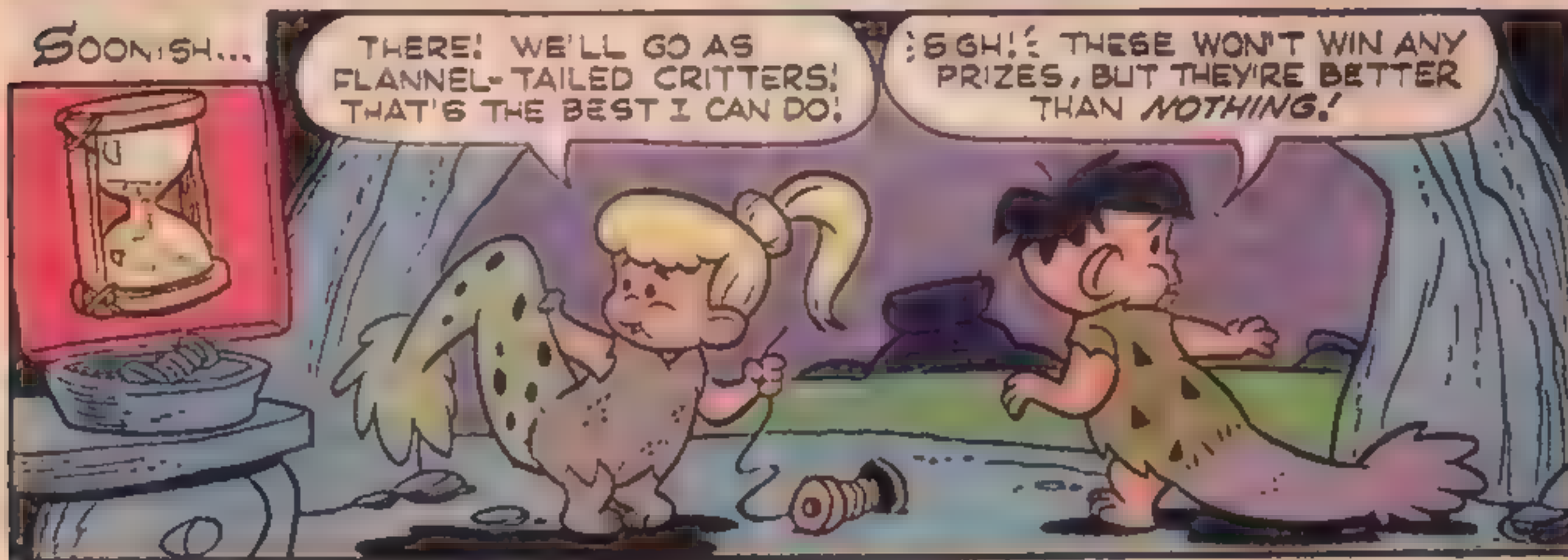
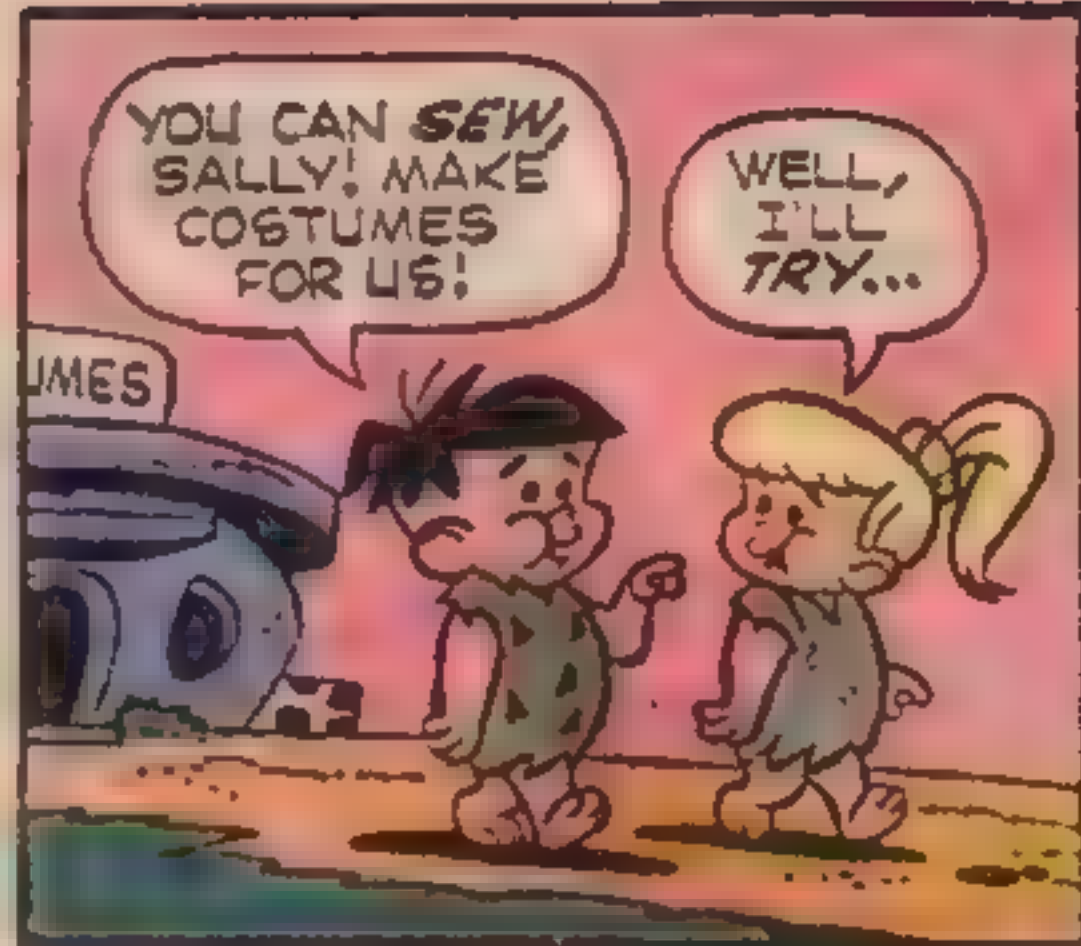
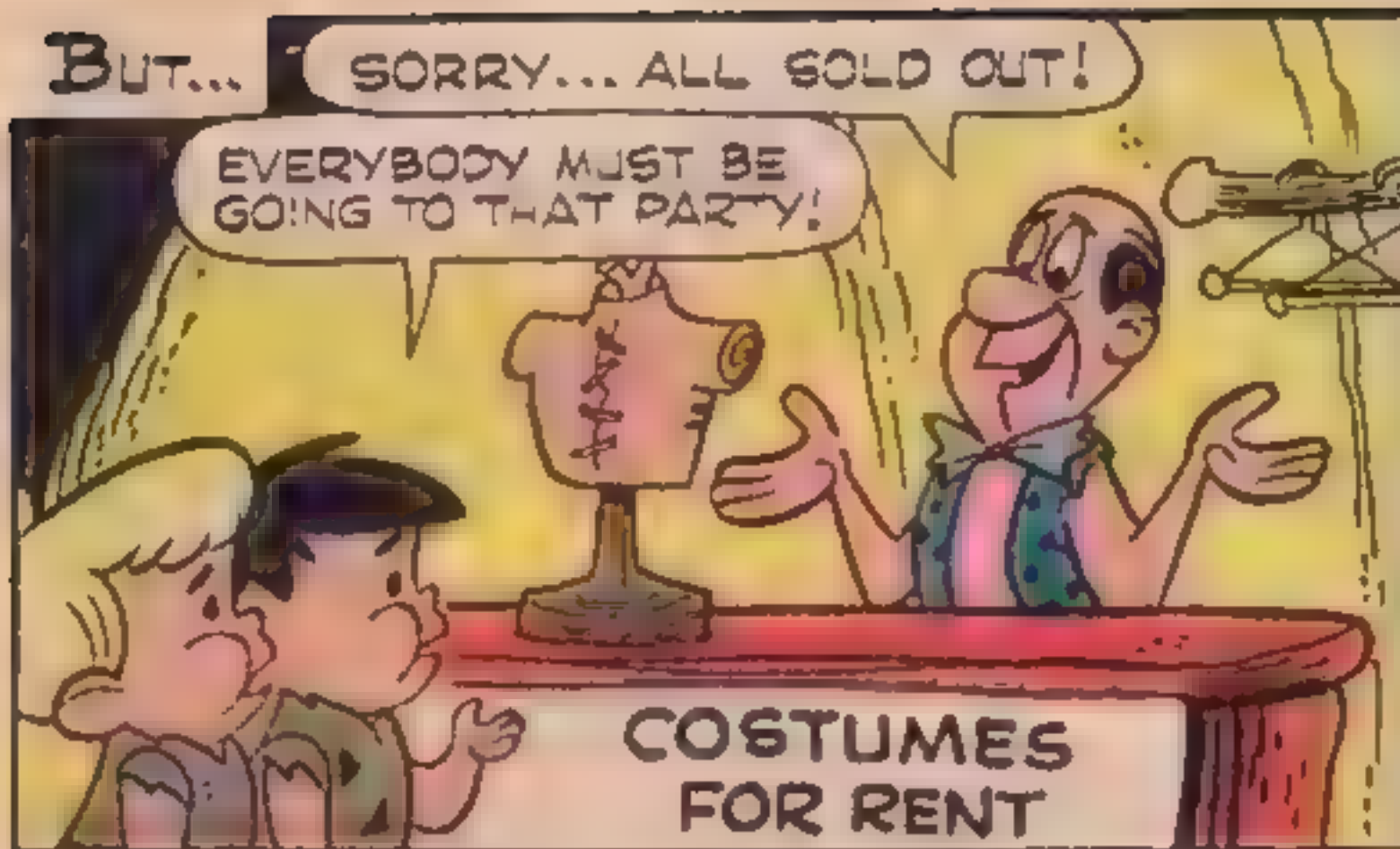
WHEW! IT'S ONLY
OUR CAVE KID
CHUMS!

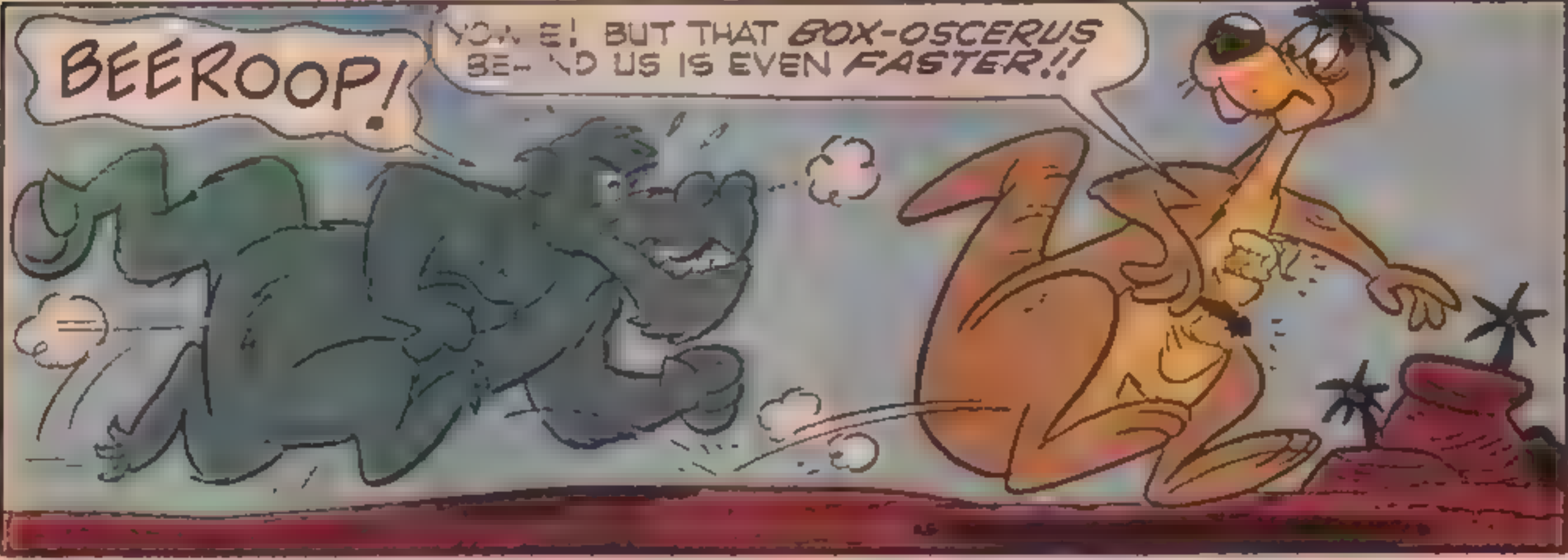
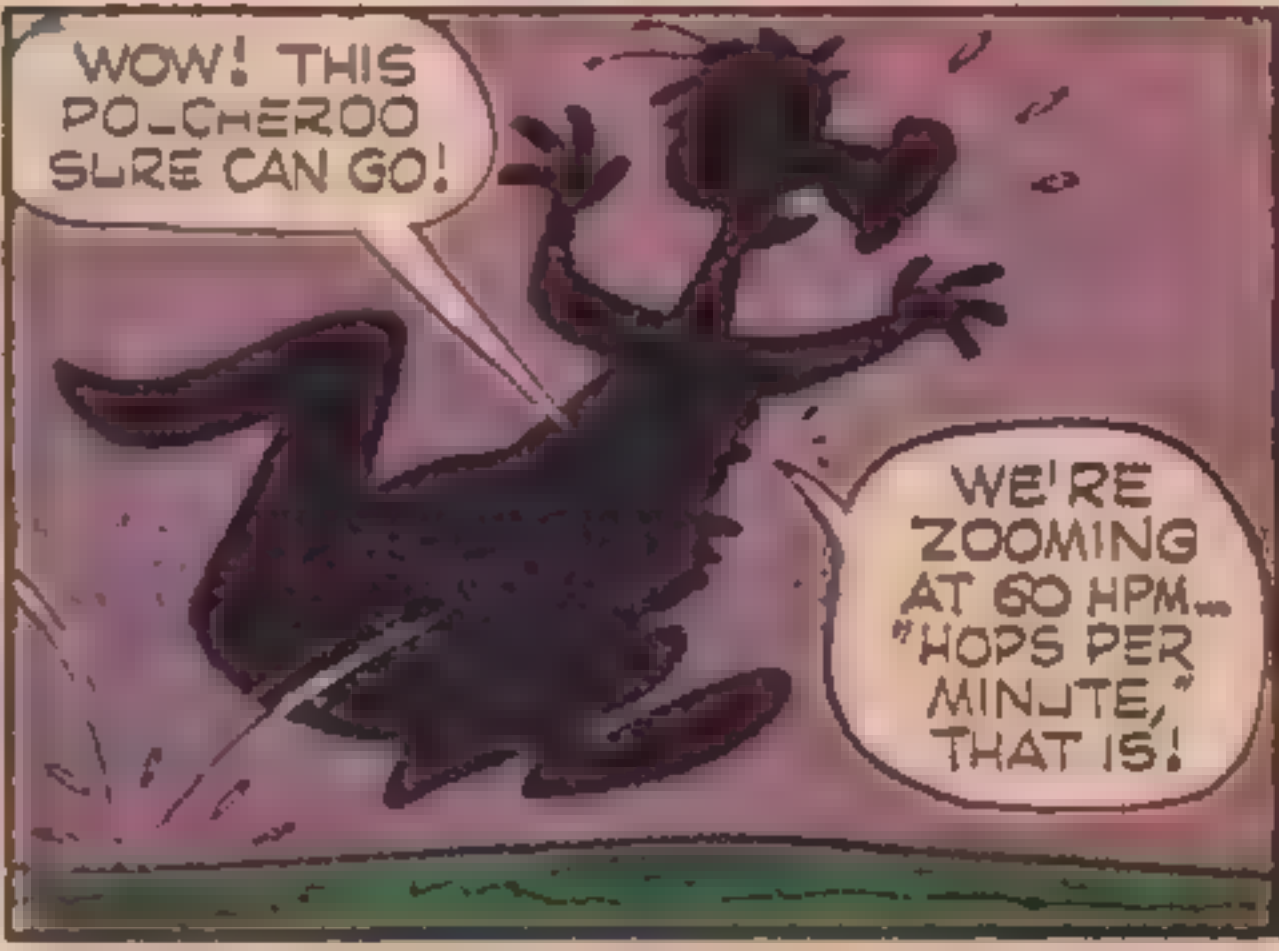
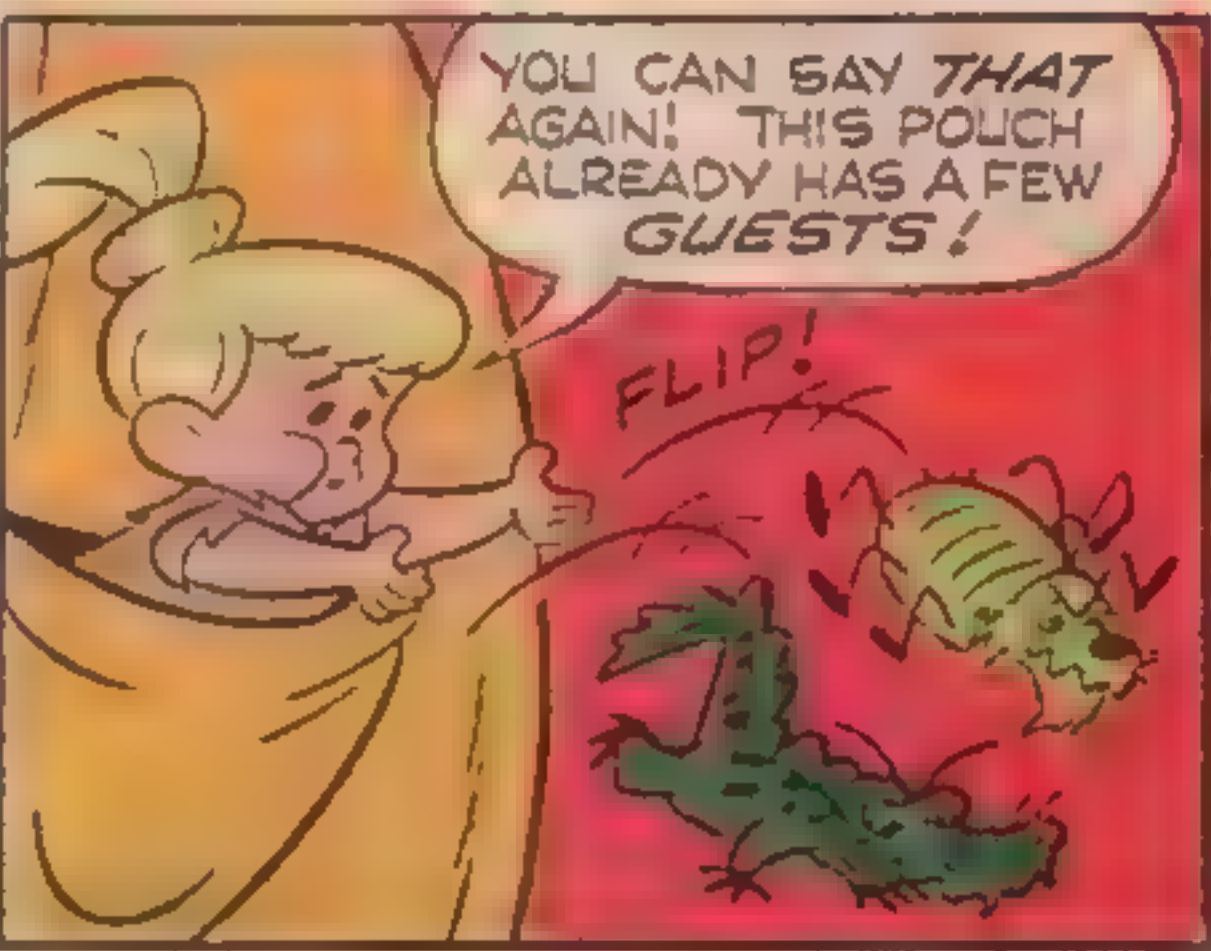
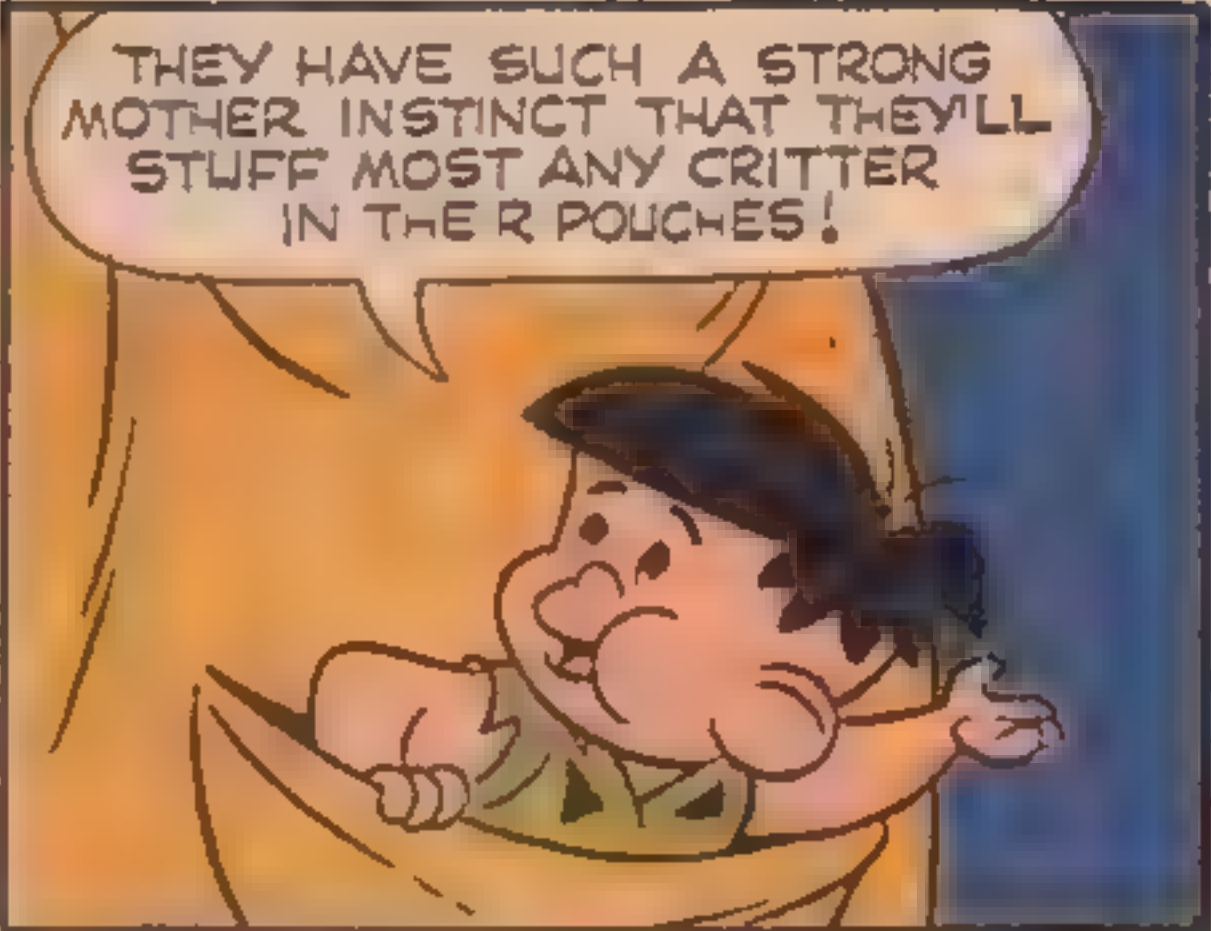
DRESSED AS
CRITTERS!

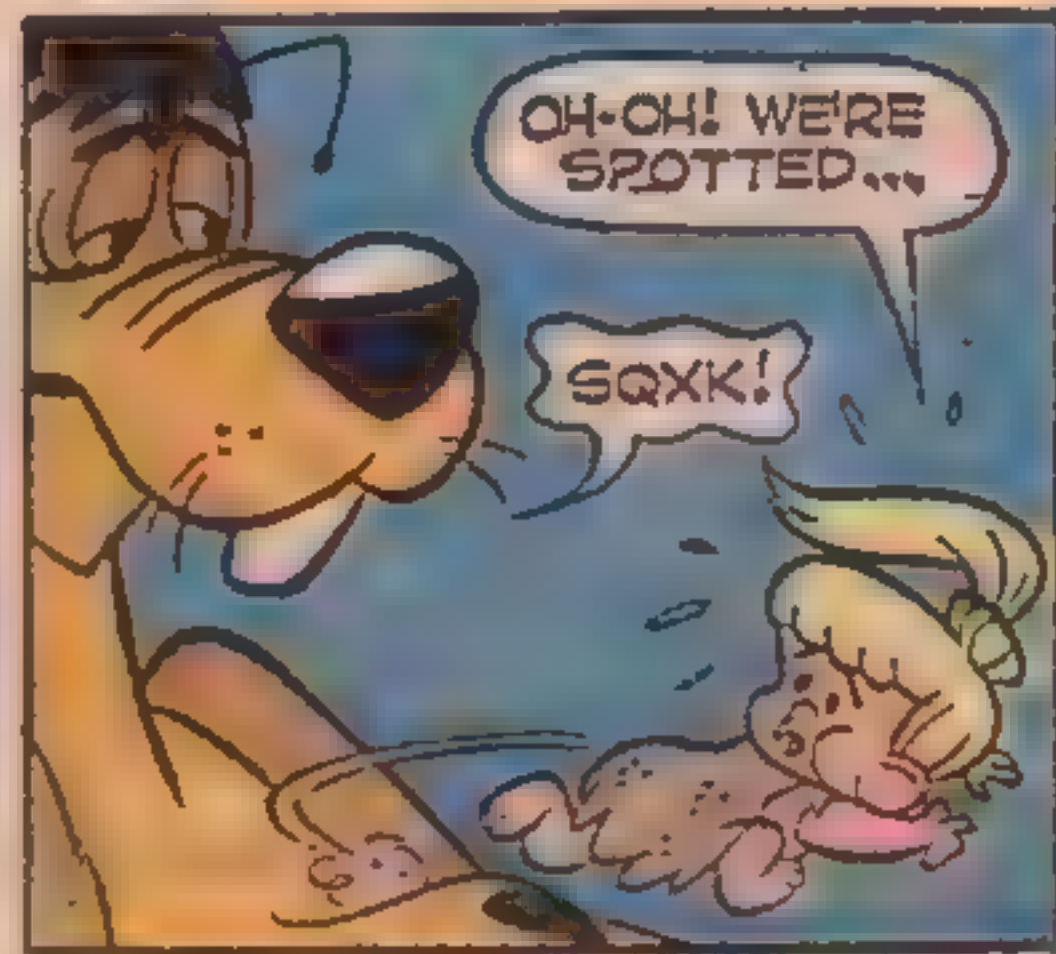
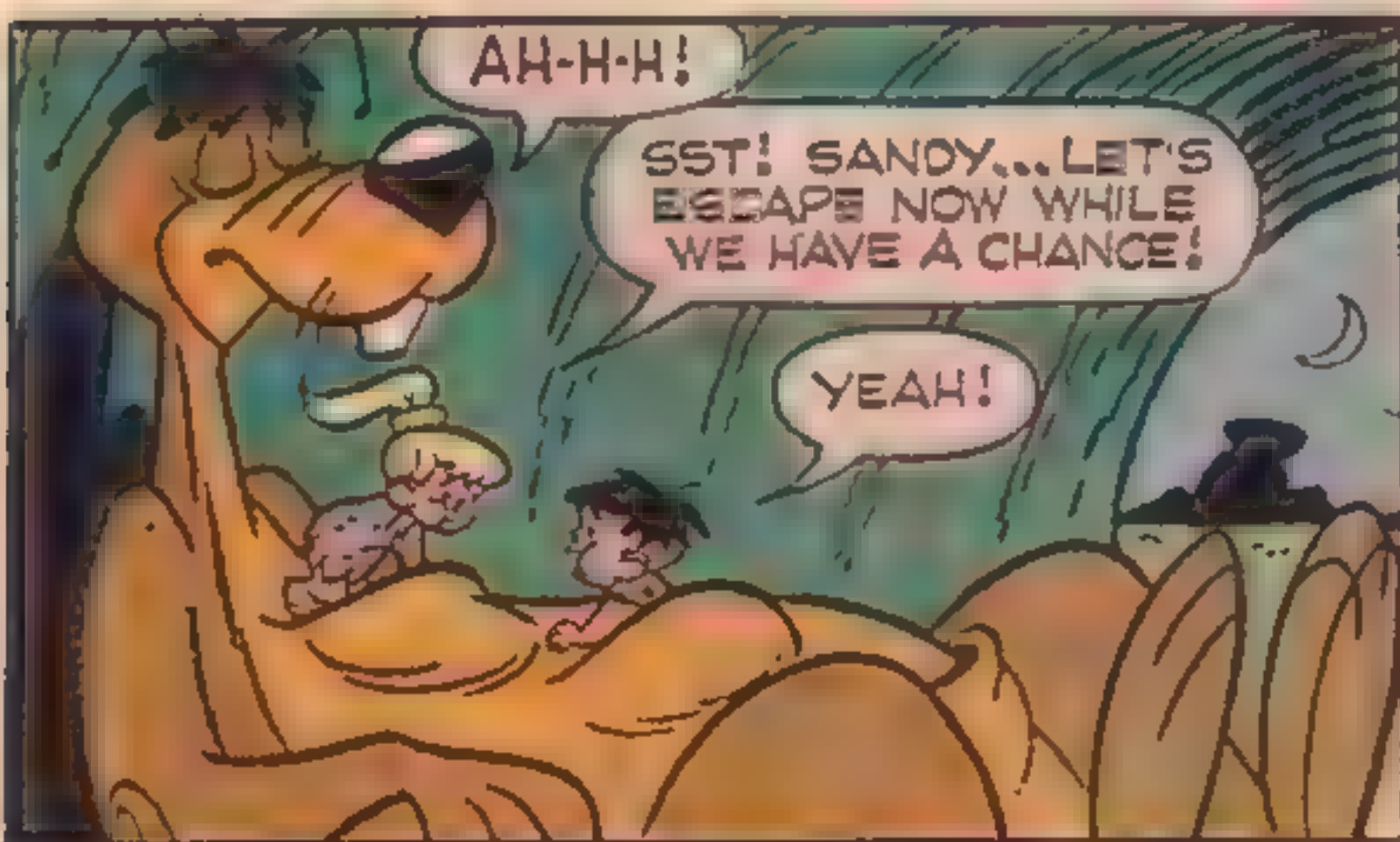
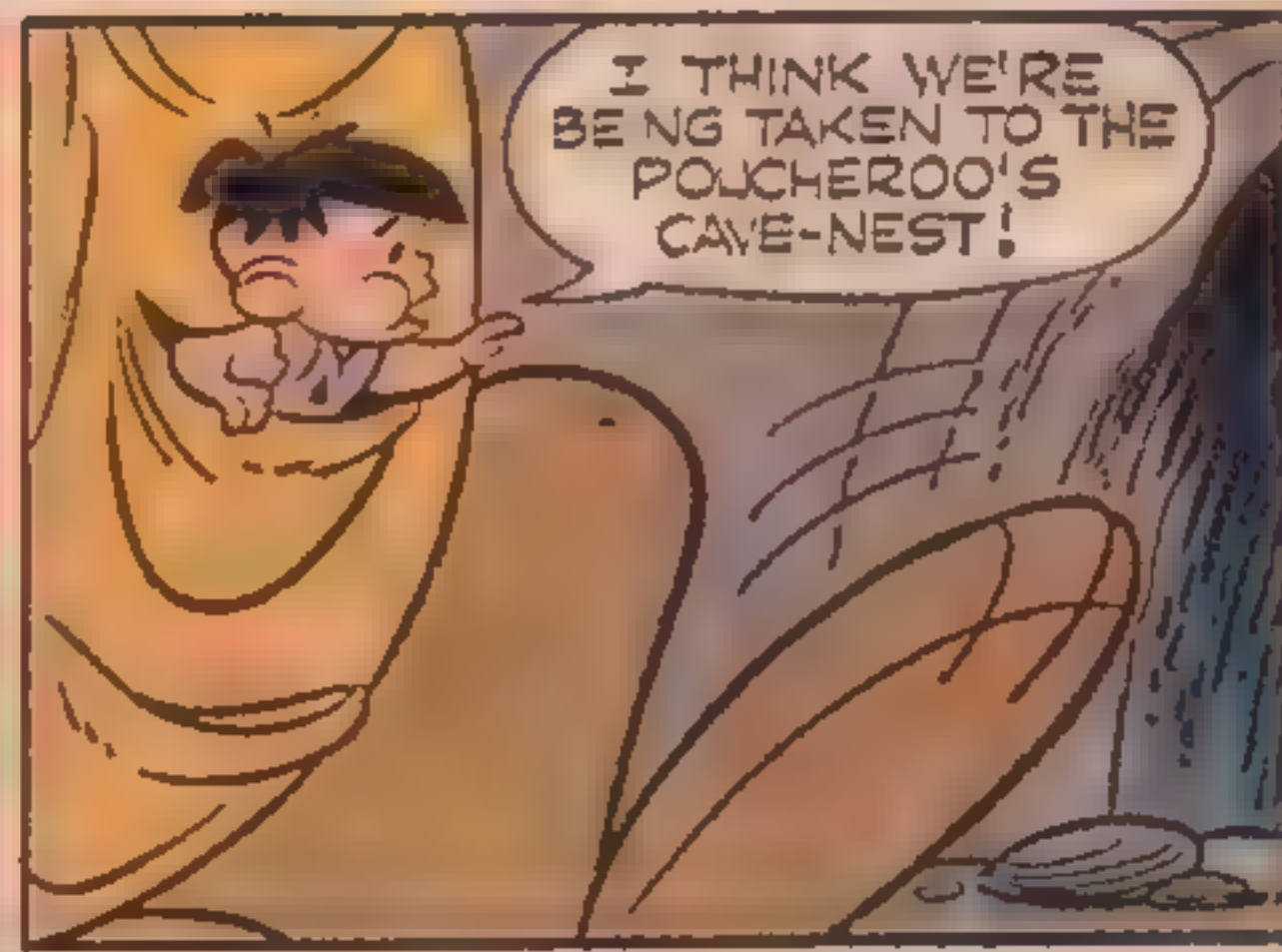
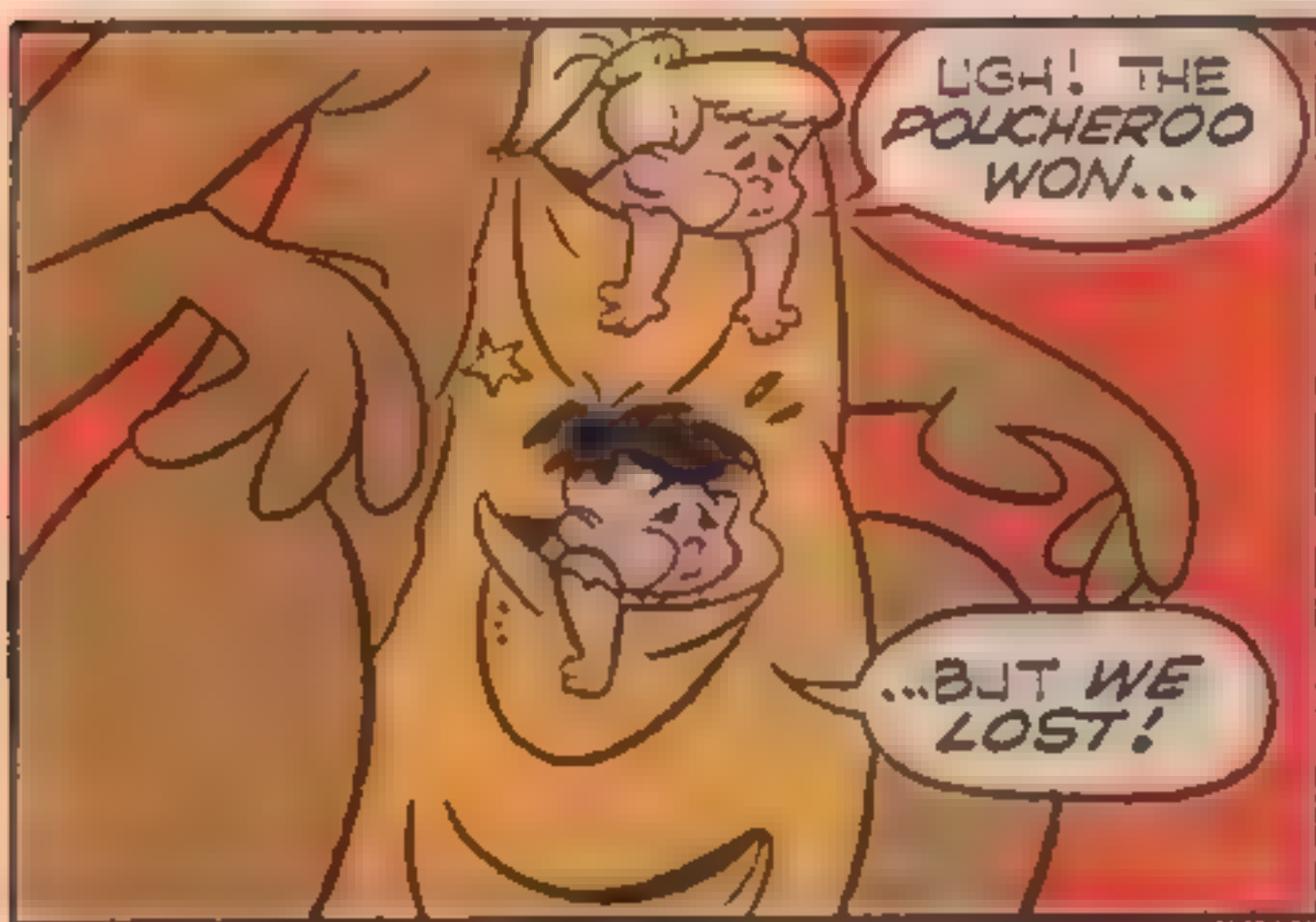
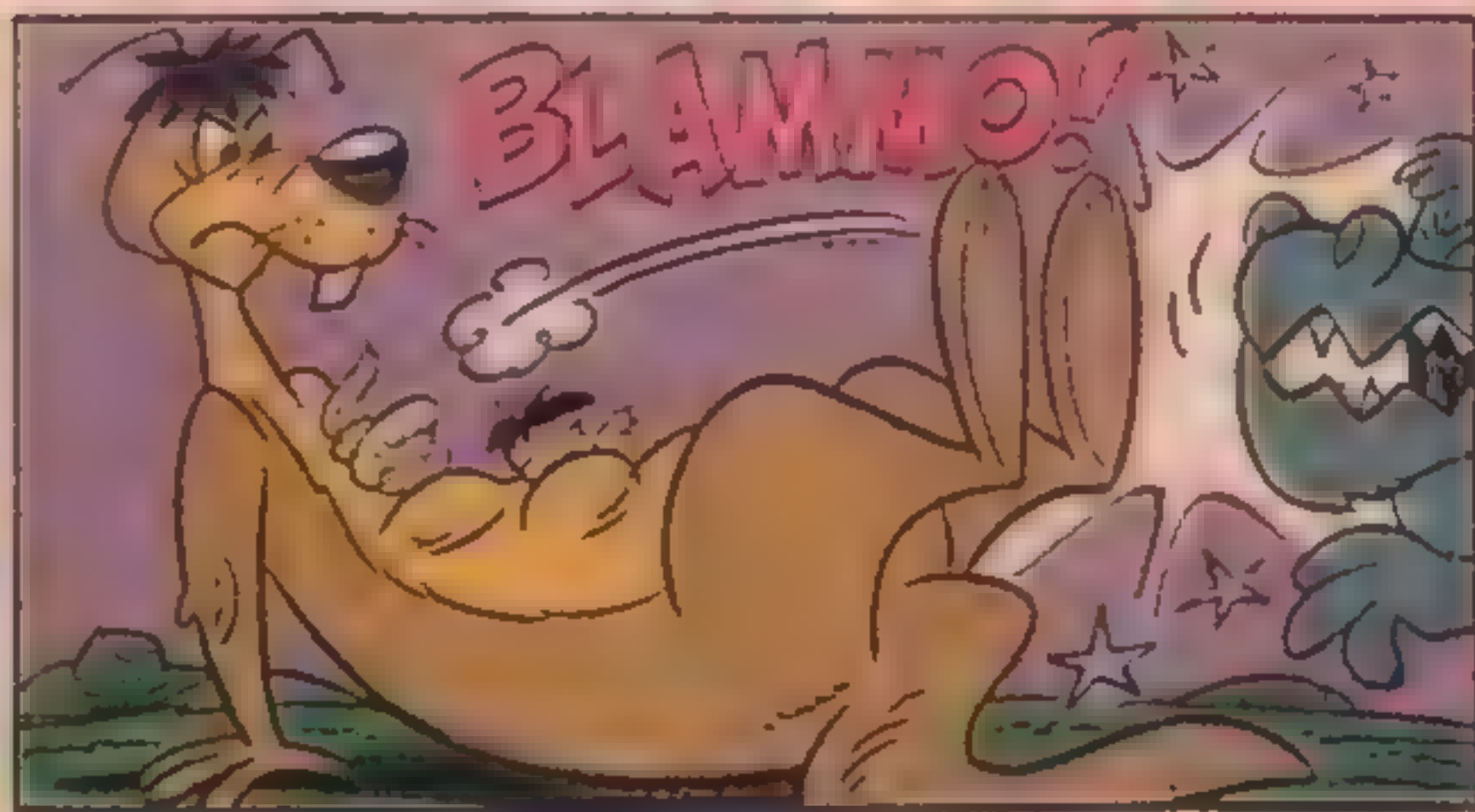
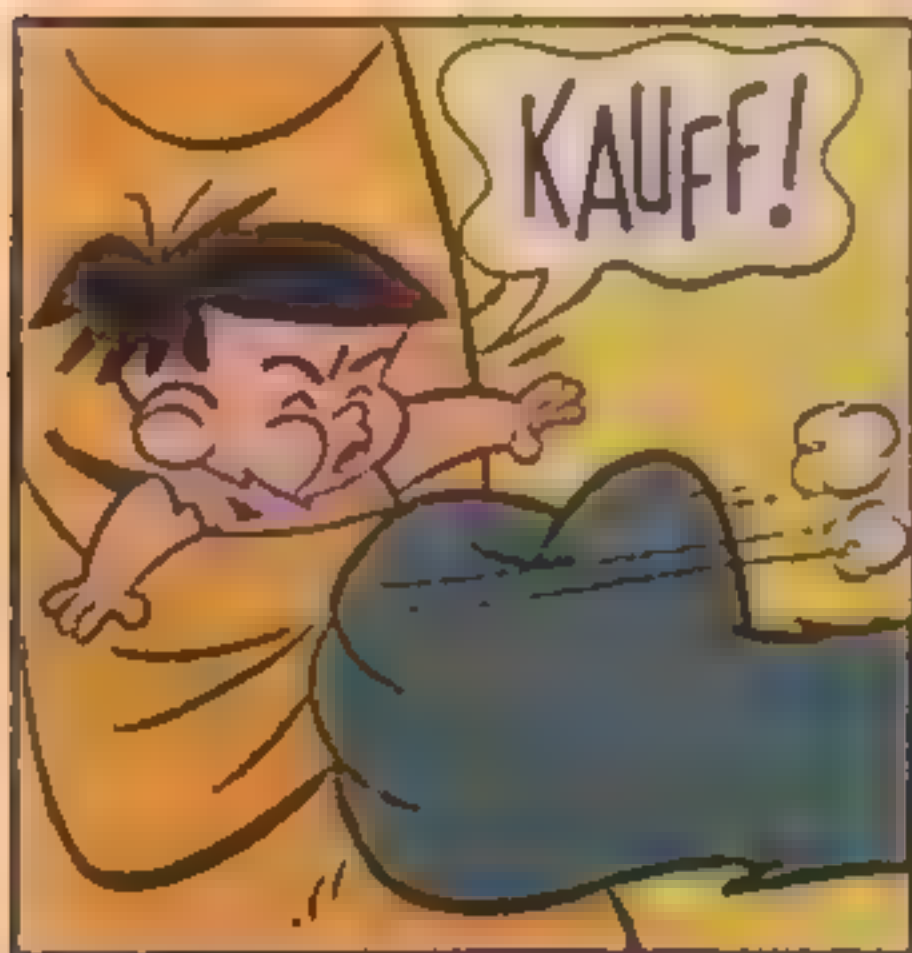
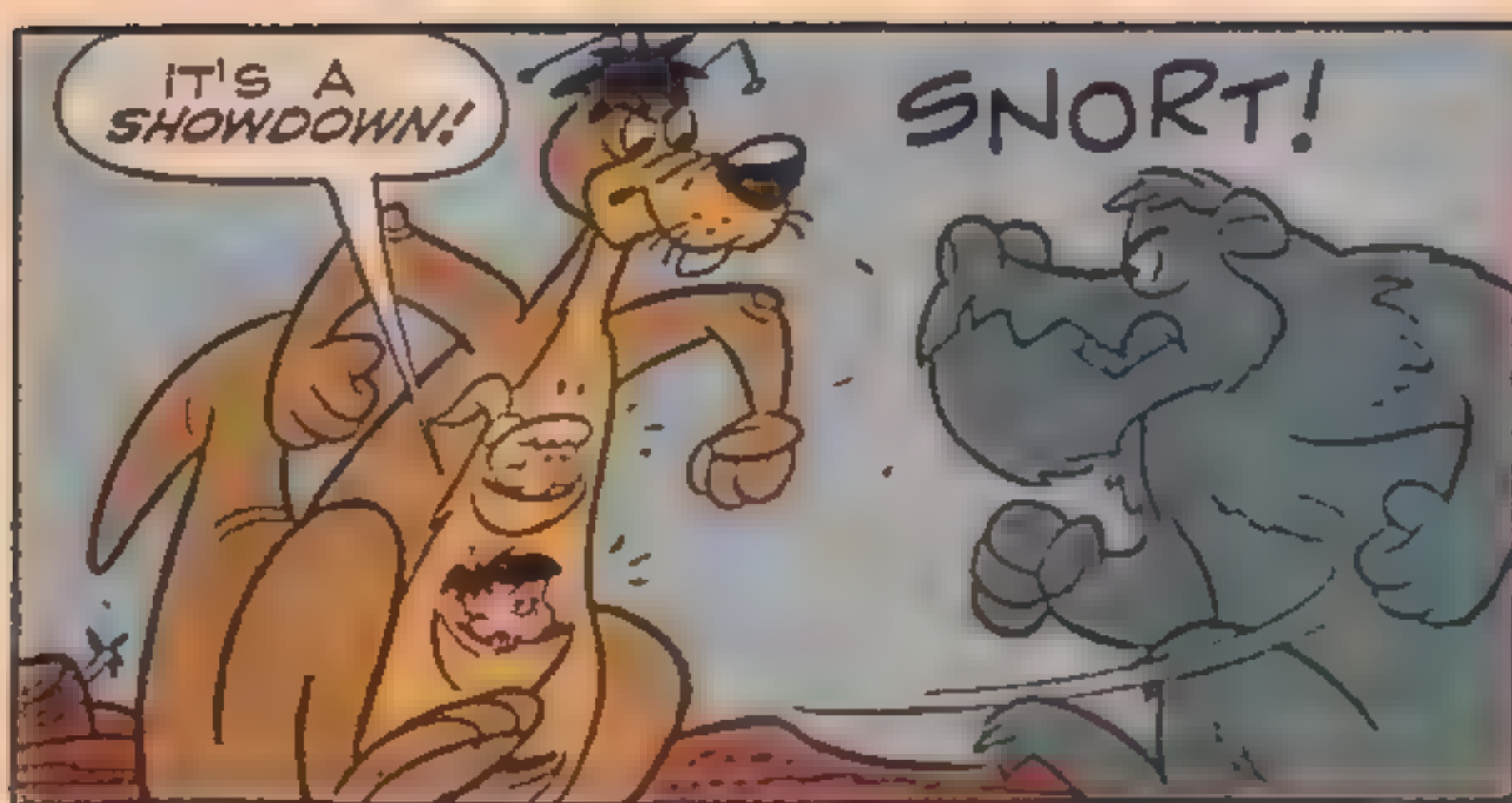


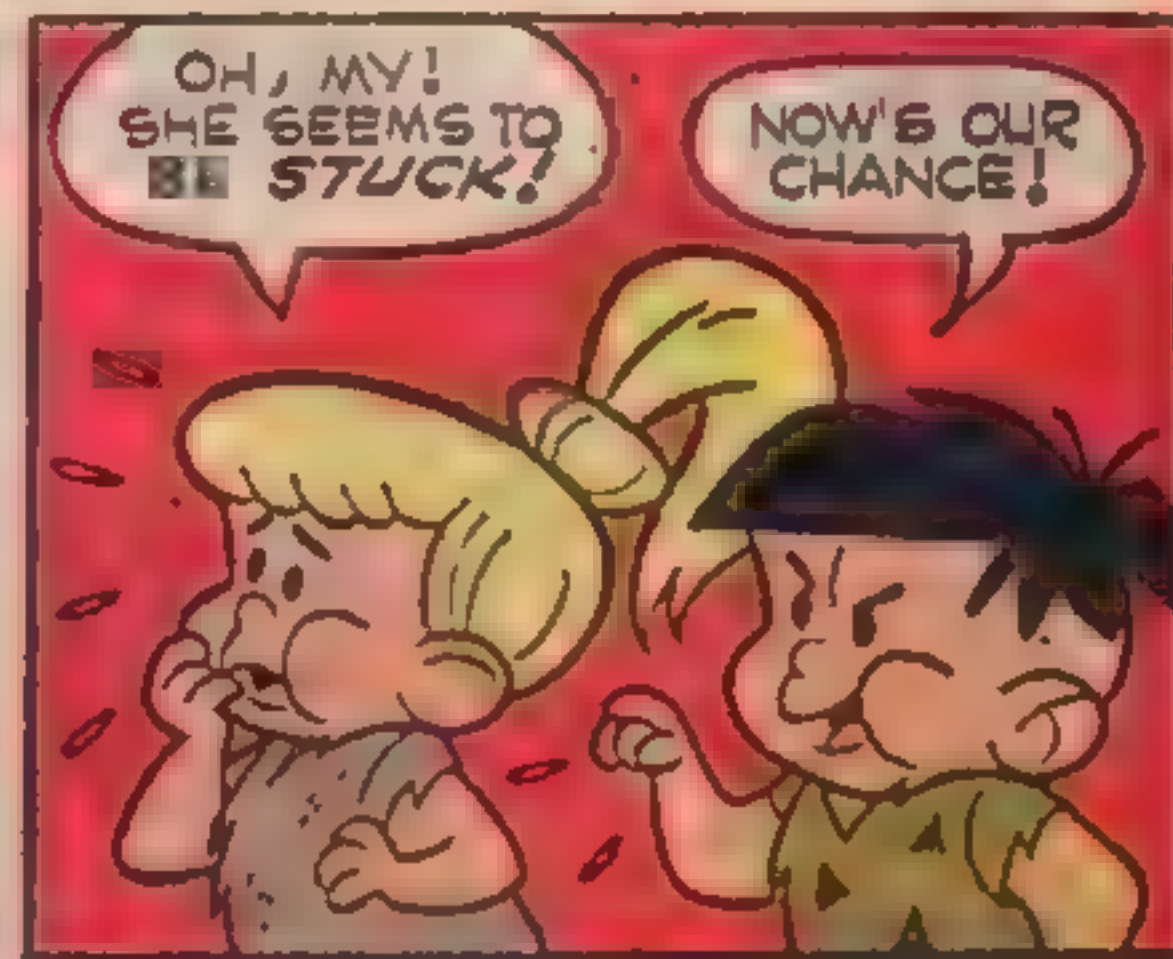
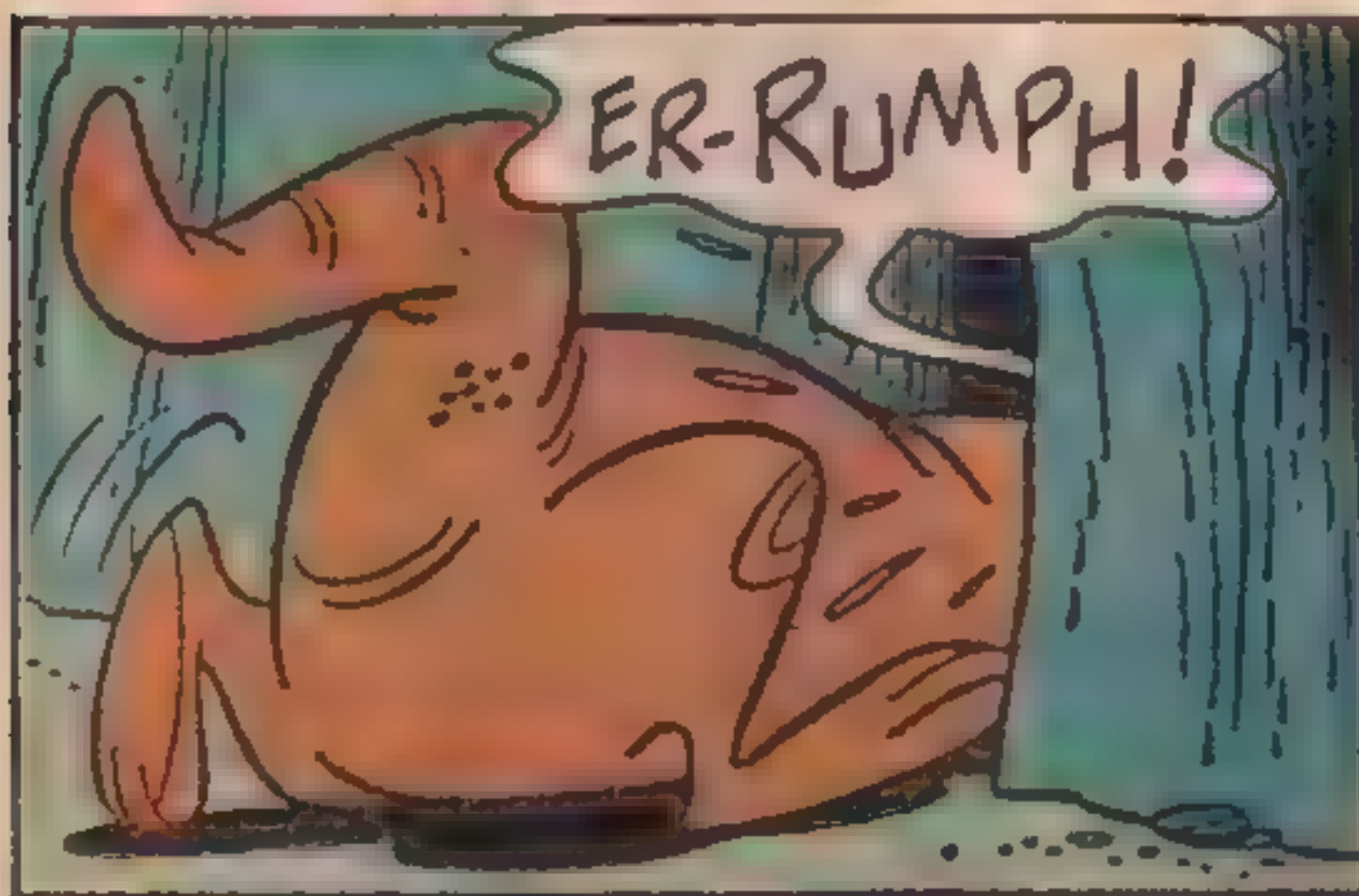
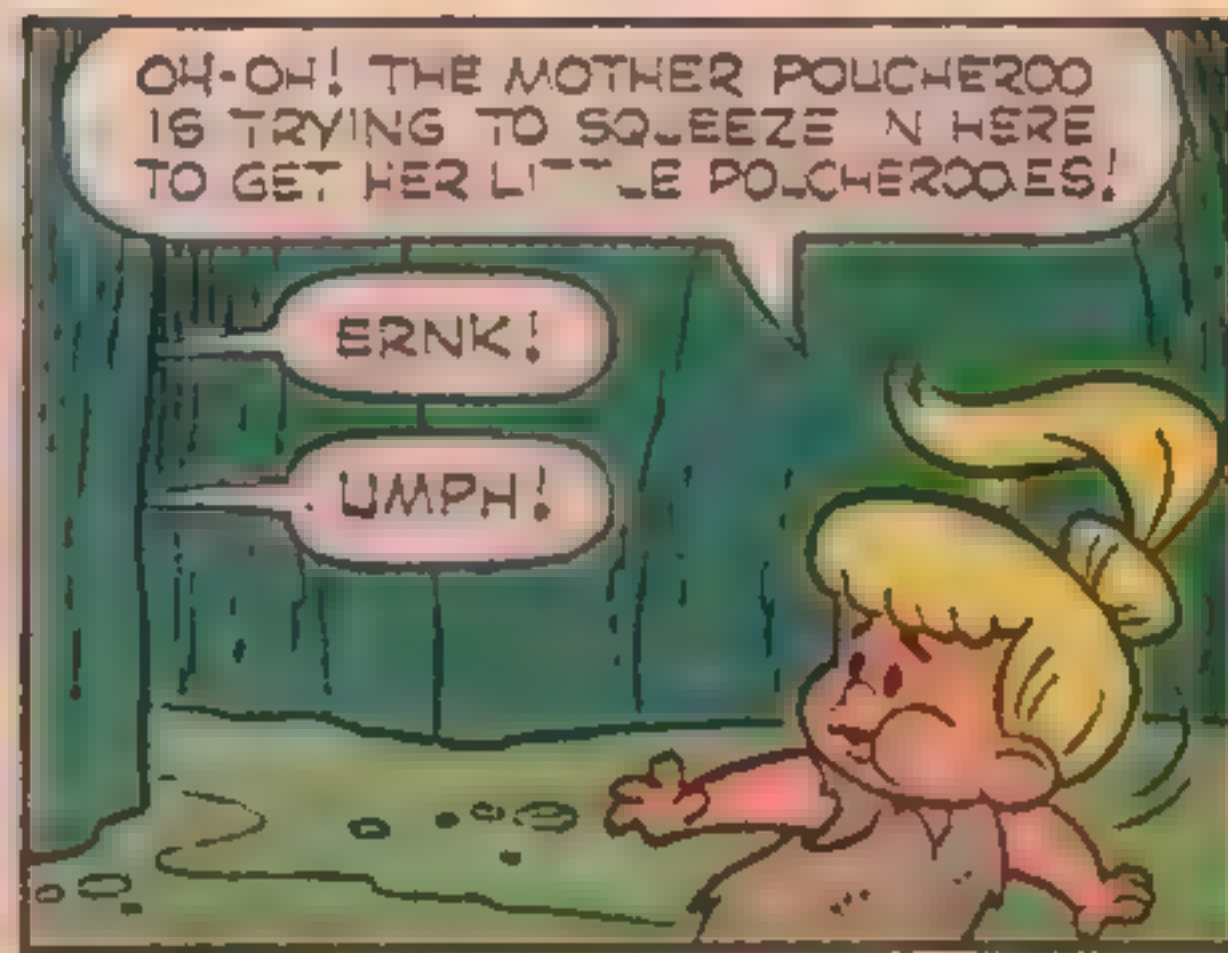
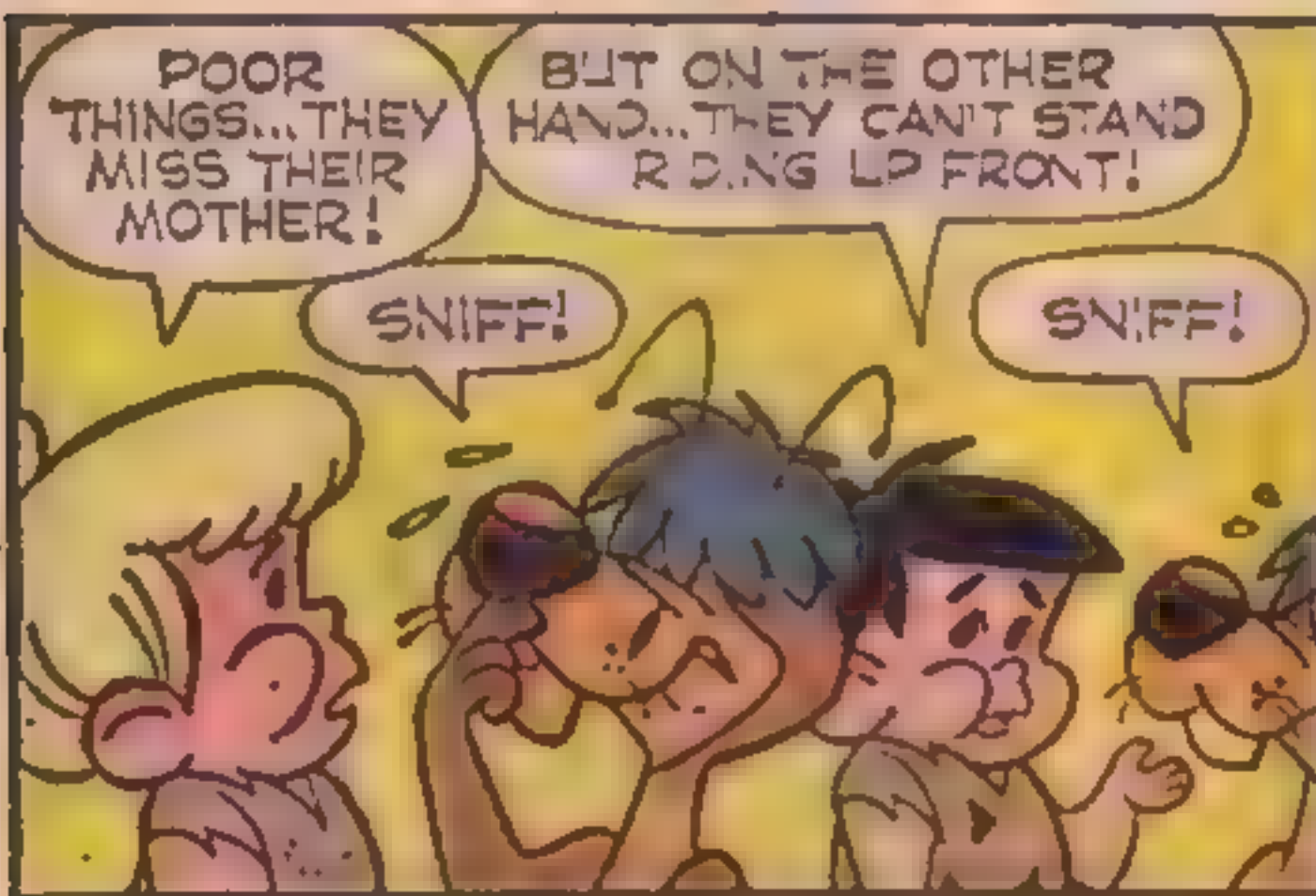
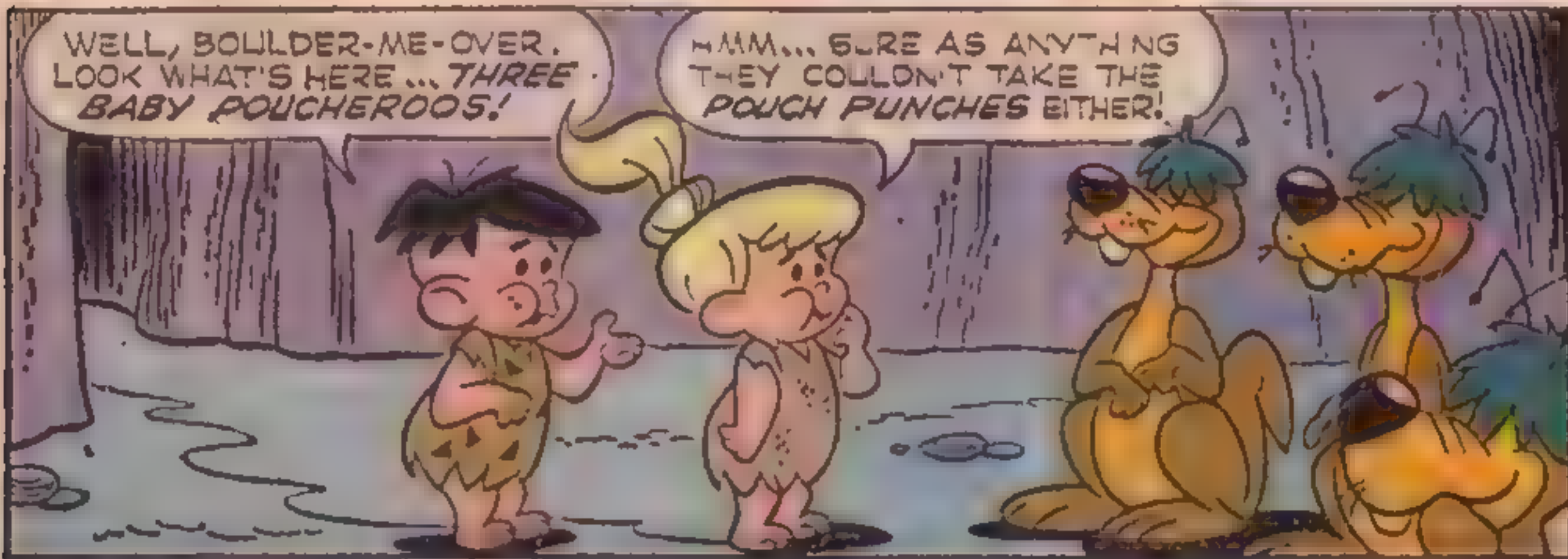
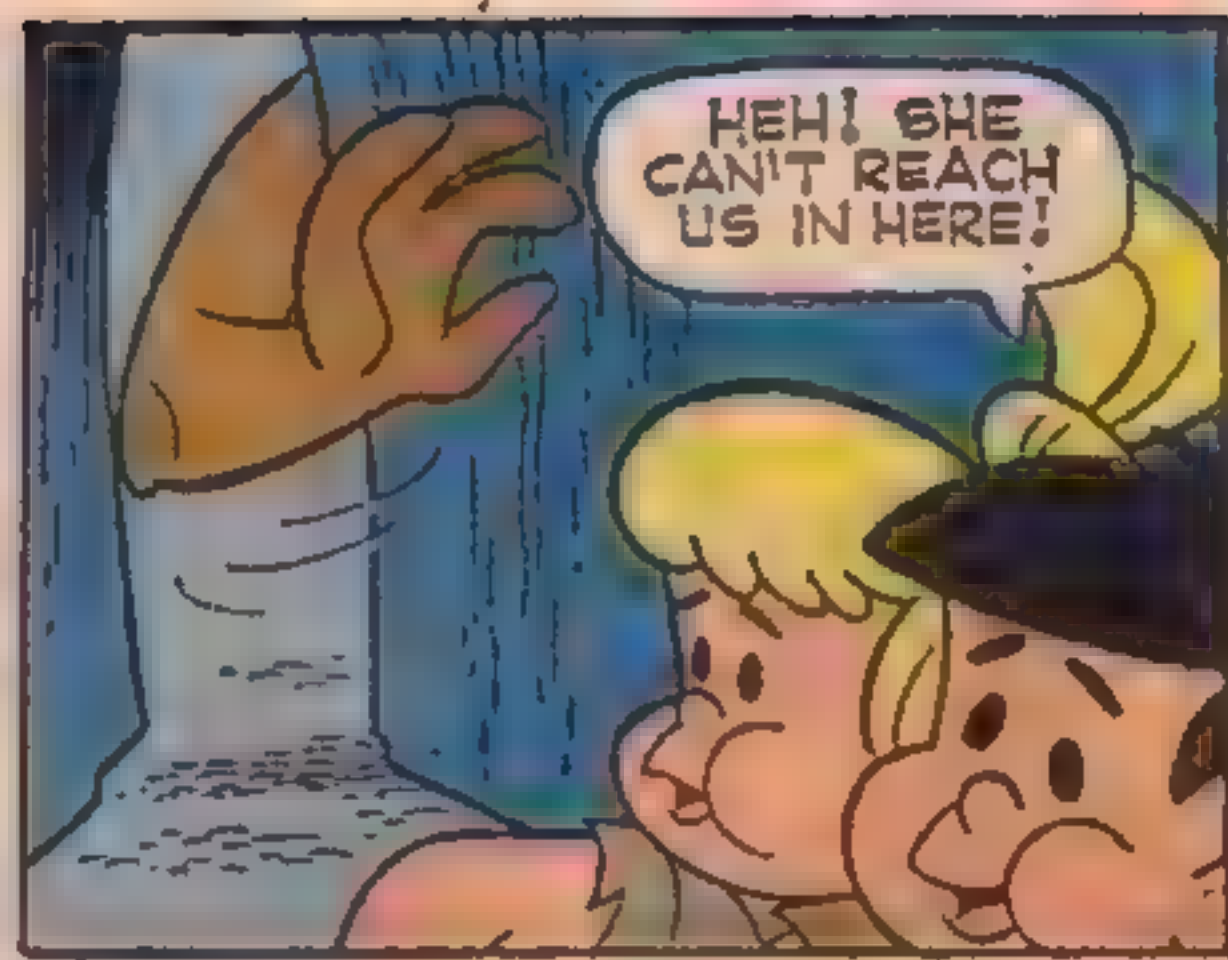
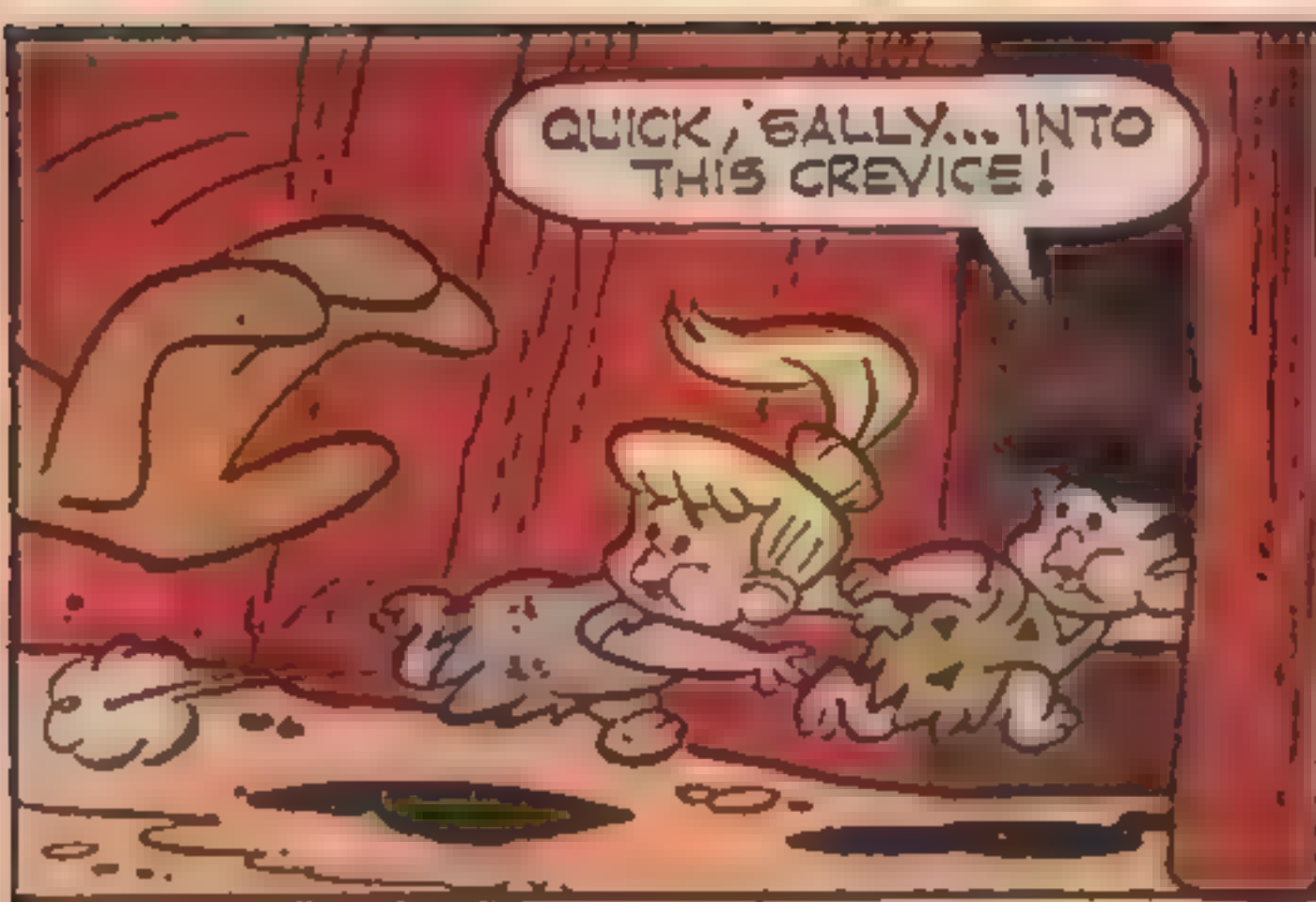
C'MON, SALLY... LET'S
RENT COSTUMES!









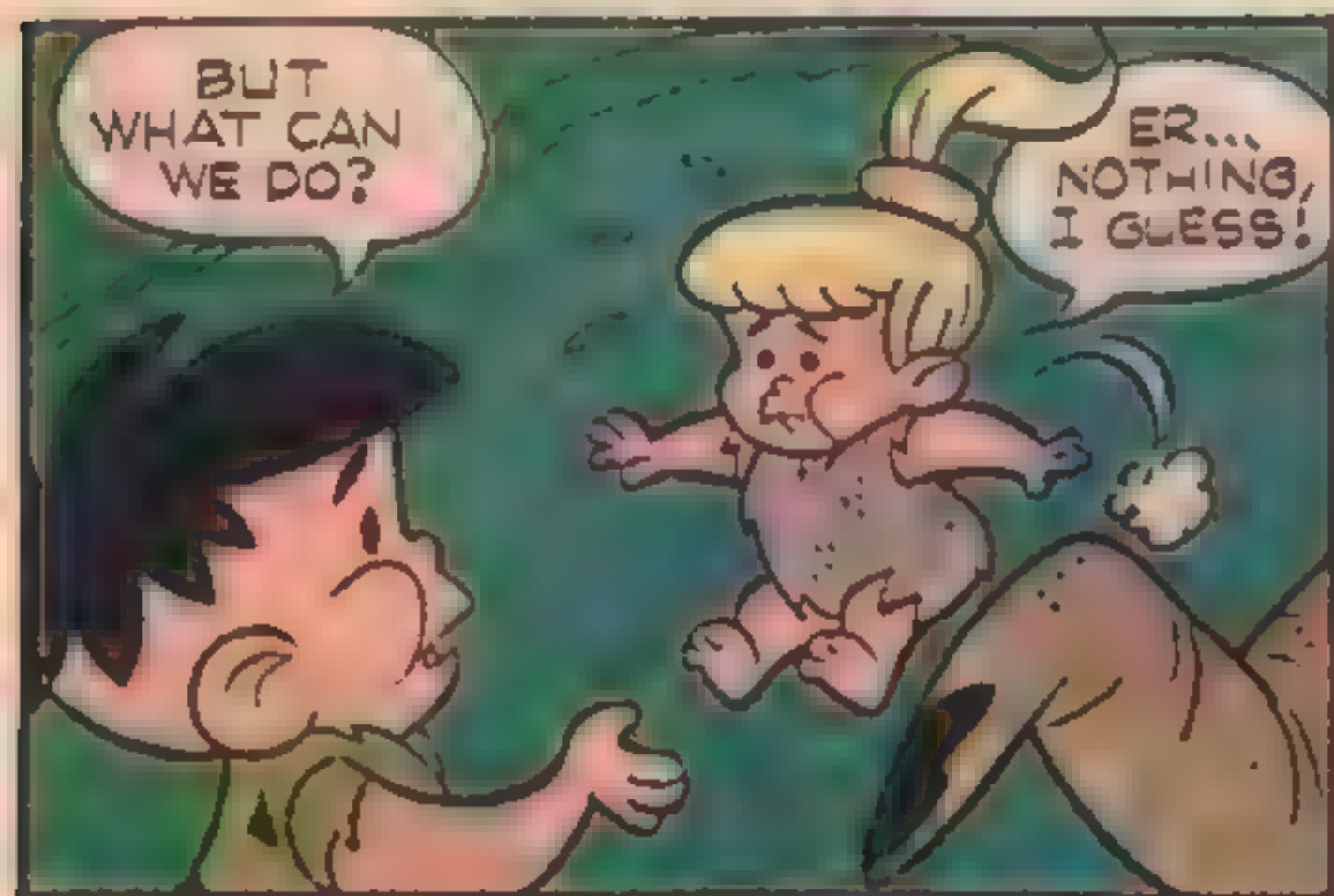




C' MON, SALLY!

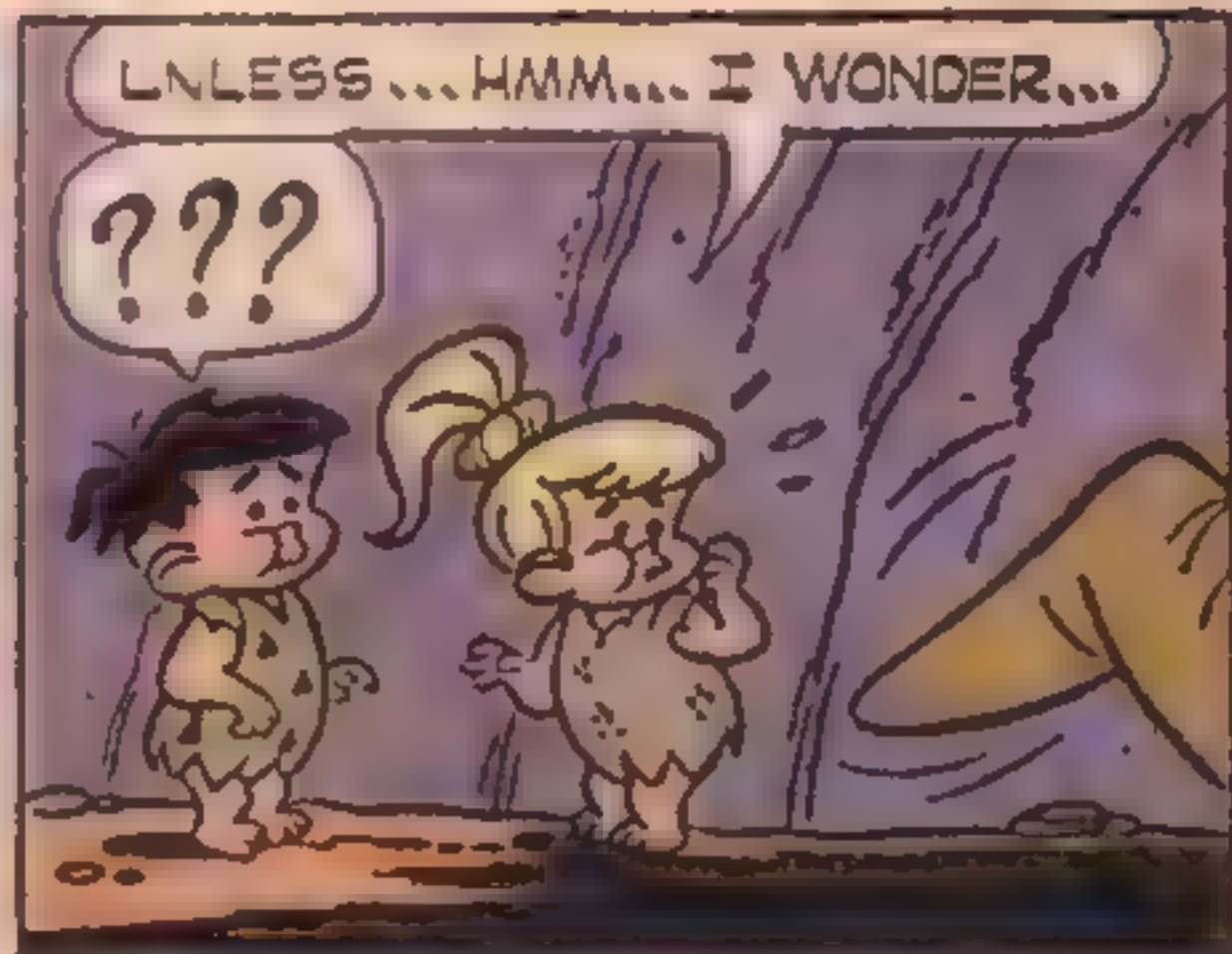
BUT, SANDY... IT'D BE INHUMAN TO LEAVE THIS POOR CRITTER STUCK HERE!

OORPH!



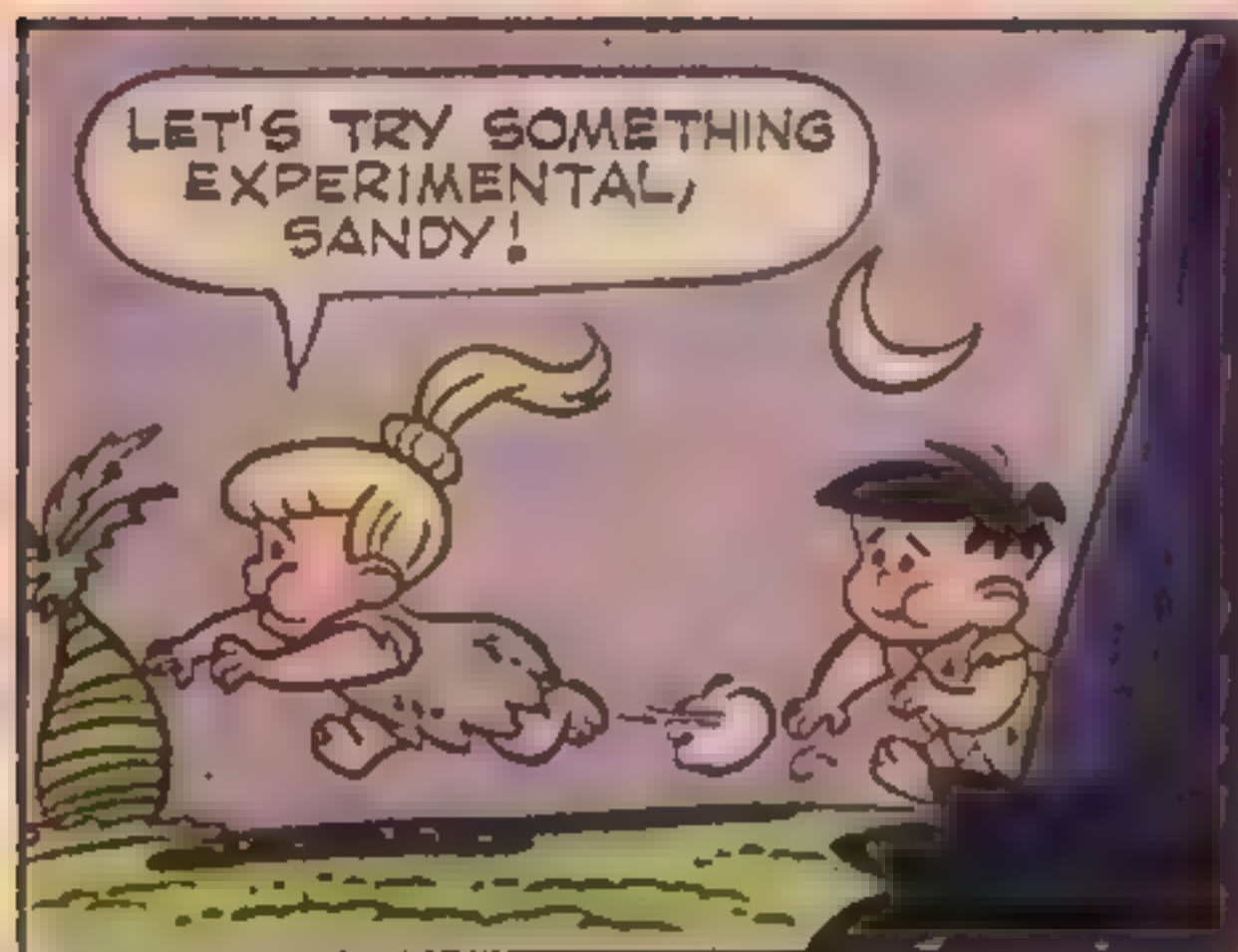
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

ER... NOTHING, I GLESS!

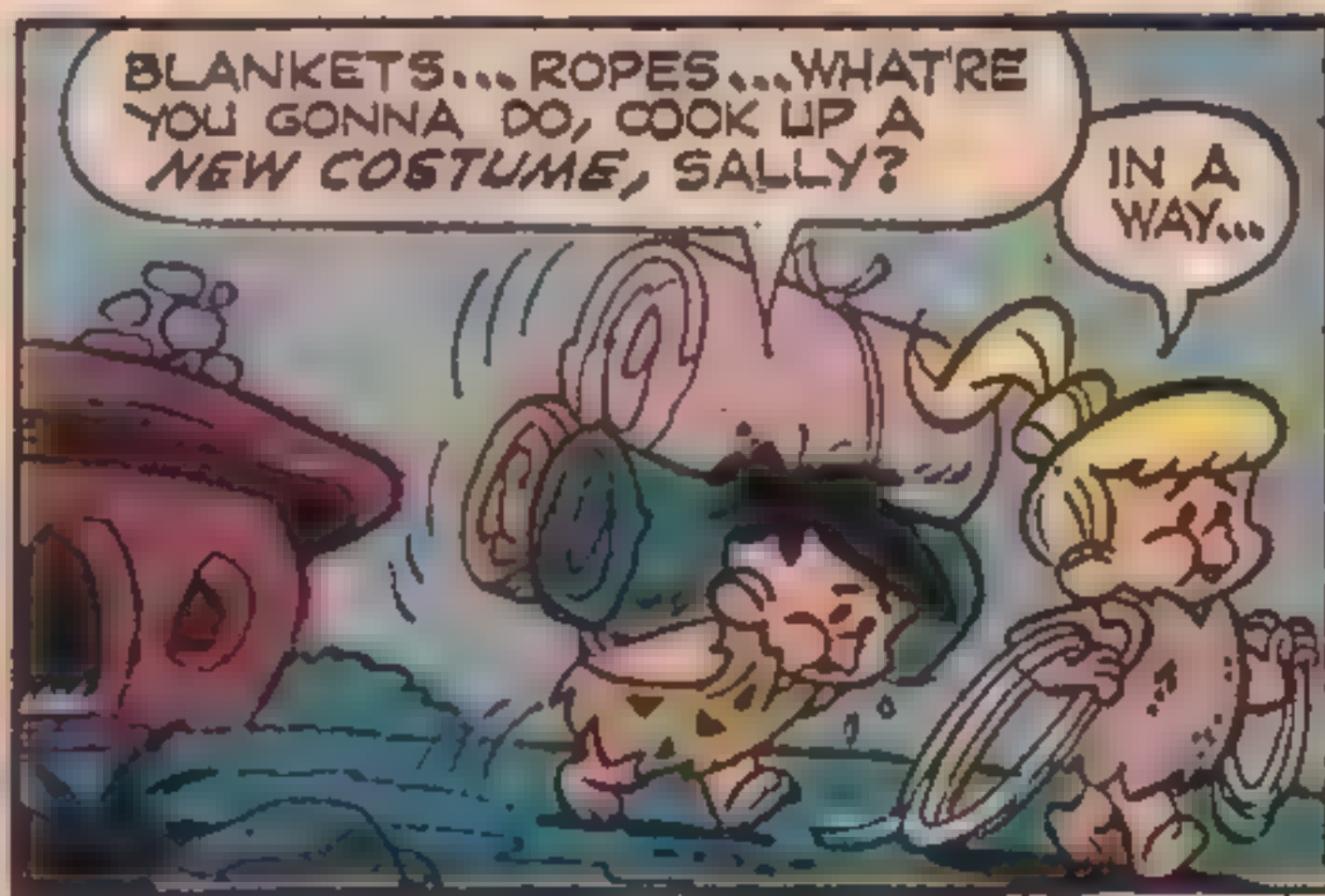


UNLESS... HMM... I WONDER...

???

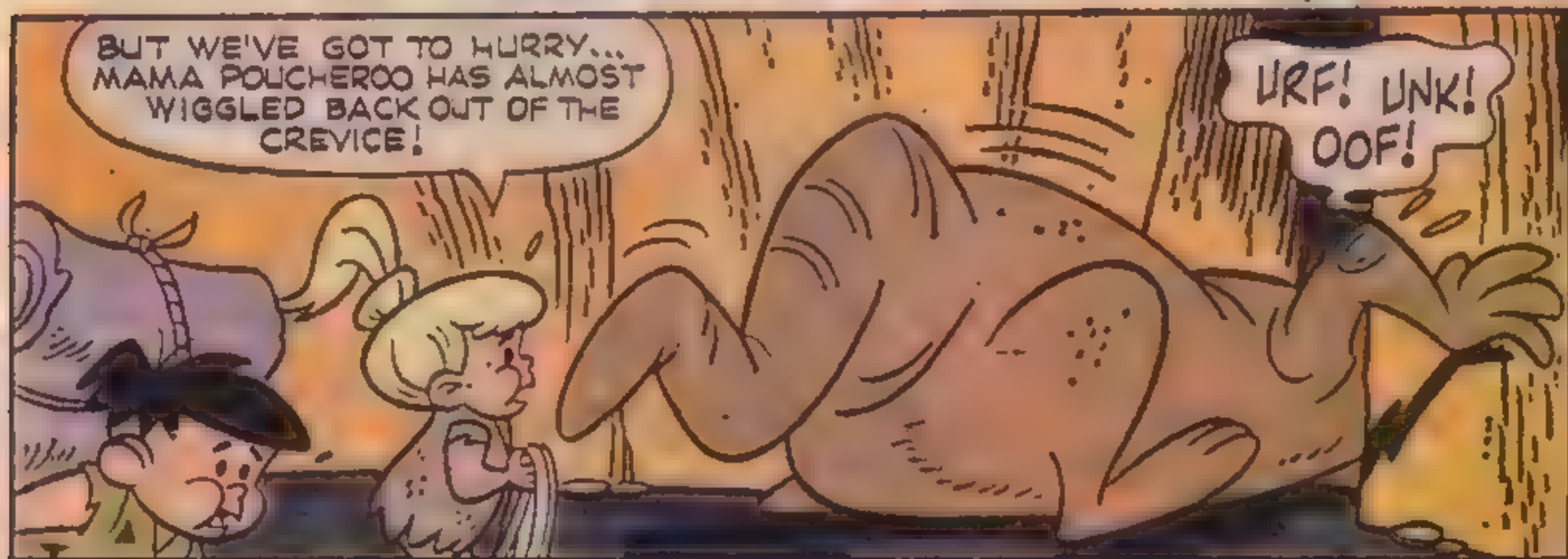


LET'S TRY SOMETHING EXPERIMENTAL, SANDY!



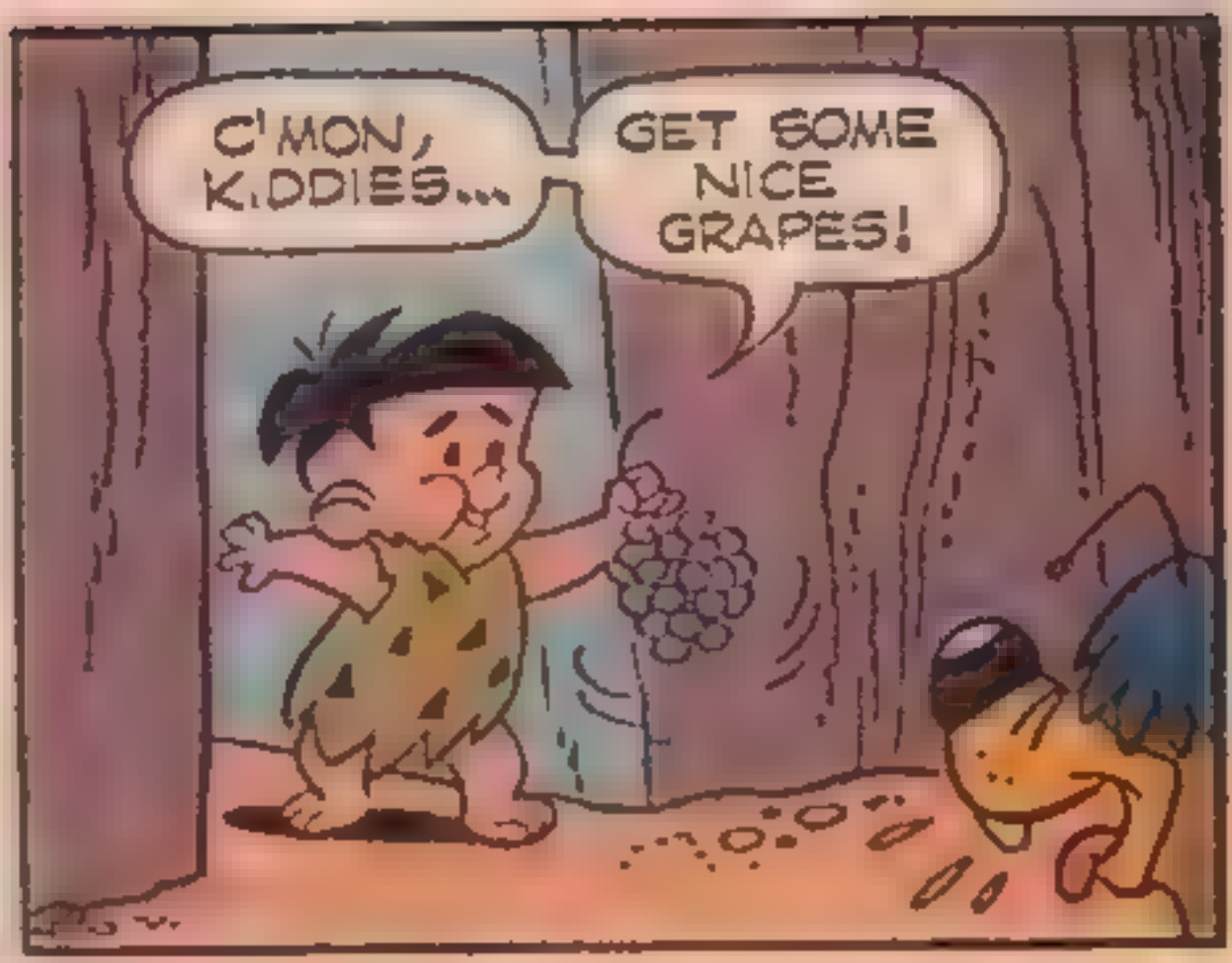
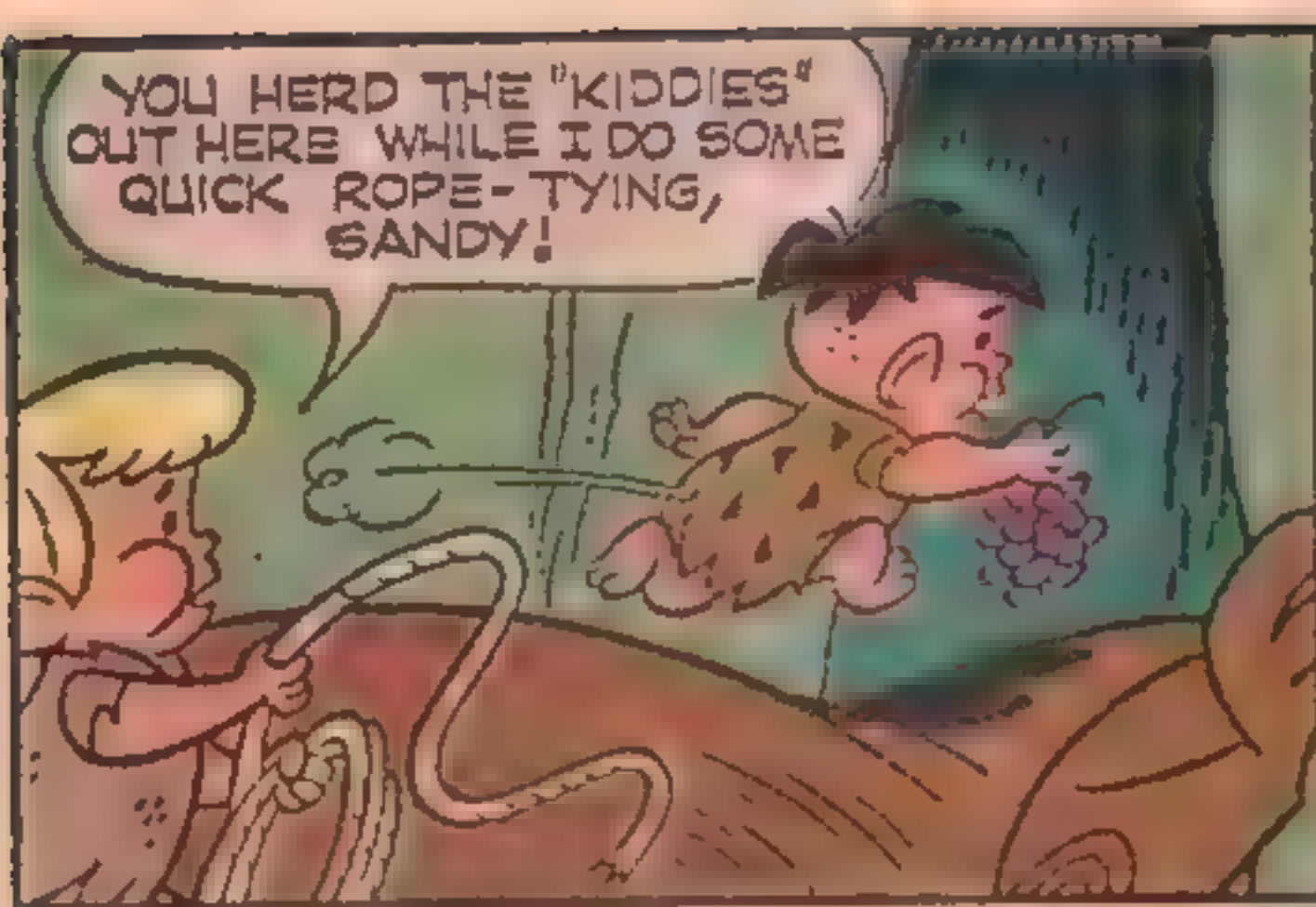
BLANKETS... ROPES... WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, COOK UP A NEW COSTUME, SALLY?

IN A WAY...

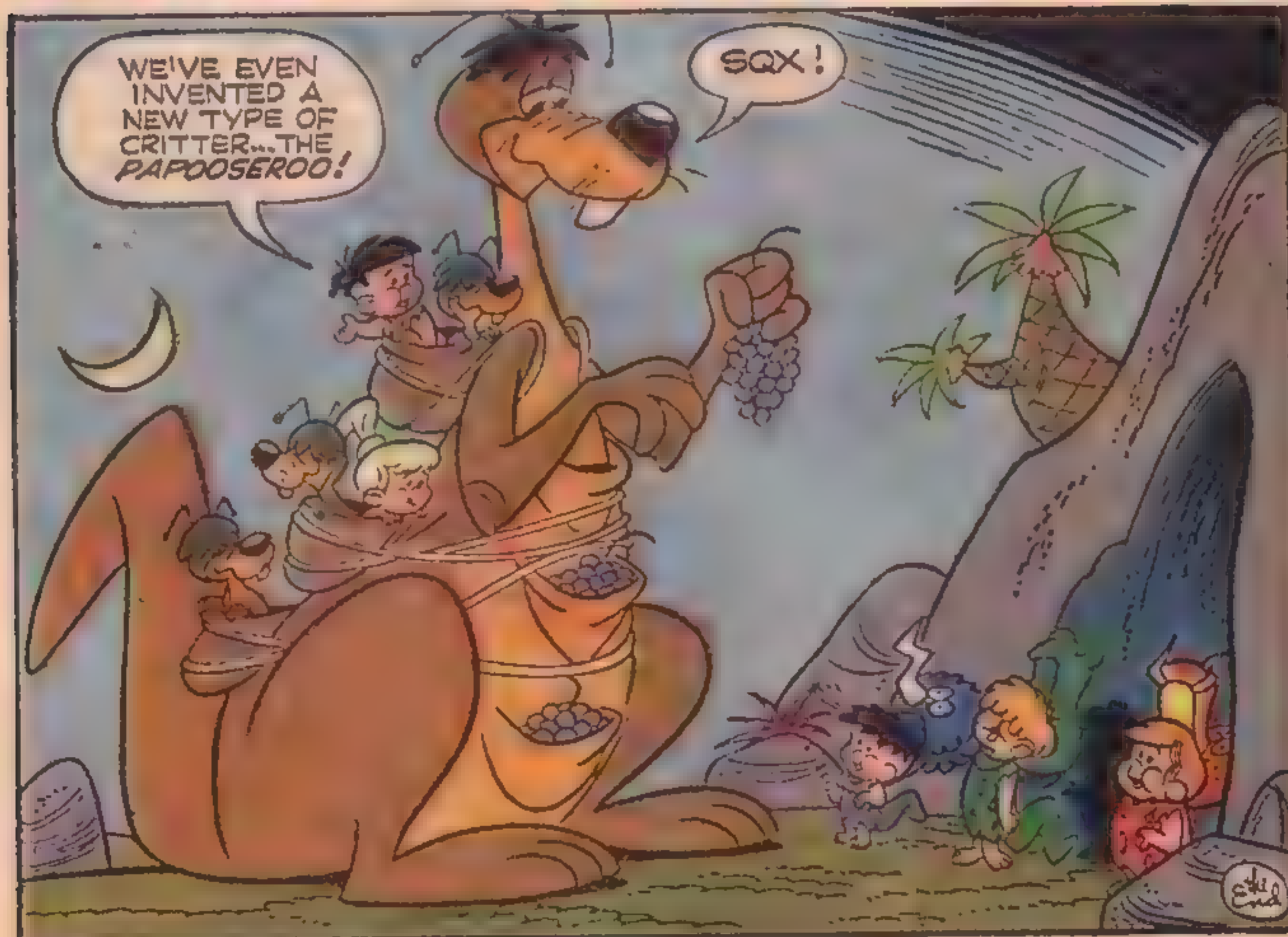
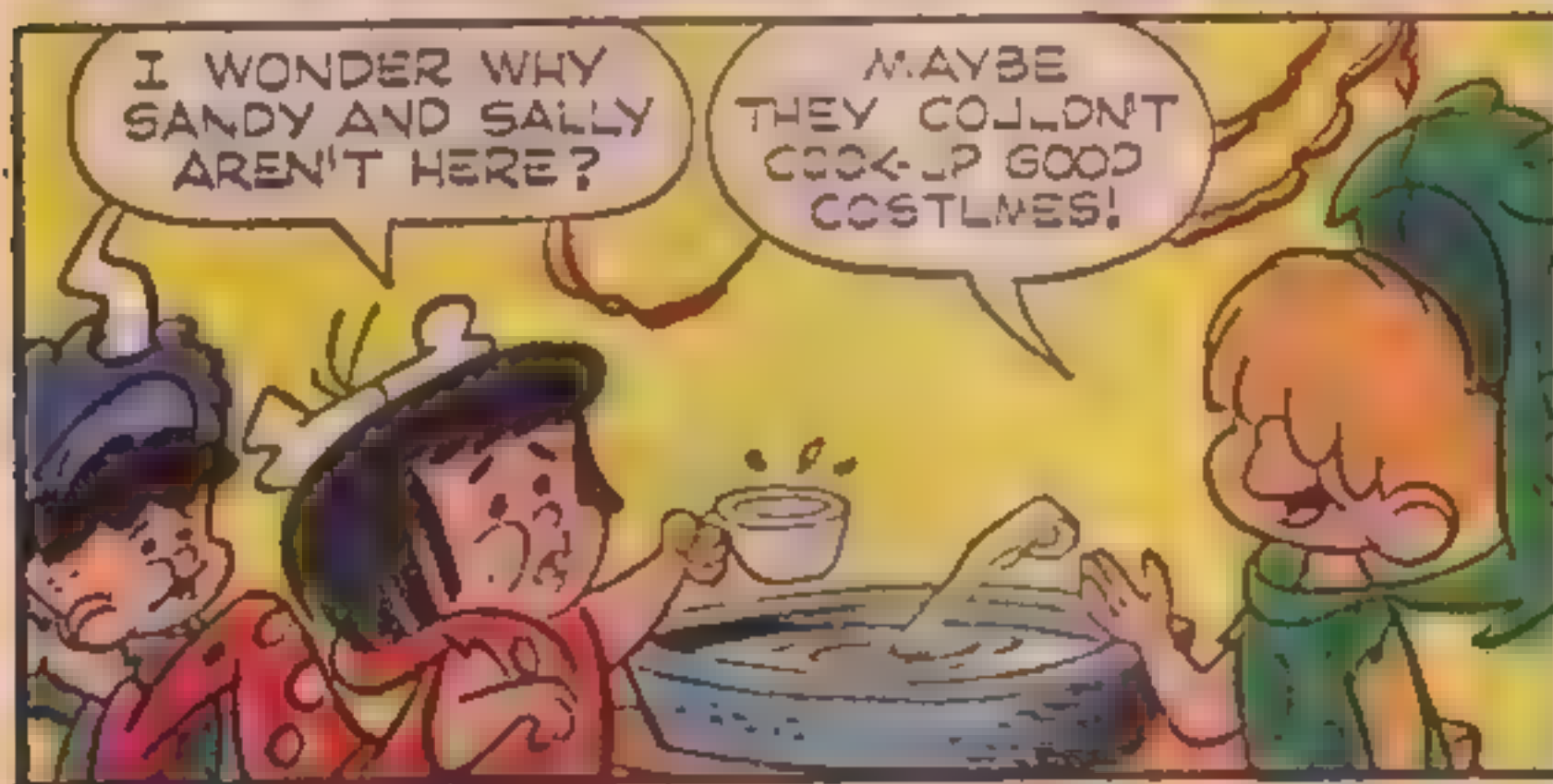


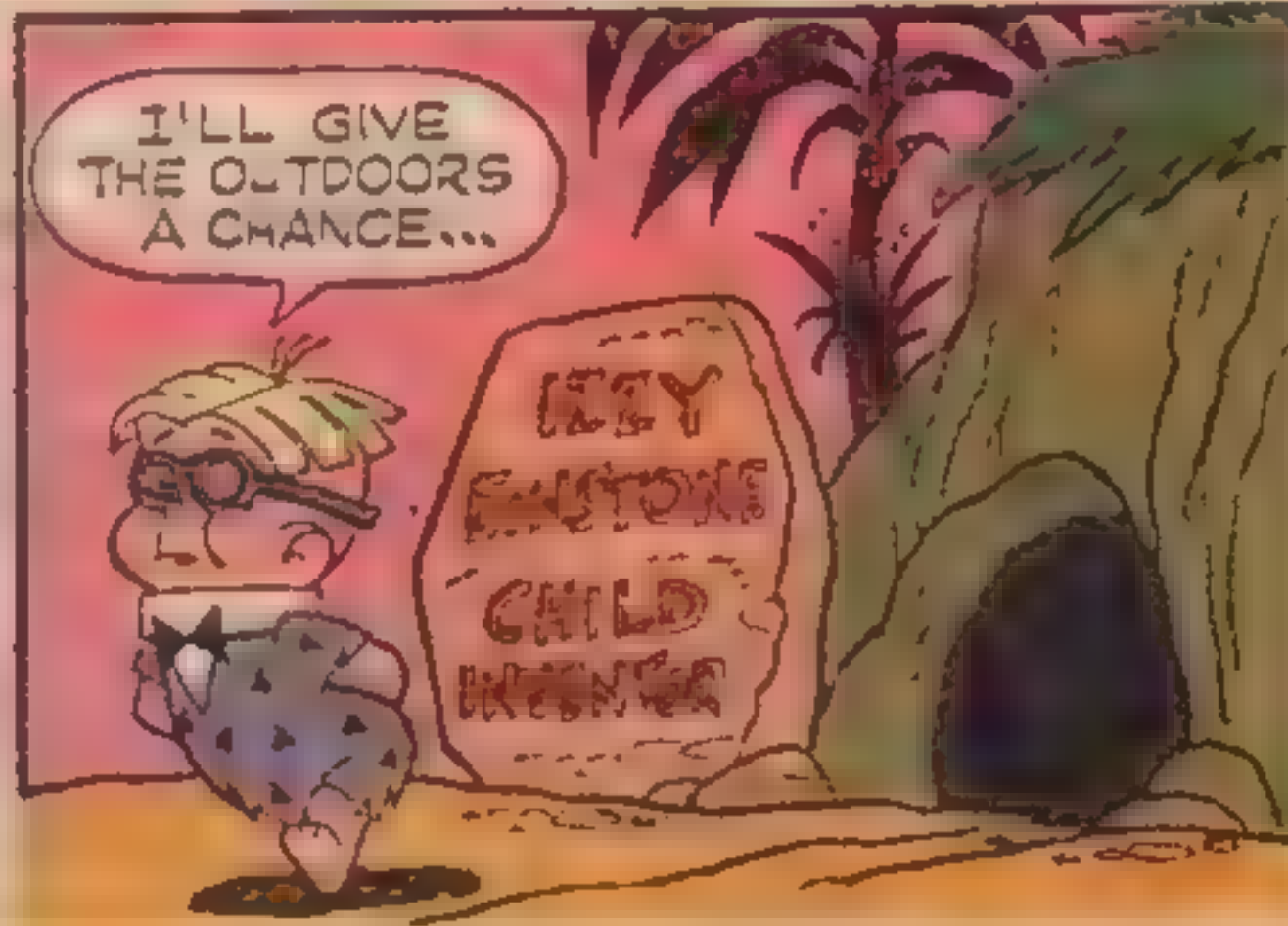
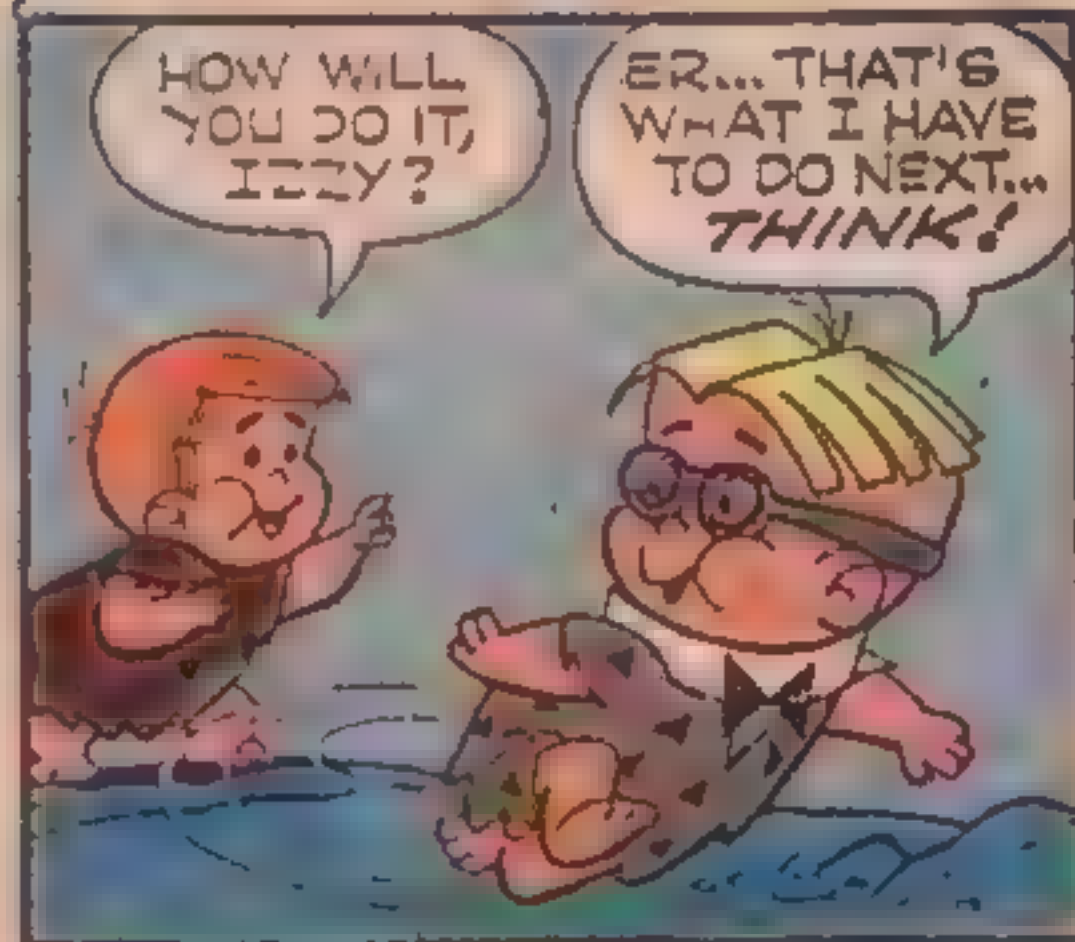
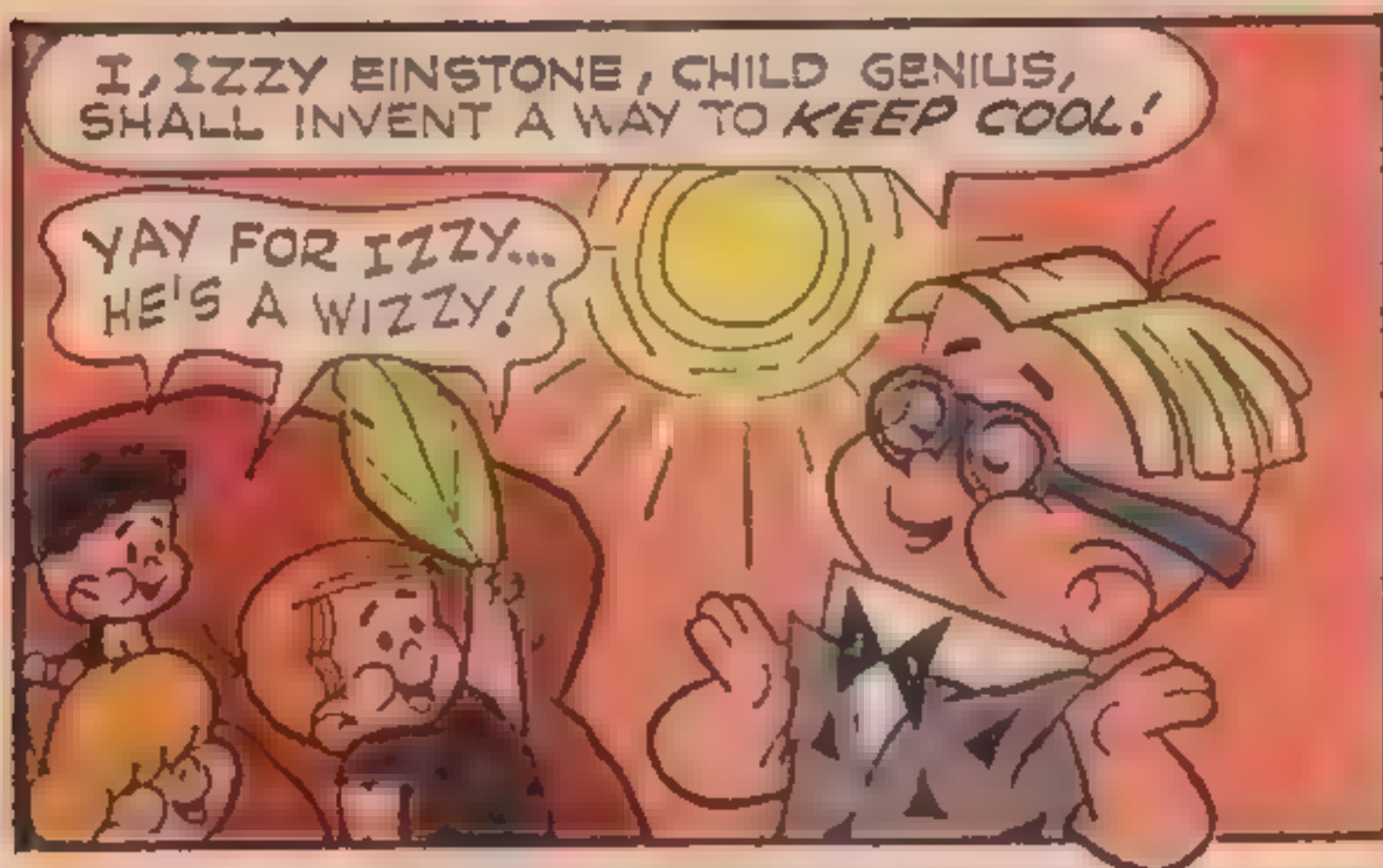
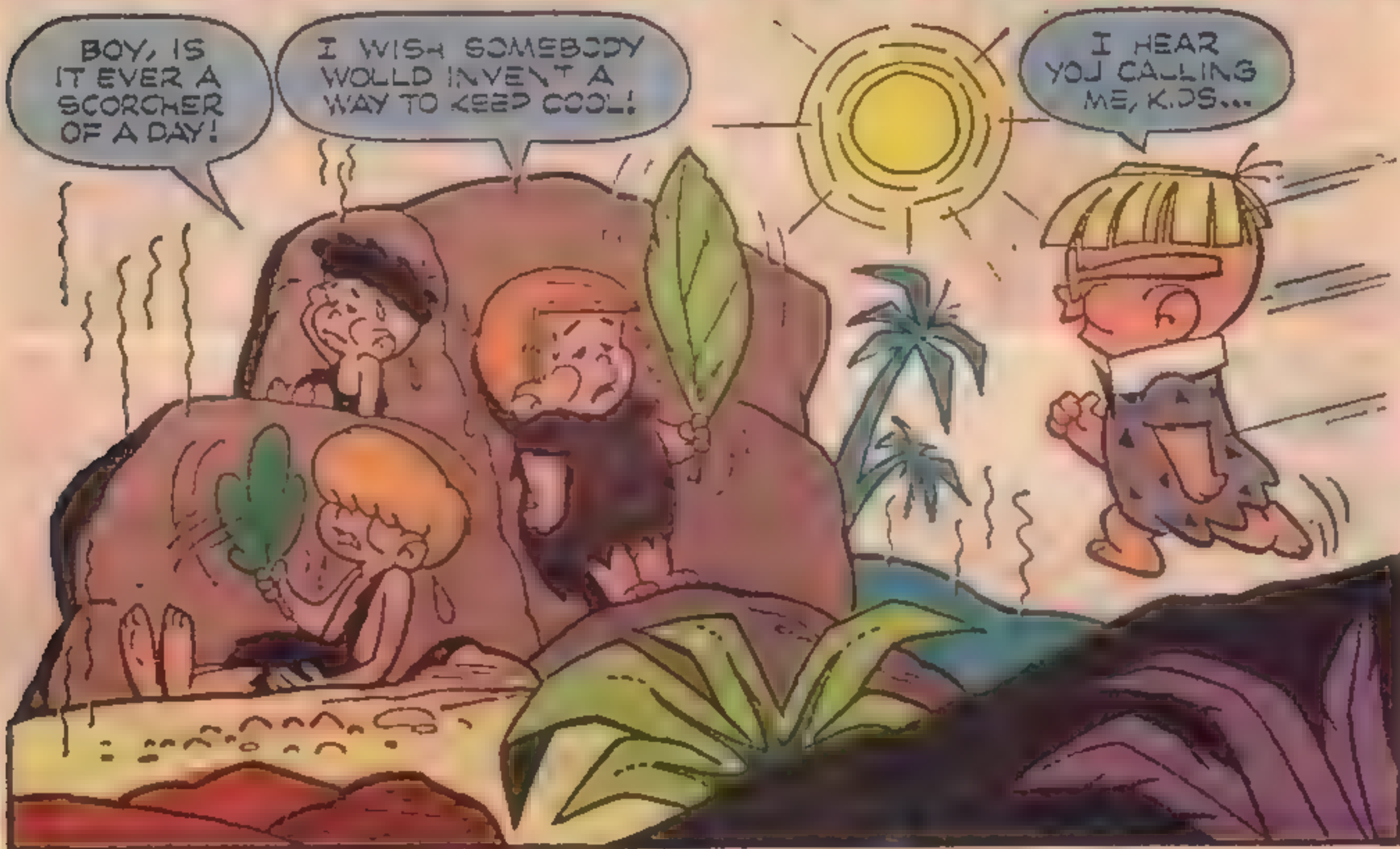
BUT WE'VE GOT TO HURRY... MAMA POUCHEROO HAS ALMOST WIGGLED BACK OUT OF THE CREVICE!

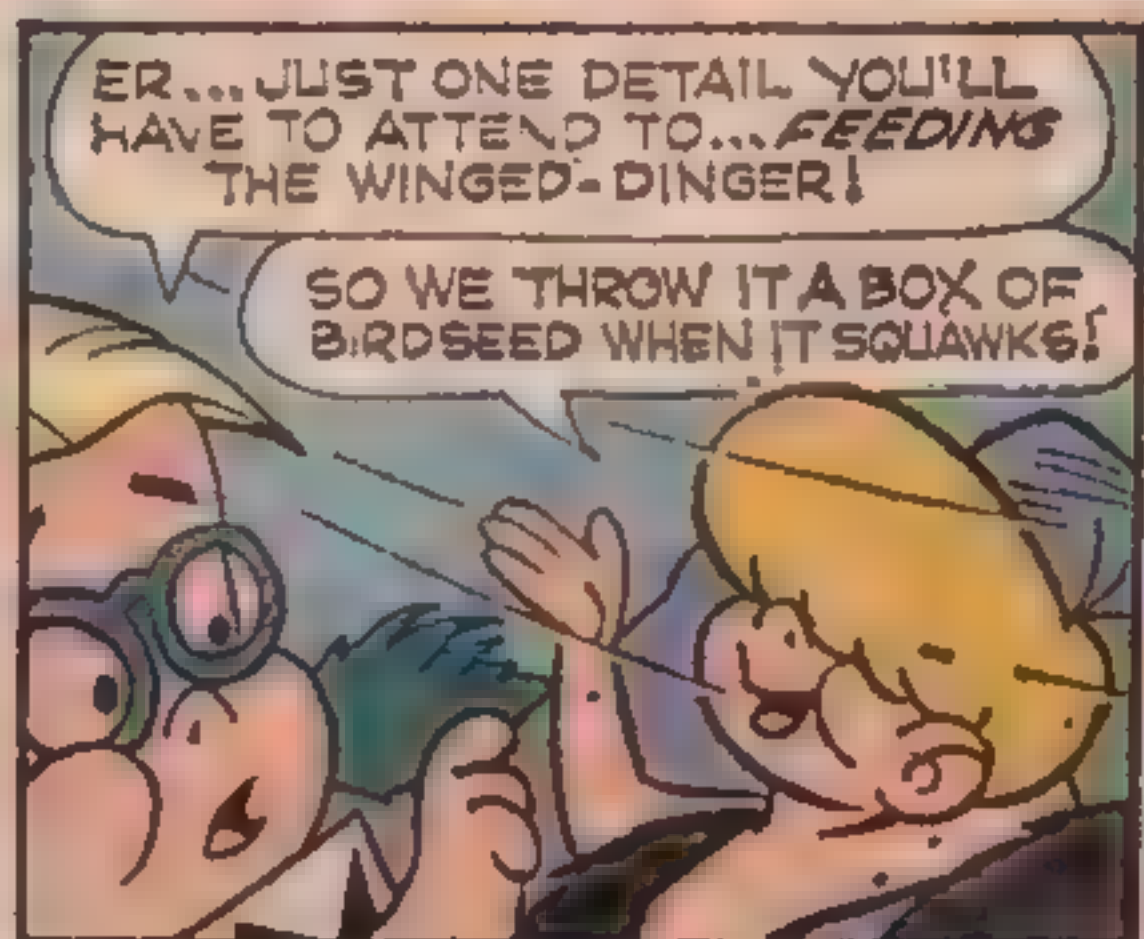
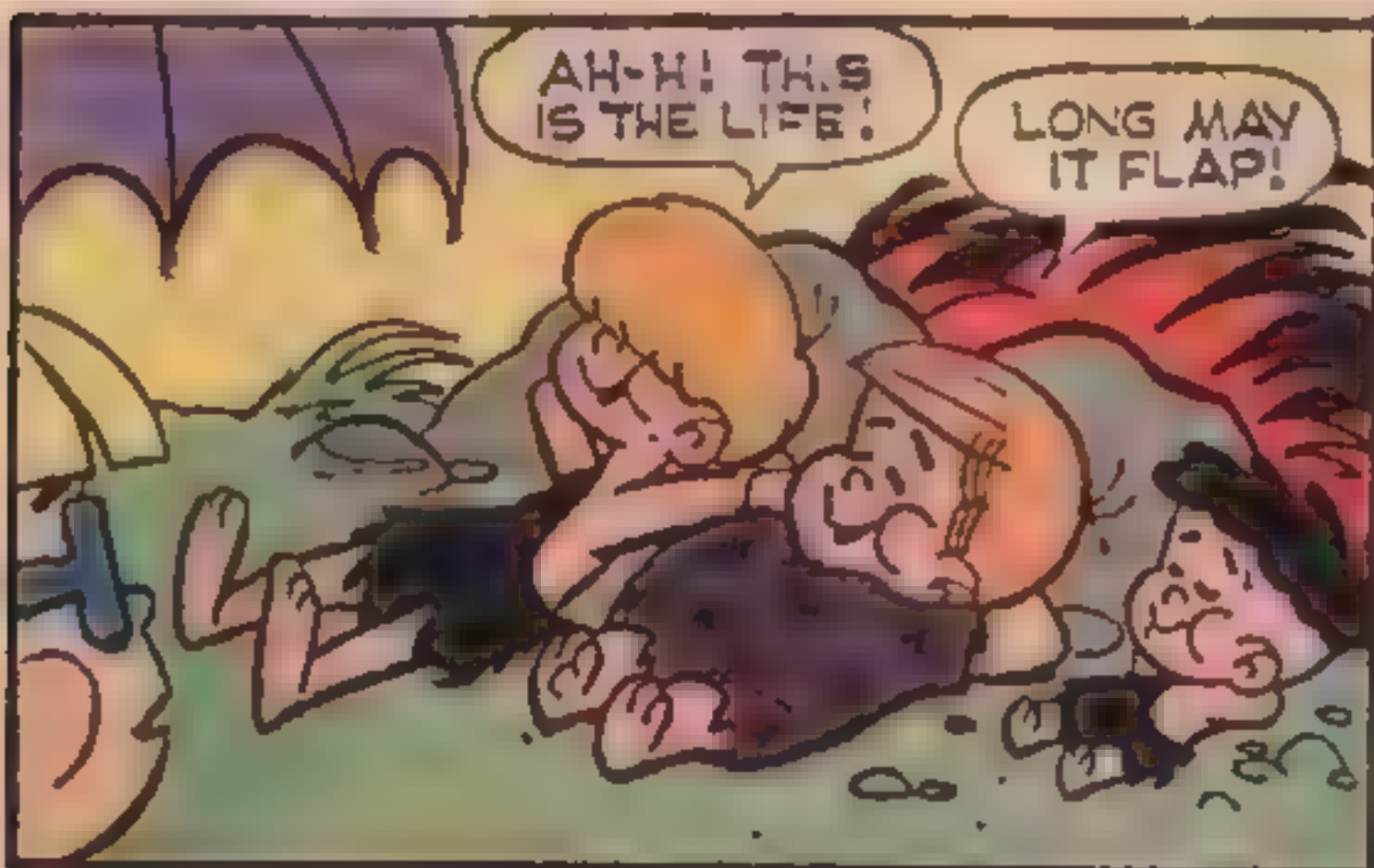
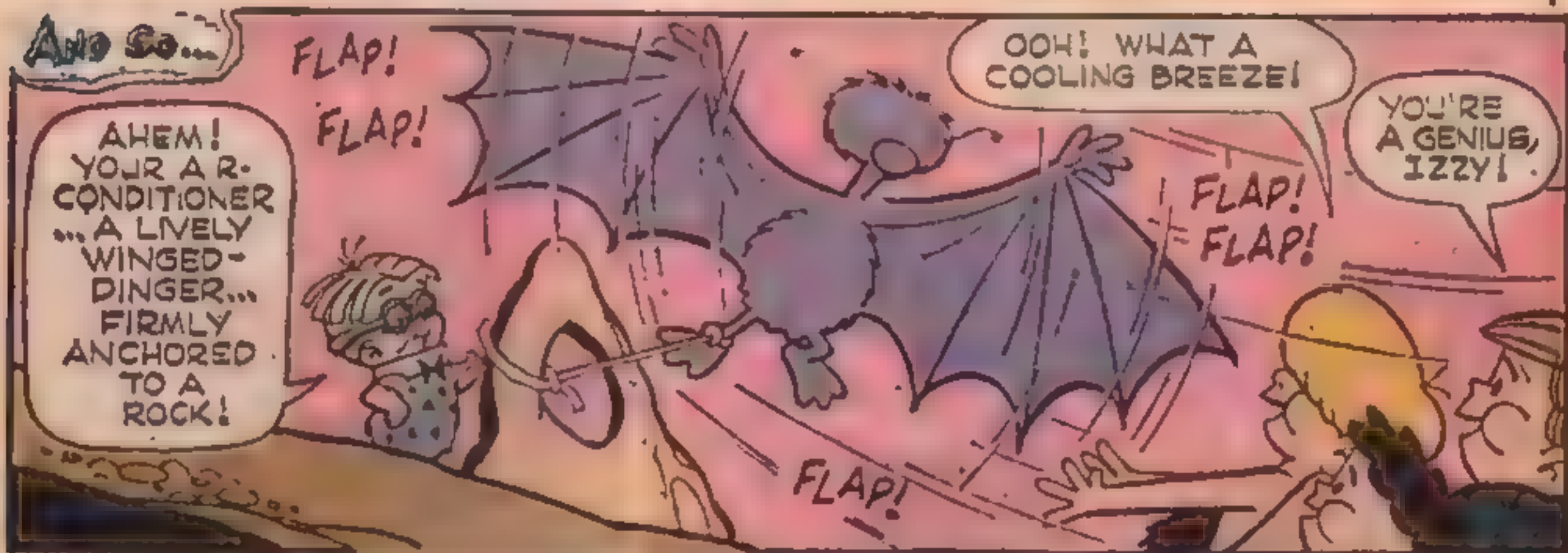
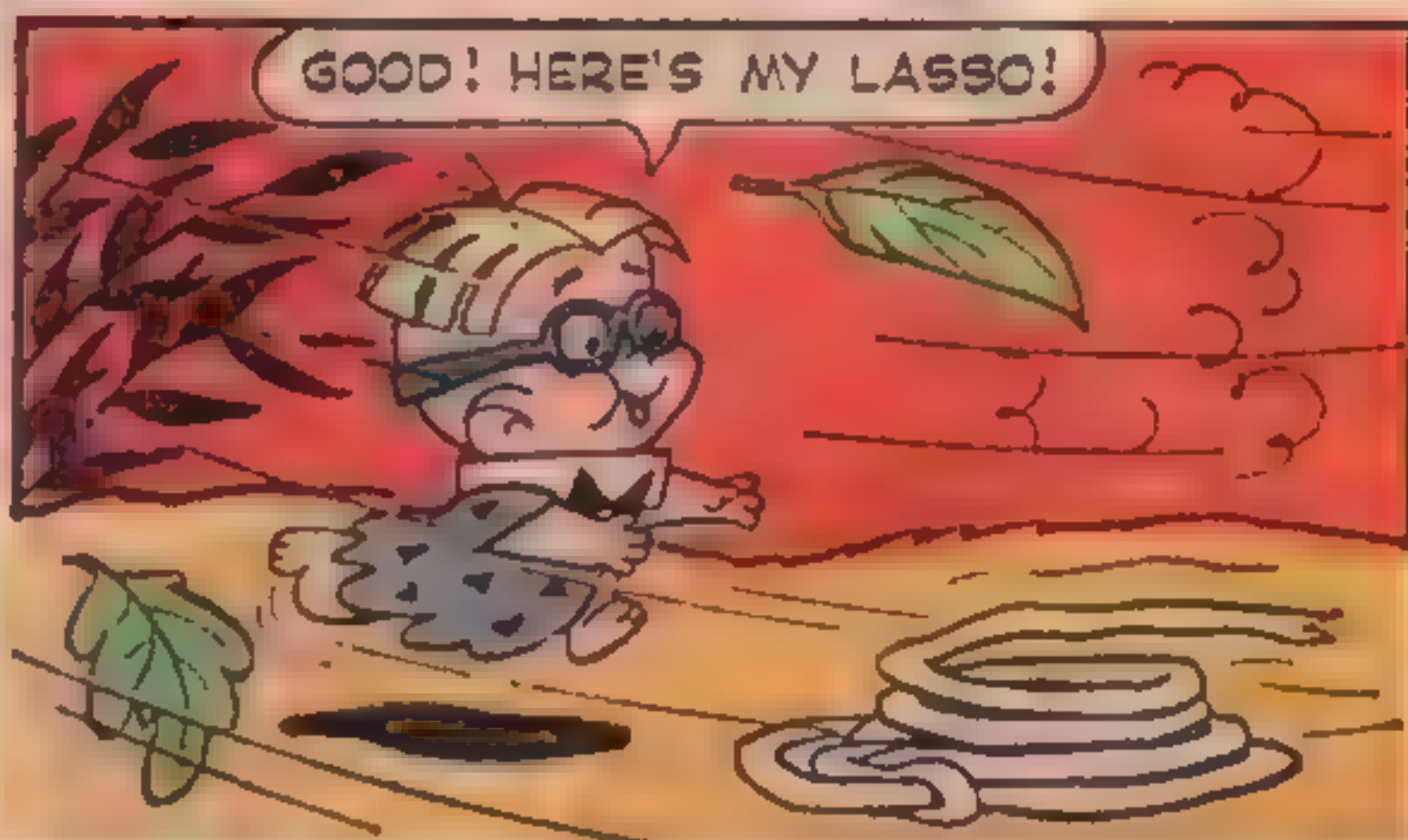
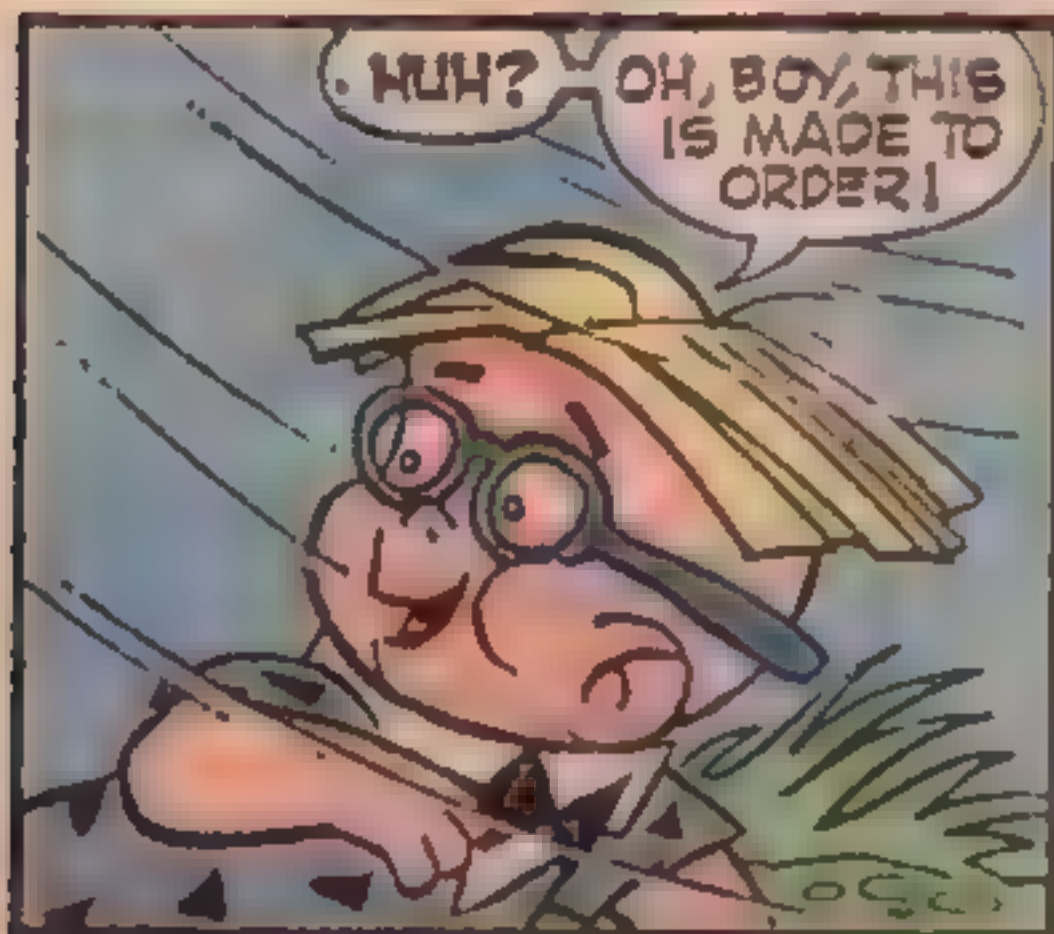
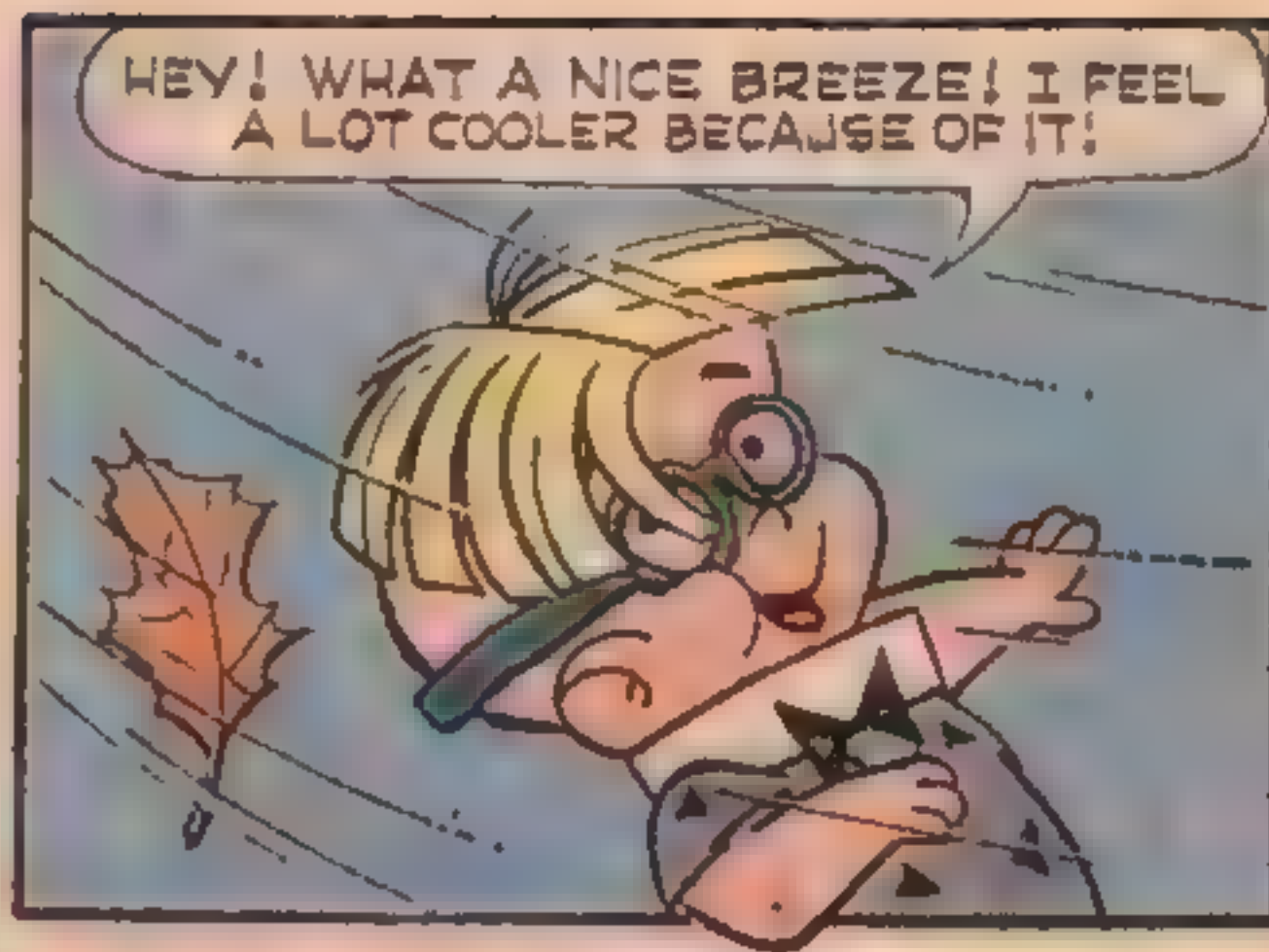
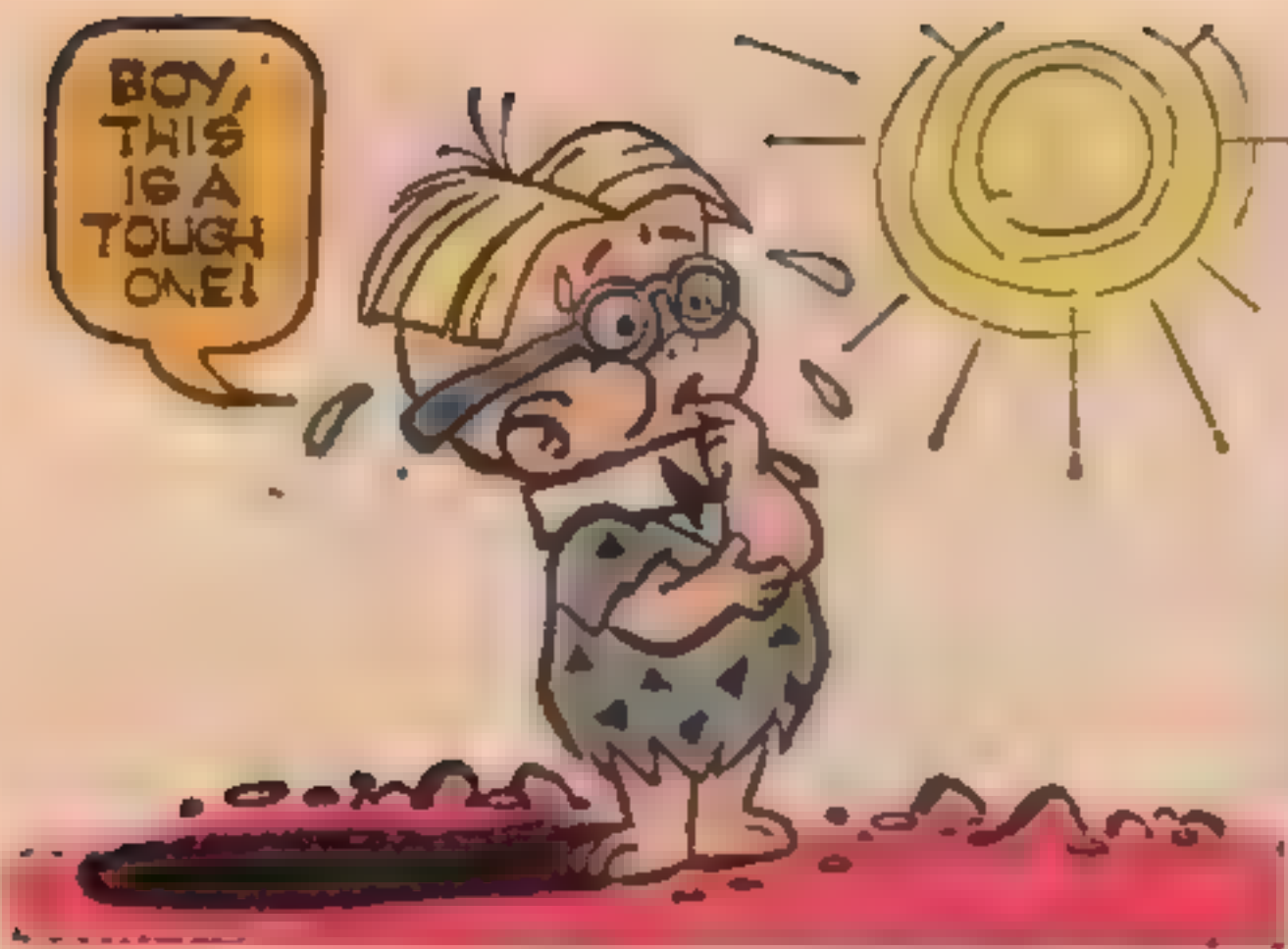
URF! UNK! OOF!



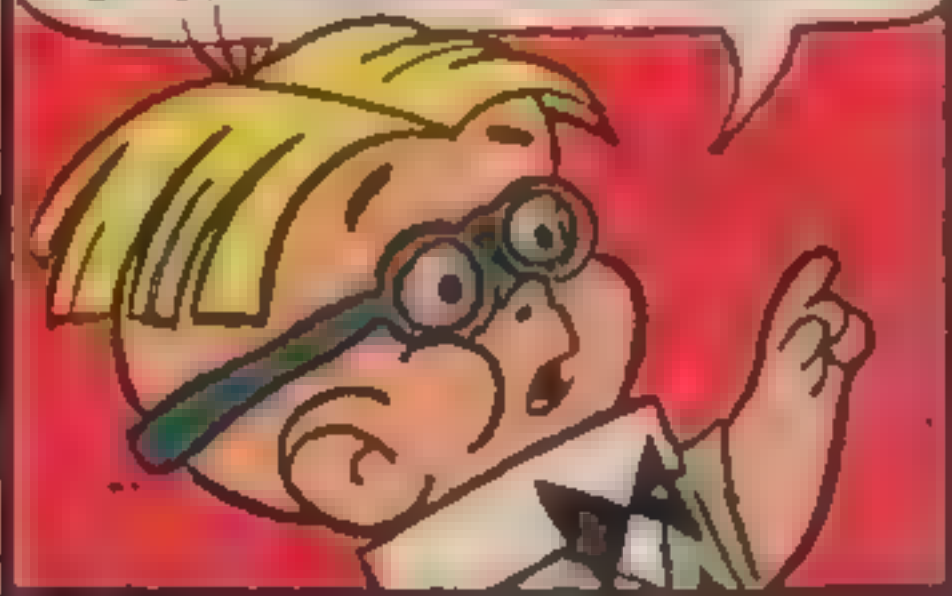
WHILE AT GYPSY CRYSTAL'S COSTUME PARTY...



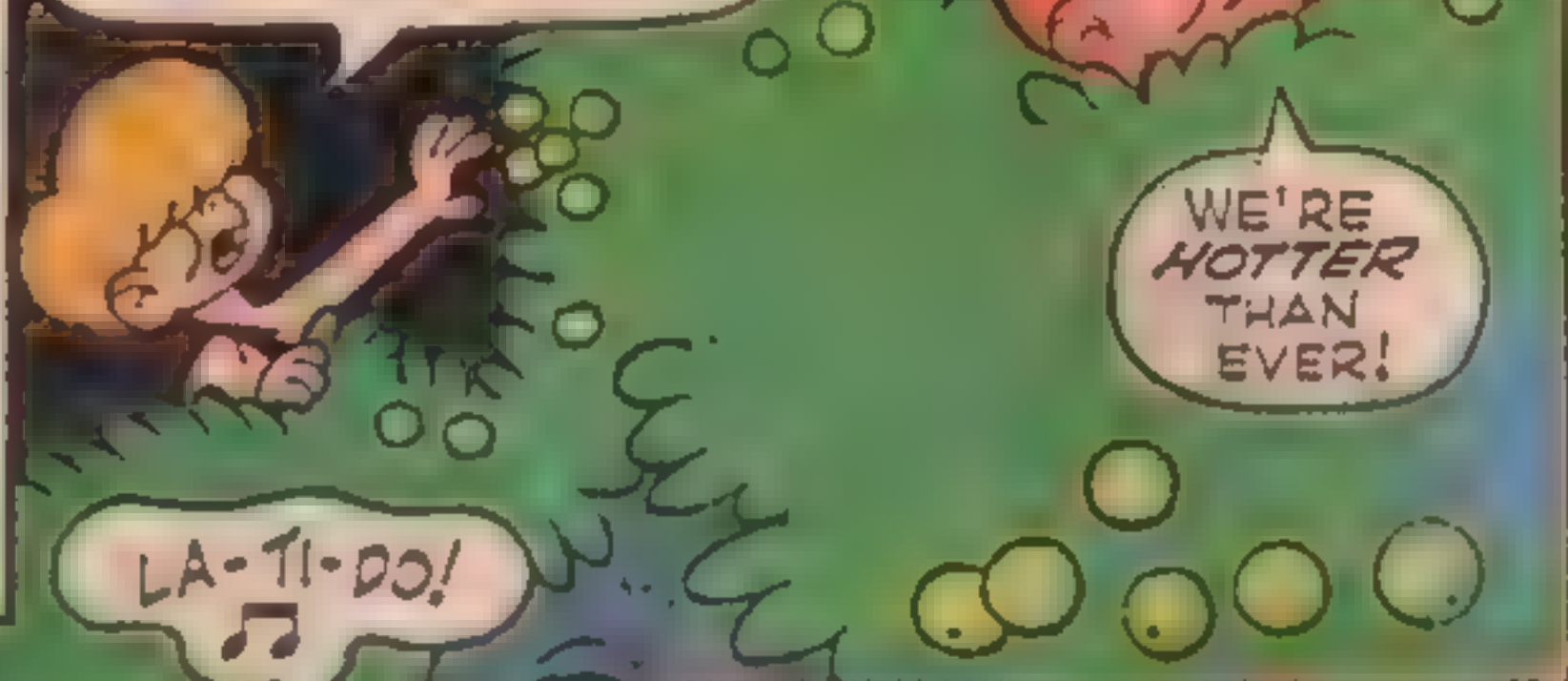




IT'S NOT AS EASY AS THAT...
THE WINGED-DINGER EATS
ONLY SOPRANO-BERRIES!

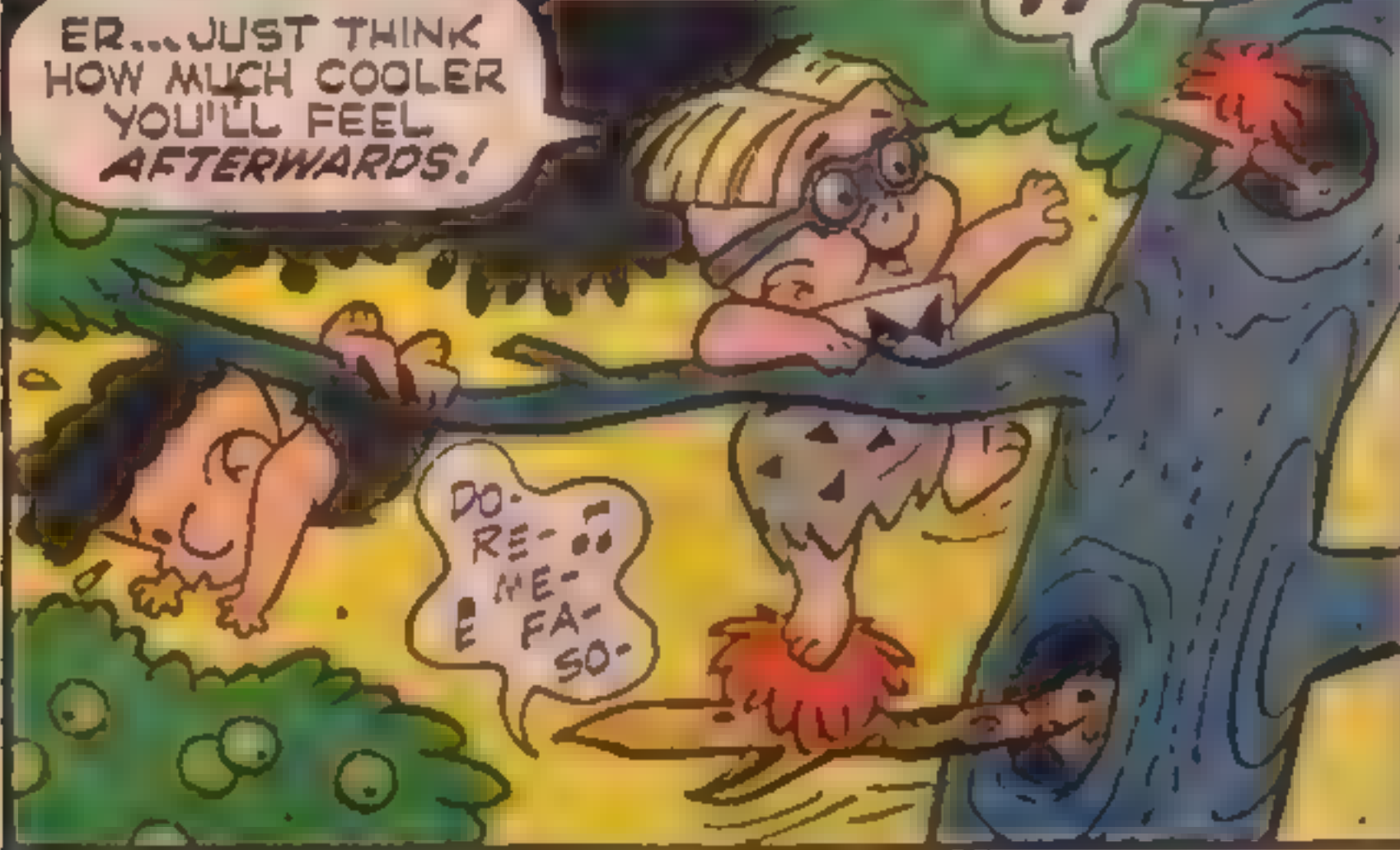


UGH! AND SOPRANO-
BERRIES ONLY GROW ON
TOP OF OPERA TREES:



WE'RE
HOTTER
THAN
EVER!

ER...JUST THINK
HOW MUCH COOLER
YOU'LL FEEL
AFTERWARDS!



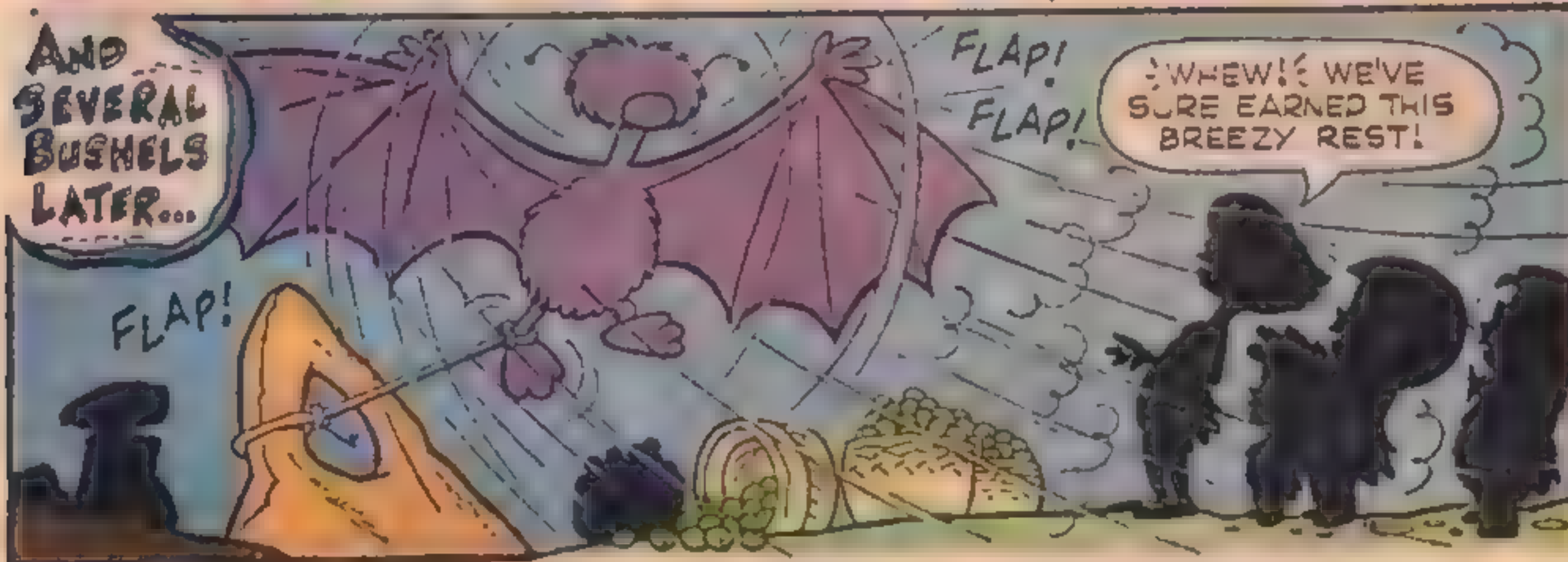
LA-TI-DO!

DO-RE-ME-FA-SO-

AND WE CAN PICK A
WHOLE DAY'S SUPPLY
AT ONCE, AND THAT'LL
END IT TILL
TOMORROW!



AND
SEVERAL
BUSHELS
LATER...



FLAP!
FLAP!

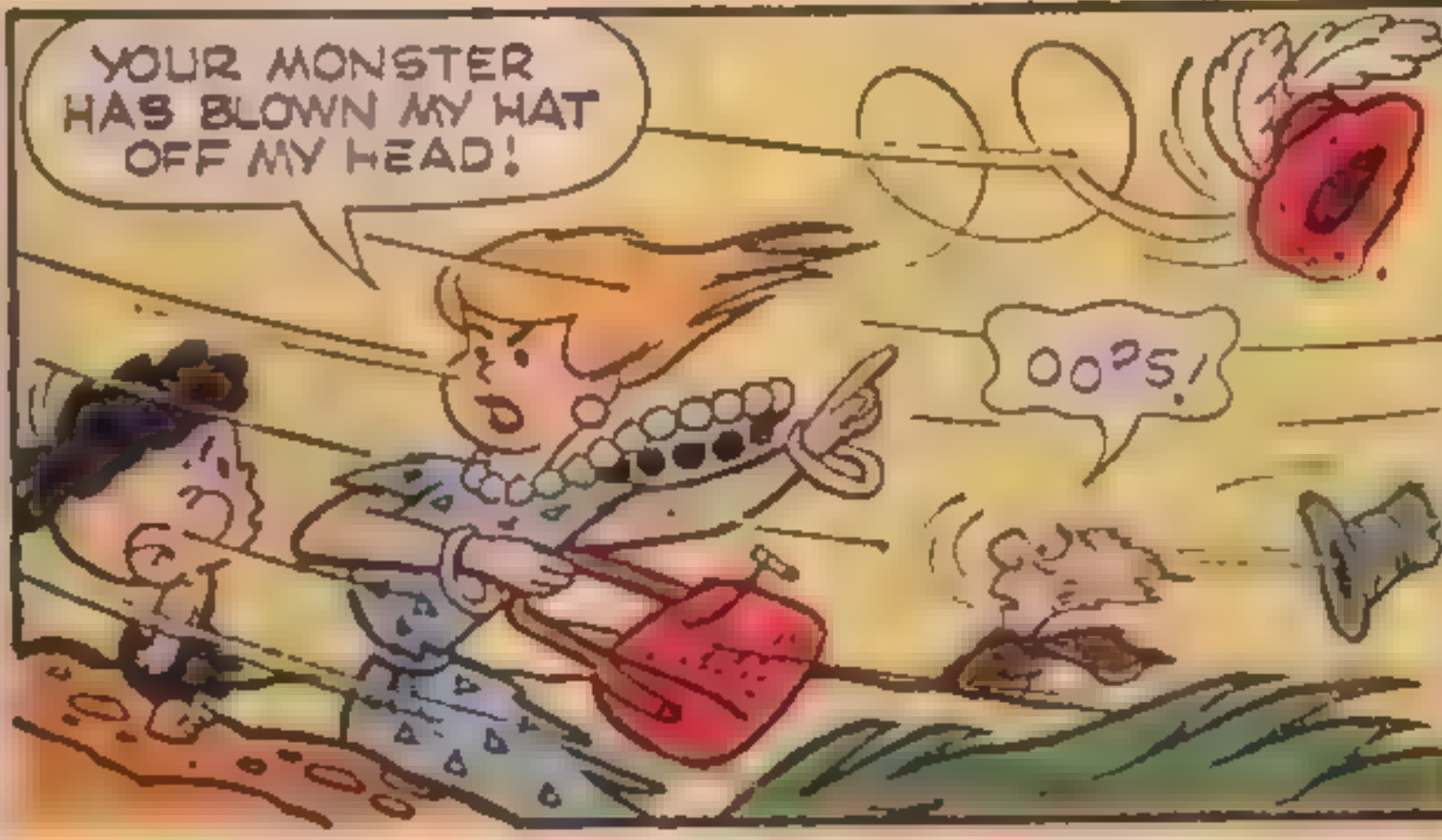
WHEW! WE'VE
SURE EARNED THIS
BREEZY REST!

EEK!

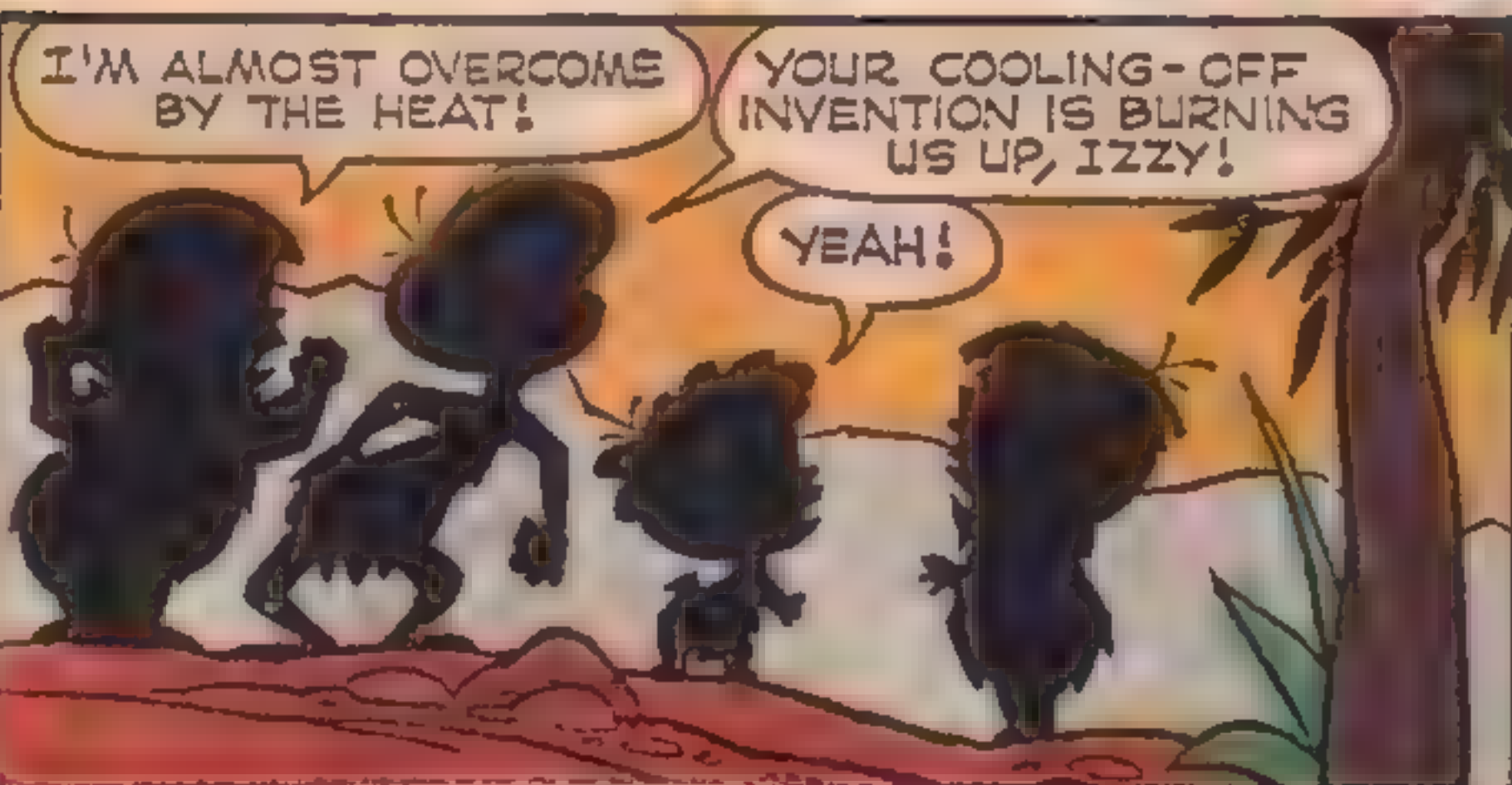
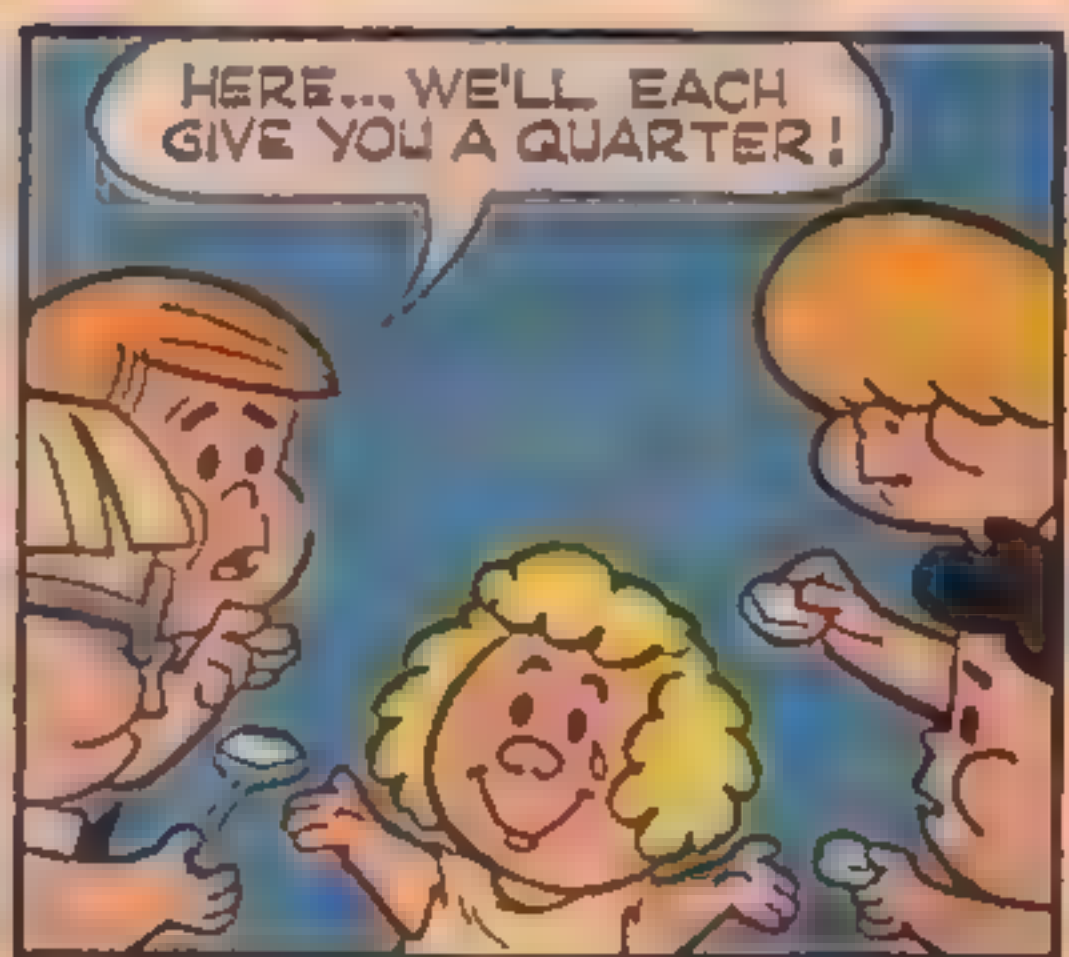
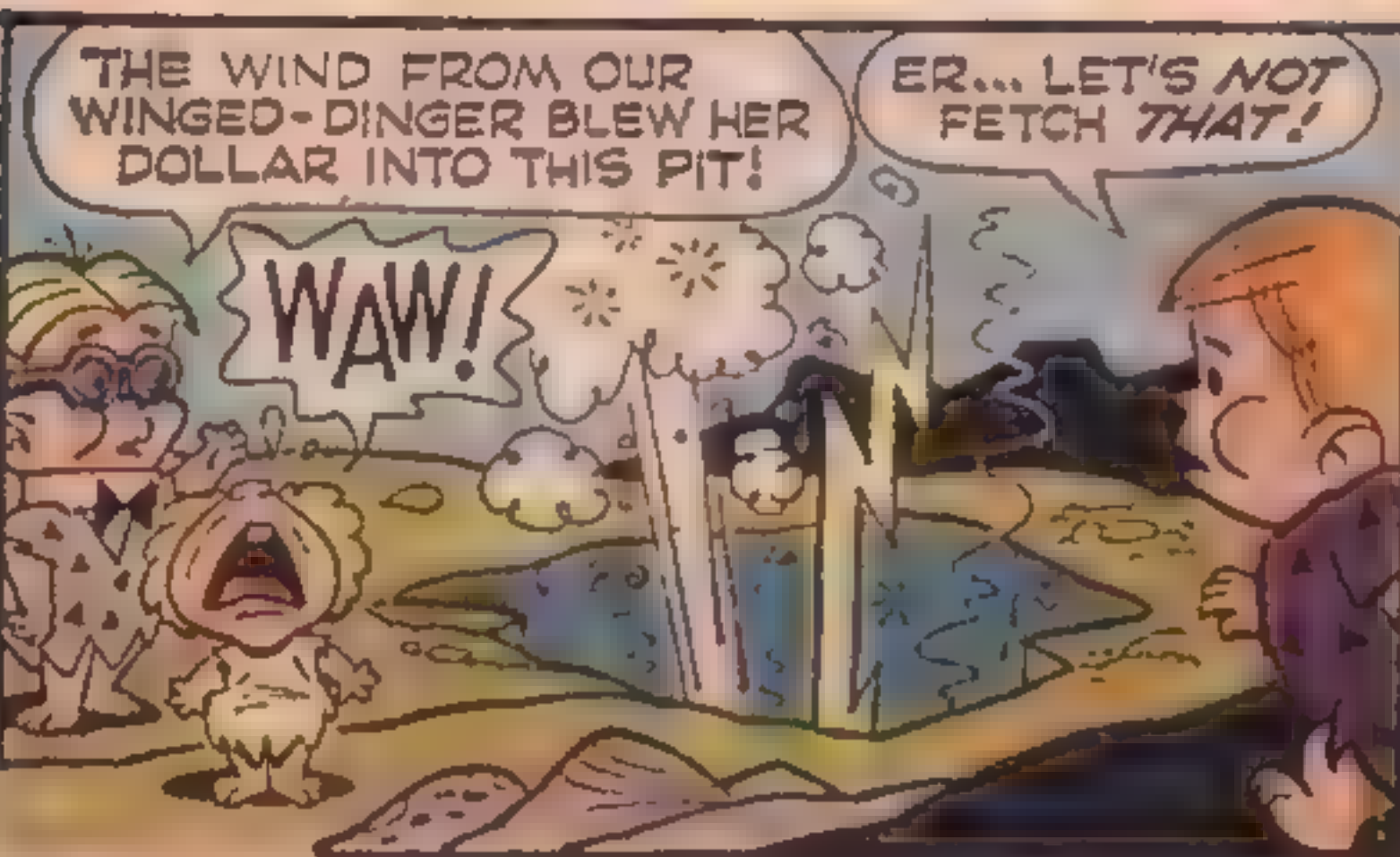
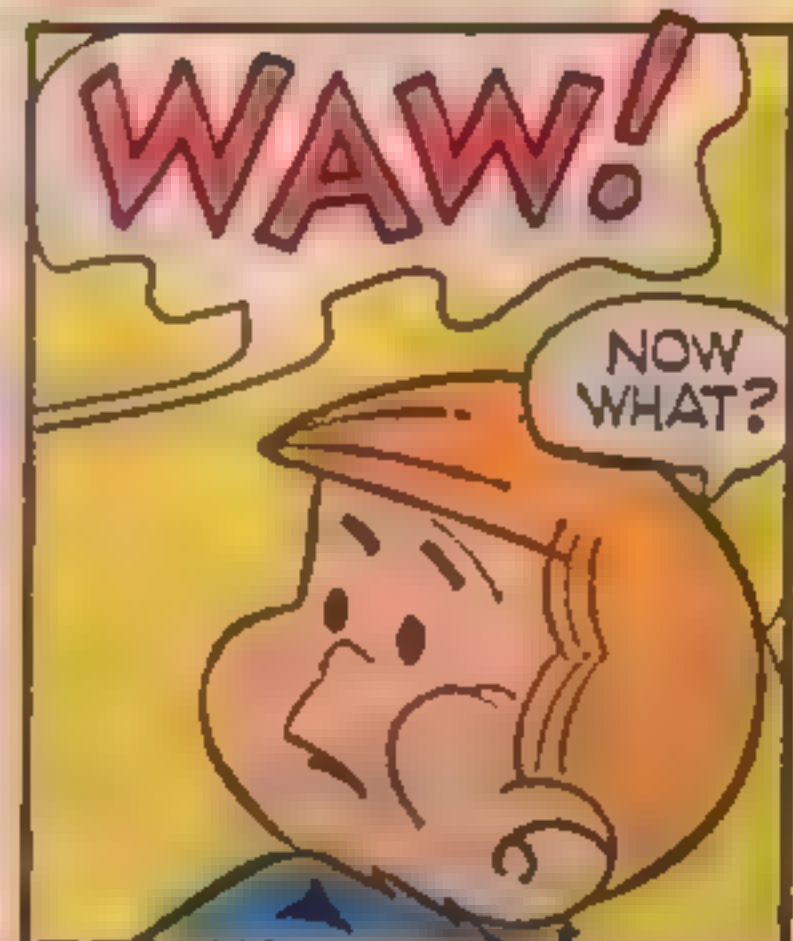
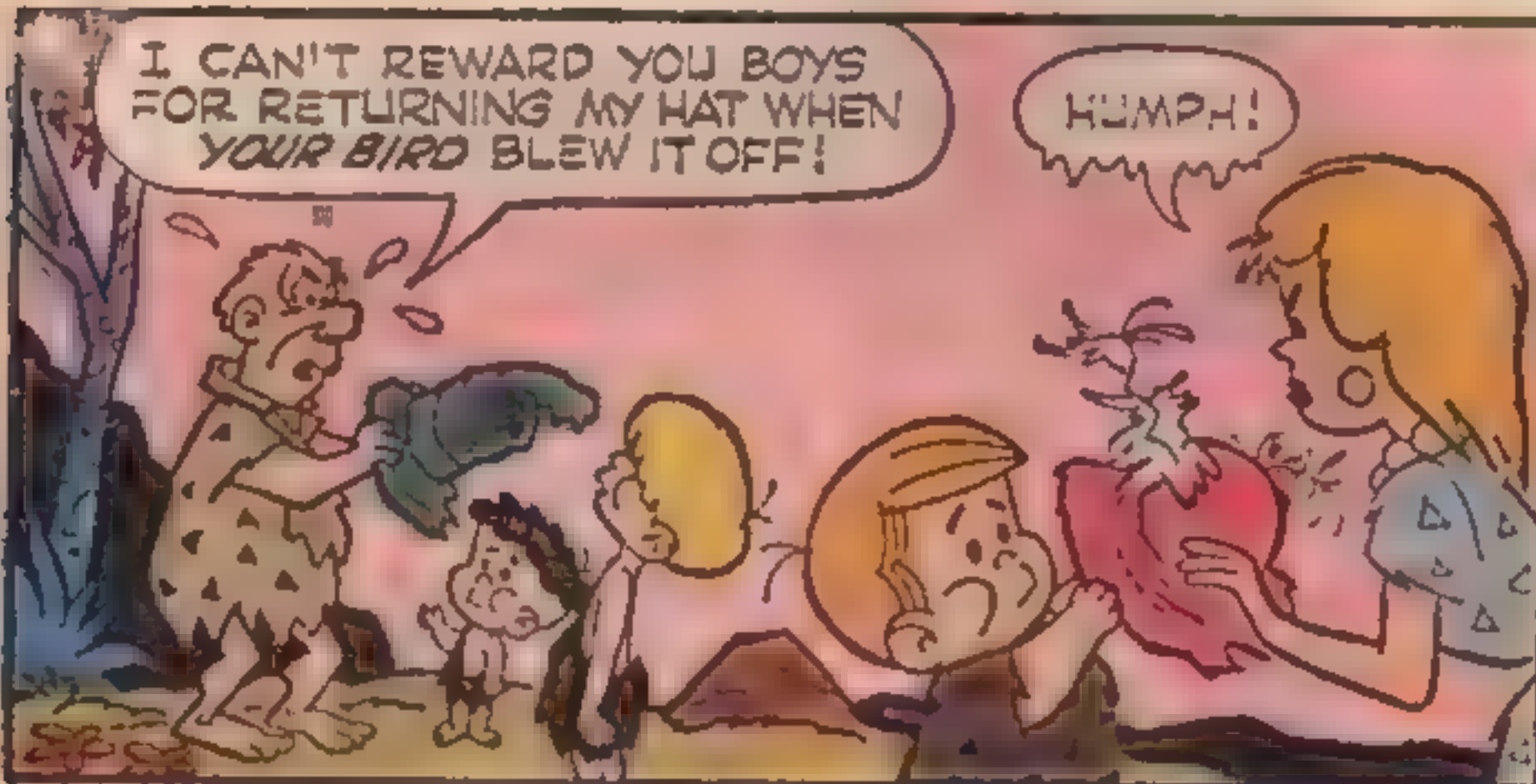
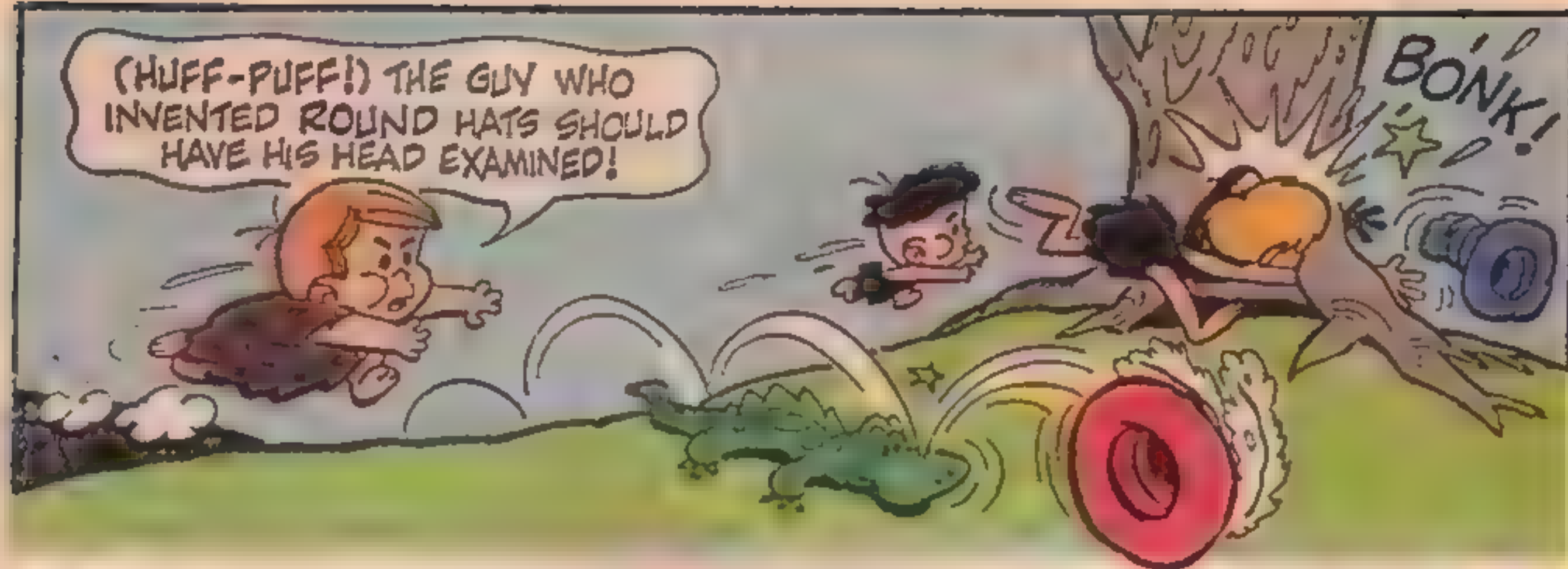
NOW
WHAT?!

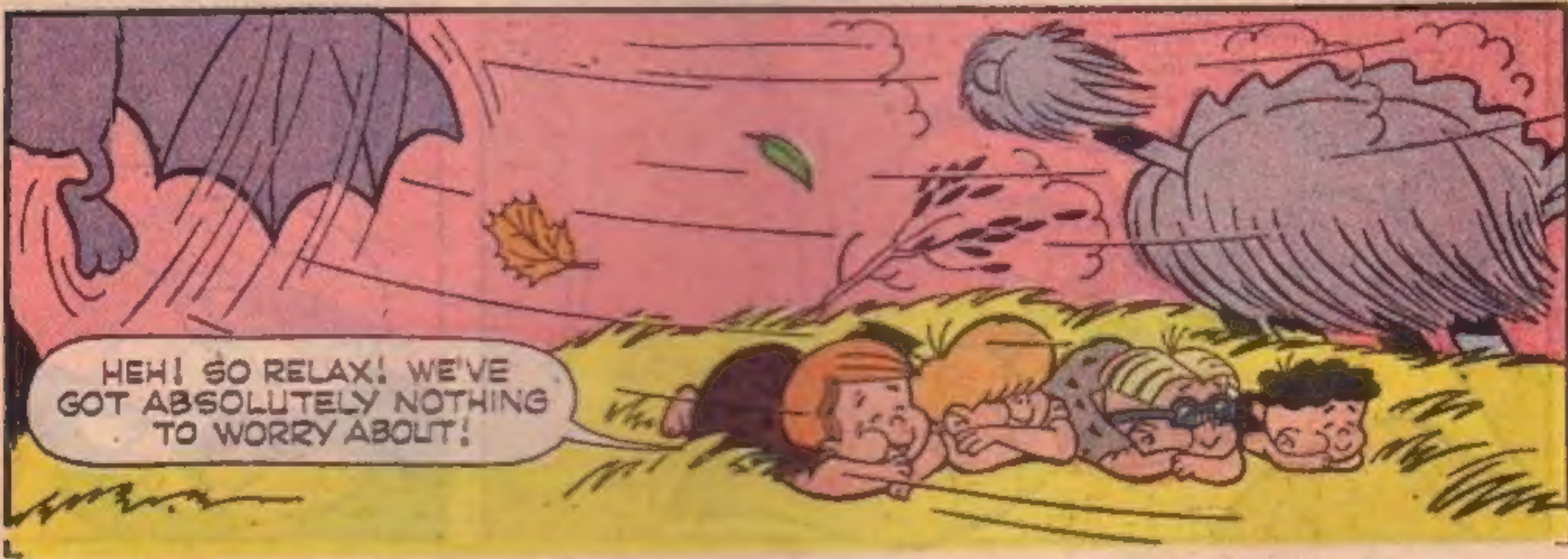


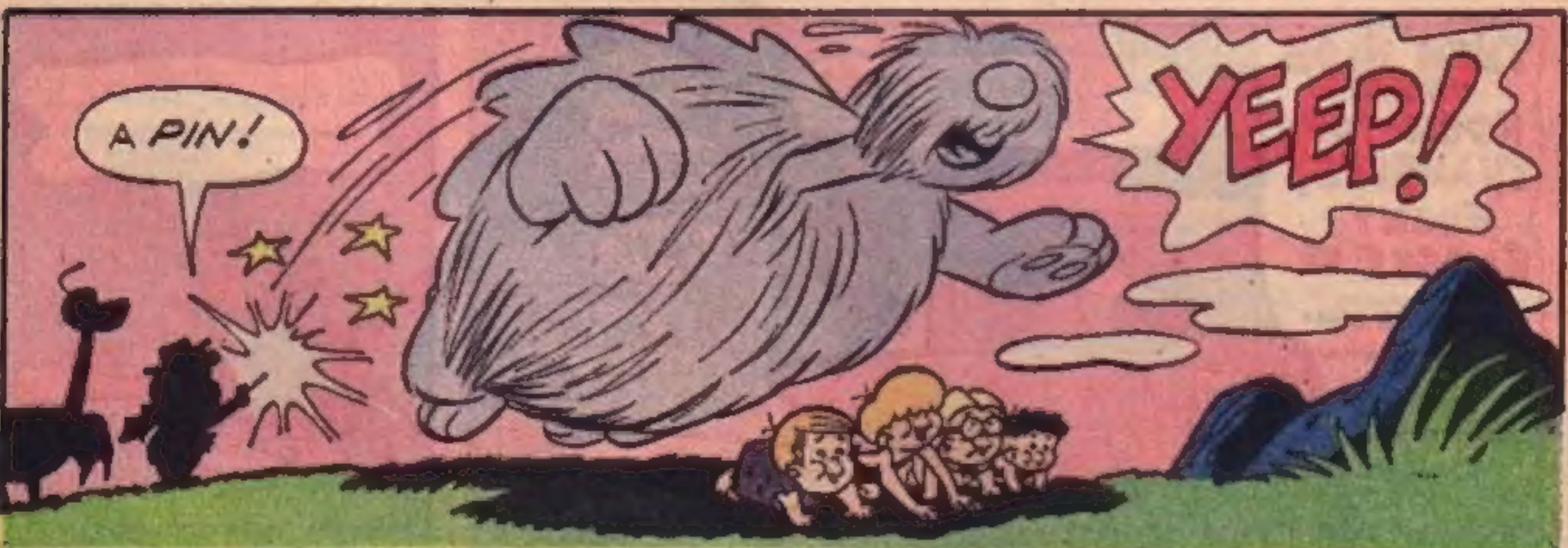
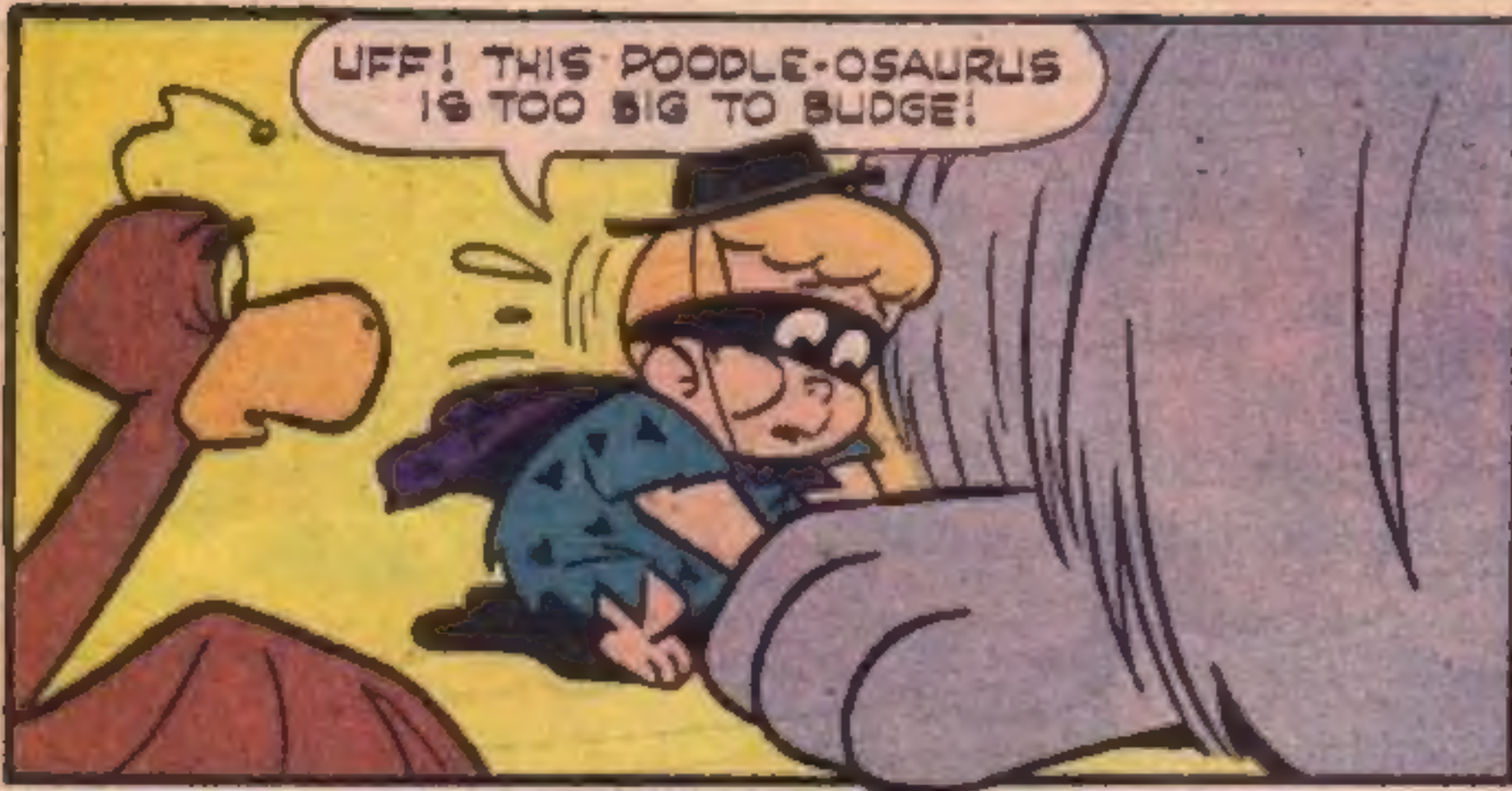
YOUR MONSTER
HAS BLOWN MY HAT
OFF MY HEAD!

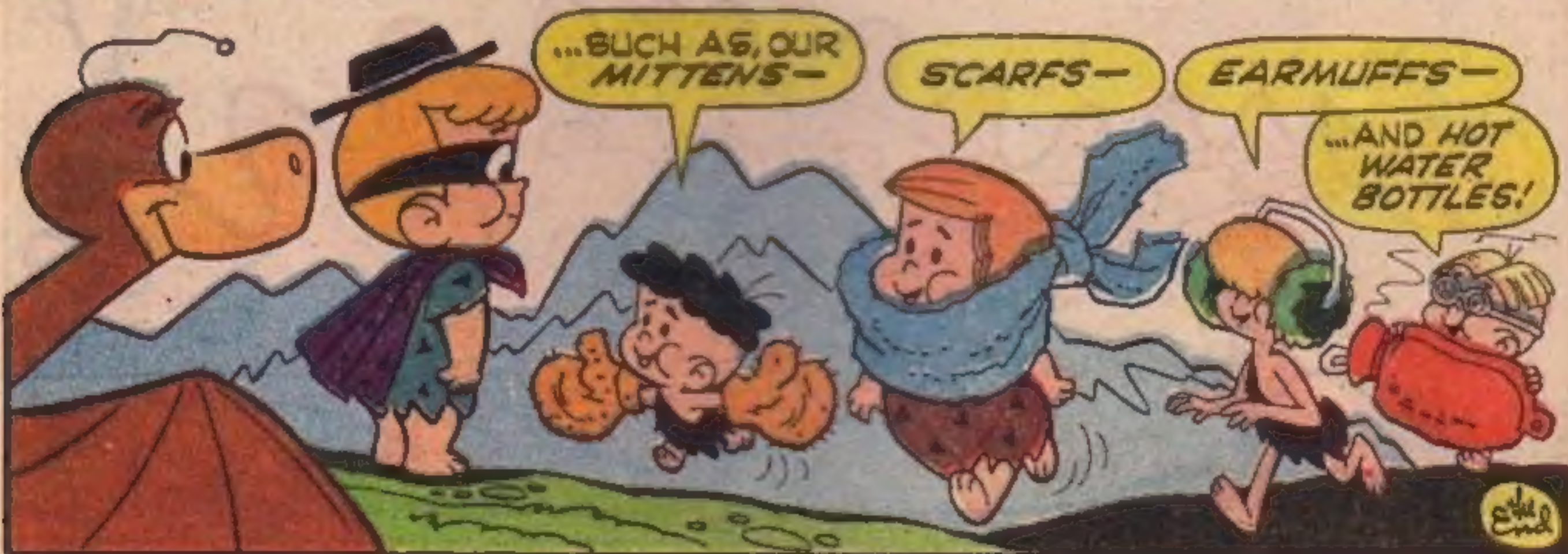


OOOPS!









Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

